

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

**A SIZZLING
PICTORIAL:
SEX IN THE
GREAT
OUTDOORS**



**PLAYBOY'S
PRO FOOTBALL
PREVIEW**

**ISRAEL'S SECRET
TEAM OF
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**A PERSONAL
ACCOUNT OF
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ROBERT ALTMAN INTERVIEW

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For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700.
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TRIUMPH



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

Levi's??



Retail prices quoted are suggested only. Left, outershirt \$25, slacks \$15; right, blazer \$45, vest \$16, slacks \$18.

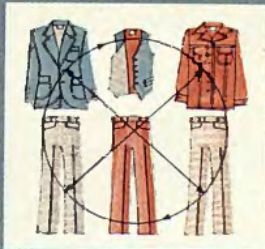
Yes, Levi's.

But with a look that's so different, we've given them a different name: "Panatela."

As you can see from the picture, Panatela is quite a styling change for Levi's. Very contemporary. Very upscale.

The outfits here started with a VISA® fabric of 100% Dacron® polyester. This crisp double knit of easy care, non-glitter Dacron has been carefully tailored into a whole wardrobe of color coordinated slacks and tops (so there's always more than one pair of

Panatela slacks that you can wear with any Panatela top. And vice-versa).



What you can't see from the picture is that Panatela—for all its style and good taste—still has the superb fit and sound construction that's made the Levi's brand a legend in its own time. So the next time you're shopping for something really special, try Panatela. The legend will suit you handsomely.

Because there's a little bit of Levi's in everything Panatela makes.

Yes, Levi's Panatela!!

Slacks and Tops

with Dacron® polyester

PLAYBILL

THE FANTASIES you have seen on the movie screen, ladies and gentlemen, about superslick hit men zapping one another in a transcontinental death game played on behalf of invisible organizations are unfortunately true. And as you read **David B. Tinnin's** *The Wrath of God*—which focuses, in chilling detail, on the efforts of Israeli avengers to track down and destroy one of the Black September agents responsible for the slaughter of their athletes at Munich—you may think you're perusing a script for a Hollywood thriller. An associate editor of *Time*, Tinnin has written 35 of its cover stories, the most recent one covering the death of Howard Hughes, who was also the subject of Tinnin's first book, published in 1973. His next will be a longer version of this article, titled *Hit Team*, written with Dag Christensen and set for release this fall by Little, Brown (and by publishers in several other languages and countries). A box accompanying the article tells how Tinnin got his story.

Hollywood imagery versus the realities of life—it's an old struggle but one that's never been more sharply focused than it is by **Cliff Jahr** in *Dog Day Aftermath*. You remember Al Pacino as the bank robber in *Dog Day Afternoon*? Well, this is the exclusive story of what's happened to the real bank robber since (and because) the movie people got hold of his story. We have a hunch that they won't be filming this one.

Cinema City also appears as the backdrop for **William Harrison's** *The Makeup Man*, a horrific fable about a future day when good-looking ladies lay out good bread for specialists who can turn them into monsters. **Philip Castle** illustrated it.

And controversial film director **Robert Altman**—who's likely to stir up as much talk with his new flick, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, as he did with *Nashville*—ripples the waters in an exclusive *Playboy Interview* by **PLAYBOY** Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**.

An article that we think not only is likely to cause some controversy but stands a good chance of becoming a classic of erotic literature is *Me and the Other Girls*, **Kathy Lowry's** vivid account of her skirmishes with bisexuality. **Marta Thoman** created the visual garden of erotic images that accompanies it.

You don't have to be a big-beat junkie to chuckle at **Scot Morris' Rock-'n'-Roll Trivia Quiz**—but if you're not, you probably won't get a very good score.

Your sensibility is also about to be assaulted by a pair of antic artists—**Michael Ffolkes**, whose *America Seen Through Foreign Eyes* points up some of our flunnier floibles, and **Wayne McLoughlin**, who, in *The Olympics of 2004*, envisions some of the mutant athletes governments might try to breed.

And speaking of sports—but in the crunching here and now of professional football—we've got the low-down on the coming N.F.L. season from our resident clairvoyant, **PLAYBOY** Contributing Editor **Anson Mount**, in *Playboy's Pro Football Preview*.

If you're any kind of sport, you'll want to check out **Brock Yates's Wave Goodbye!**, a words-and-pictures profile of the Porsche Turbo Carrera, which literally leaves most of the other machines in the dust; **Emanuel Greenberg's** wine concoctions in *Summer Sparklers*; *Putting Up a Good Front*, with **PLAYBOY** Fashion Editor **David Platt's** ideas concerning shirts and ties (the sexy photography is by **Peter Gert**, with an assist from **PLAYBOY's** New York Photography Editor **Hollis Wayne**); and *On the Beach*, which surveys a unique **Playboy Pad** on the Florida seacoast.

Then there's our favorite summer sport. If you share our interest in it, you'll doubtless appreciate *Sex in the Great Outdoors*, a photographic travelog with the wildlife up front, by **R. Scott Hooper**; *200 Motels, or, How I Spent My Summer Vacation*, which finds **Helmut Newton** shooting actress **Kristine De Bell** (our April cover girl); and, of course, *The Private Life of Linda Beatty*, who is our **Playmate of the Month**. Linda happens to be a skeptic, but she's made believers out of us.



TINNIN



HARRISON



CASTLE



LOWRY



THOMAN



HOOPER



WILLIAMSON



JAH



NEWTON



MORRIS



MC LOUGHLIN



FFOLKES



GERT, WAYNE

PLAYBOY®

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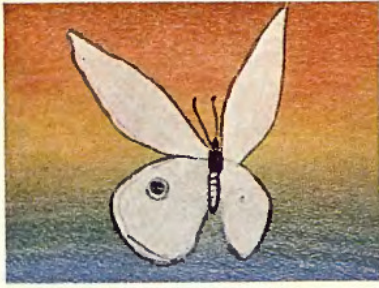
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COVER STORY

The idea for this month's cover came from—of all people—author Vladimir Nabokov, who wrote, in a letter to PLAYBOY, "Have you ever noticed how the head and ears of your Rabbit resemble a butterfly in shape?" Included in the letter was the drawing at left. If you haven't guessed by now, you should be aware that Nabokov is an avid lepidopterist (that's a butterfly collector, class).

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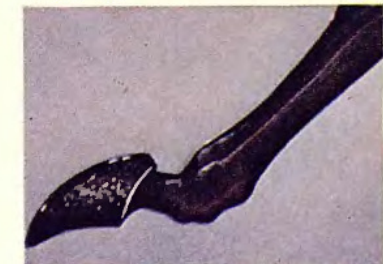
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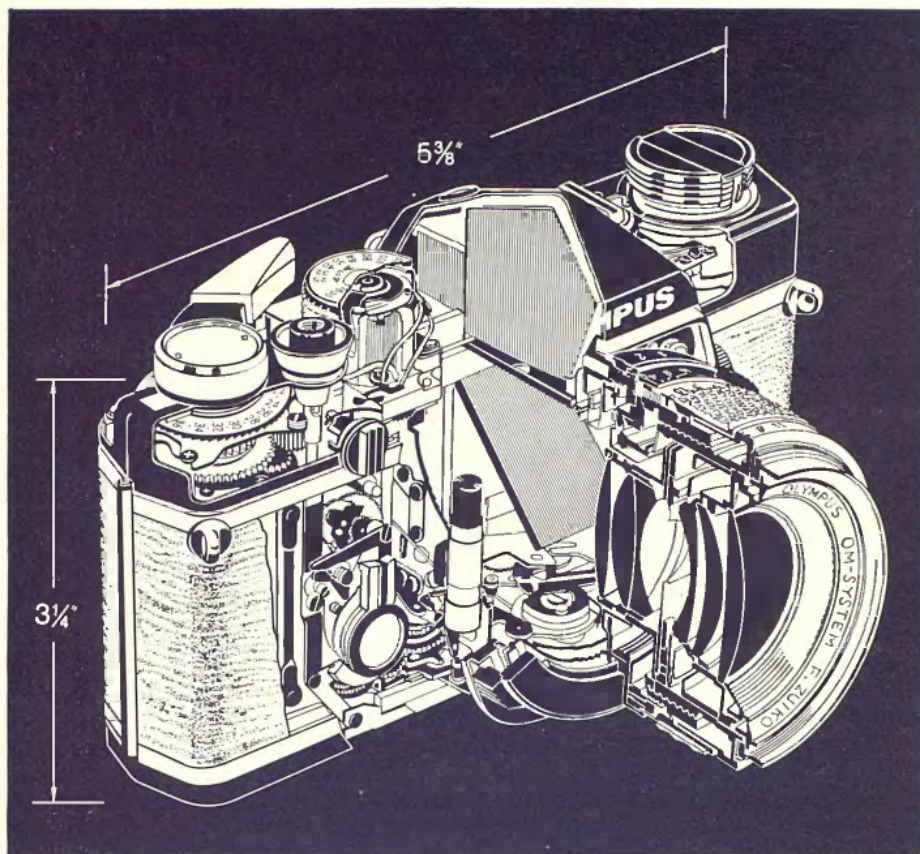
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PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1976, VOL. 23, NO. 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 519 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., AND AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P. O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.



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Hatchback (4-Speed)	\$3189	42	32	36
(Hondamatic)	\$3349	33	25	28
Wagon (4-Speed)	\$3419	37	26	30
(Hondamatic)	\$3579	32	24	27
5-Speed (All states except Calif.)	\$3469	47	35	40
Hatchback (Calif. Model)	\$3469	44	31	36
Avg. Sedan/Hatchback (4- & 5-Spd.)		43	32	36
Civic 1237cc (Not avail. in Calif.)				
Sedan (4-Speed)	\$2729	41	28	32
Hatchback (4-Speed)	\$2939	41	28	32
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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FORD SCORED

Although no admirer of the Ford Administration, I was more than a little annoyed by Richard Rhodes's *The Demons of Gerald Ford* (PLAYBOY, May). Is this kind of cocktail-party psychoanalysis supposed to pass for rational political discussion? I am reminded of the 1964 campaign, when 50-odd psychiatrists declared in public print that a man whom they had never met was clinically insane. Is it any wonder that there are so many psychiatrist jokes?

Poul Anderson
Orinda, California

Anderson is one of the country's top science-fiction writers.

Richard Rhodes paints a very interesting, if not very disturbing, portrait of President Ford. Although one could give a great deal of argument as to the psychological aspects of the article, one also cannot escape the facts drawn by Rhodes and come to conclusions about the Chief Executive that are far from reassuring.

Pfc. George Rojas
Camp Pendleton, California

Rhodes is a good writer, a lousy amateur psychiatrist and a great hatchet man.

Steven Halter
Grandview, Missouri

A collection of vicious lies, partisan fantasies and just plain garbage.

A. K. Breeley
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Contrived, twisted, degrading, ridiculous!

Grant MacMurray
Lake Placid, Florida

One of the most interesting psychological sketches I've ever read.

Tom Bronkowski
Topeka, Kansas

Scurrilous and irresponsible.

Robert E. Wallace
Chicago, Illinois

Richard Rhodes may have gone a bit too far in his psychological study of Gerald Ford, but, nevertheless, I'm convinced the basic points of his thesis are accurate. I've been a Ford watcher for

years and, for my money, Rhodes really paints a clear picture of the man in the Oval Office.

Arnold Potterford
Chicago, Illinois

Congratulations on your paean of praise to Jerry Ford's political prowess and exemplary qualifications for the office of President of the United States. The problem is that, with the transposition of a few details, what is said therein is typical of every politician currently seeking or expected to seek that position.

Archie M. Larson
Birdsboro, Pennsylvania

In my opinion, Rhodes reveals more, far more, about his own emotional problems than he does about Ford's.

Duane Fulmer
Spokane, Washington

A fascinating character study.

Paul Connors
Dallas, Texas

DEAR ABBIE

While on a world tour with Blood, Sweat & Tears, I happened to read your Abbie Hoffman interview (PLAYBOY, May) and felt compelled to give your readers another perspective on this self-styled revolutionary. In 1970, we returned from a cultural-exchange tour behind the Iron Curtain. Hoffman seemed to feel that this was State Department-inspired propaganda and picketed a peace-movement benefit concert we played at Madison Square Garden. During the performance, he ran to the front of the stage and pelted the band with paper bags of dog shit. I jumped from the stage and went for him. Our courageous revolutionary hero saw me coming and ran like the cowardly phony he is. Personally, I hope this publicity-seeking, self-serving hypocrite stays underground or under his rock forever—and if he should emerge, Lord, let me be the first man he meets.

David Clayton-Thomas
Blood, Sweat & Tears
Tokyo, Japan

During the Chicago Seven trial, my family had the good fortune to house both Abbie and Anita Hoffman. For four and a half months, they occupied a small room in our Near North Side apartment

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PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1976, VOLUME 23, NUMBER 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, \$24 FOR THREE YEARS, \$10 FOR TWO YEARS, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE \$25 PER YEAR. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302 AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: HERBERT D. MANELOVEG, DIRECTOR OF MARKETING INFORMATION; NELSON FUTCH, MARKETING MANAGER; LEE GOTTLIEB, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, EASTERN REGIONAL DIRECTOR AND ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017; SHERMAN KEATS, WESTERN REGIONAL DIRECTOR AND ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, JOHN THOMPSON, CENTRAL REGIONAL DIRECTOR AND ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611; ATLANTA, RICHARD CHRISTIANSEN, MANAGER, 3340 PEACHTREE RD., N.E.; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 818 FISHER BLDG.; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD.; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY ST.

but managed to fill our lives with their exuberant search for alternate lifestyles. The Ken Kelley interview brought back the true Abbie and made me think of how much I and many other postpubescent liberals owe to the great culture freak.

L. Lawrin Crawford
Amherst, Massachusetts

Abbie Hoffman? Who cares?
Sue Martin
Fullerton, California

A courageous and well-executed interview.

Doug Salomon
Richmond, Virginia

If I had Hoffman in the sights of my rifle, I wouldn't hesitate to pull the trigger.

(Name withheld by request)
Littleton, Colorado

Once an asshole, always an asshole.

Jaime Harrington
Mentor, Ohio

My family and Abbie's were friendly and I was his classmate at Classical High in Worcester. After reading the interview, I took a look at our class yearbook and, yes, there was the photo of our black class president. He was not chosen as a "token" or because he was "basic beige." The fact is, he was a very popular guy,

well liked and a natural leader. His color was totally irrelevant. Unfortunately, among the distinctions and awards recorded in the yearbook, there was no category of "Class Meshuganah," so Abbie's name does not appear.

Bennett S. Gordon
Worcester, Massachusetts

Your interview with Abbie Hoffman is the most interesting and relevant you've published in quite some time.

C. R. Blom
Hardin, Montana

While he may be lively, entertaining and imaginative, Hoffman is still a lightweight contender in the world of politics

NOTE FROM THE UNDERGROUND

By now you are probably aware of my feelings concerning the interview we did in your May issue. Due to faulty connections I was shall we say greatly airbrushed [sic]. Pimples were removed that should have been revealed. On the other hand, pubic hairs that might have been plucked appeared out of nowhere. Faulty tape recorders, typewriters and postal deliveries added their part to the confusion.

Although my words were greatly distorted in the dialog, whose [sic] to blame? When I first received the transcript of the tapes, I knew right off our system wasn't half as good as old Dick Nixon's. I loved, for example, discovering how I lambasted Tom Wolfe for popularizing the insulting term radical sheep.

Everything went down ass-backward. My words got quoted inaccurately and jolly Kenneth's description of our escapades came out frightfully on target. Without realizing it, due to his youthful exuberance, he blew our entire cover. On top of that, he forgot to mention we were *house-sitting* for the ranch and the white T-bird. Thus we had an elegant life set-up at depression rates. As a result of this omission everyone now thinks I'm another L.B.J. They are constantly hitting me up for money even though we're flat broke, on the run, with a thousand lefties yelling "sellout." There was one other oversight, Angel's not a high-fashion model. High—yes. Fashion model—no. She's a professional photographer. Better, I might add, than Richard Averdoon [sic] and Bert Sternum [sic] combined. She was not credited with the photos. Please correct this error and send her royalties up to heaven. (It's our tax shelter.)

I'd like to lay out a challenge to PLAYBOY. I'm only the advance man for the revolution. My plain gray-metal desk sits in a corner of the advertising

department. Bernadine [sic] Dorhn's [sic] up there in the front office. I see her all the time. Believe me, she's a centerfold and a half. I challenge you to let her be one of your future interviewees. I warn you, she's not a hooker like me and you'll have to meet her on her terms. She has a great story to tell about what's going down in America and you won't be disappointed. I do recommend, however, more serious questions than whether or not she prefers science fiction to mystery stories or Mantovani to Bert [sic] Bachrach [sic]. I'm not sure she'll accept the date, since she's going steady with the revolution. I'll put in a good word, though. After all, you fucked me pretty good.

Your May Playmate of the Month
Abbie Hoffman
San Francisco

Dear Abbie, Wherever You Are:

Always nice hearing from you—and it's beginning to seem like always. Sorry you had problems with the interview, but we couldn't help noticing that you failed to specify a single "distortion." If we called your friend Angel a model rather than a photographer, it's because you got word to us that you wanted her identity disguised—including a pseudonym—and we honored that request. If there were silly remarks about Mantovani's music in the raw transcripts, or if "radical chic" was mistakenly typed up as "radical sheep," you'll note they appear nowhere in the interview, because we felt they were trivial asides. Or is that the sort of editing you consider a distortion?

As for interviewer Kelley's blowing your cover: Look, for a guy who's supposed to be in hiding, you've been about as modest as a naked lady in a centerfold—your analogy, not ours. In the two years you've been on the lam, you've given short interviews to public TV and another magazine, you've

surfaced in Texas for a news-wire chat with a reporter, you've published your letters to your wife and sent book reviews to newspapers. With us, you sat for an intensive interview, posed for coy, teasing photographs, described your new face and the places you've been and the names you've used, then drummed up more publicity for your "Playboy Interview" by contacting other publications to tell them about your problems with it. You had told our interviewer that the chat you had with the Texas reporter got you in trouble with your underground friends and you wanted the "Playboy Interview" to set the record straight. After PLAYBOY hit the newsstands, you met with this same reporter to tell him, via The Village Voice, that this interview had gotten you into trouble.

You repeatedly told our interviewer that you were aware of the risks you were taking and that, unlike your other media shots, you knew you weren't controlling this one. Then you popped up to tell the world you were fucked. What you failed to tell the world was that a couple of weeks before we went to press, perhaps under pressure from your comrades, you managed to send us a contrived manifesto in question-and-answer form. You suggested that we publish it and claim it was the interview you'd held with Kelley. Nice try, but we'd rather do it ourself.

Although we don't condone breaking the law, we certainly don't see the justice in sentencing someone to life in prison for a drug case like yours. And since you can deduce our attitude toward laws against prostitution, we also don't feel a self-avowed hooker belongs in jail—especially one with a good sense of humor. But, Abbie, if you're really so worried about blowing your cover and about distortion by the press, here's some advice: Shut up, already.

—THE EDITORS

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With a
little help
from a
friend

and revolution, with only a mouse's-eye view of what is best for America, let alone the rest of the world.

James C. Read
Warner Robins, Georgia

I have never believed in the Ku Klux Klan's cause, but it's a pity it didn't catch Abbie Hoffman in Mississippi and break his revolutionary Communist neck!

Mike Engle, Jr.
Greenwood, Mississippi

TROPICS TOPICS

Not only is the scenery in *The Best-Kept Secret in the Caribbean* (PLAYBOY, May) sufficient to send me to my travel agent but the people pictured are also gorgeous! It's nice to see some nude men as well as women. Another magazine would have given the boys some high-class fig leaves.

(Name withheld by request)
Needham, Massachusetts

Admittedly, we're prejudiced on the joys of sailing from island to island, but it seems to us that the whole effect of your sailing theme is lost in "land-locked" prose.

Captain Mike Burke
Windjammer Cruises
Miami, Florida

Isn't the young lady in the lower-right-hand corner of page 99 Victoria Cunningham? I've got five dollars on it.

Carl F. Hofer
Department of the Navy
Washington, D.C.

That's a good weather eye you've got, Carl—and it's won you five bucks.

SUZE NEWS

The pictorial work in your May issue is the best I've seen in a long, long time—especially the layout 'on Suze Randall (*Picturing Herself*).

Mike Oetting
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Wow-eee, you have certainly outdone yourself in finding "the gorgeous . . . Suze." Her two covers are the best I can recall—and now the photographer herself turns out to be as gorgeous as her photographs. If she can write as well as she does everything else, I'm just dying to read her *Sexess*. How about printing some of it before it hits the bookstands?

Jim Kimberly
Mississauga, Ontario

BROWN REVISITED

Jerry Brown (PLAYBOY Interview, April) is obviously the Mary Hartman of the political world. How refreshing to have a politician who readily admits he doesn't have all the answers but who is willing to burn the midnight oil and work with "the people" seeking some answers.

John E. Thorne
San Jose, California

COVER LOVERS

Your May cover, depicting a scene from Seurat's *Grande Jatte*, is pretty classy, but I must say those little dots obscure some of the model's finer points, if you get my drift. Who is she?

Marlin Turner
Dallas, Texas

We get your drift. She's Nancy Cameron, our January 1974 Playmate. Here she is, unobscured, in the same pose.



The most creative cover you've ever done. I'd like to see you try it with a Picasso sometime.

Duane Jones
Mesa, Arizona

In regard to your May cover, the lady is a fox. But where in hell is the Rabbit? Rick Burns

Georgia Institute of Technology
Atlanta, Georgia

Astute readers will note that the answer to the Rabbit mystery lies at the top of page five in our May issue.

PATTI TAKES

Your May Playmate, Patricia McClain, is perfectly beautiful.

T. Ostrowski
La Jolla, California

Miss McClain gives the impression she couldn't think her way out of an open phone booth.

Ralph Katz
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Wow!

Fred Storer
Port Washington, New York

PRO CON AMORE

My doubles partner, Bill Clark, and I are two of the top-ranked 16-and-under tennis players in the Middle States. We read your article *Tennis con Amore* (PLAYBOY, May) with great interest and amusement. However, I think the story

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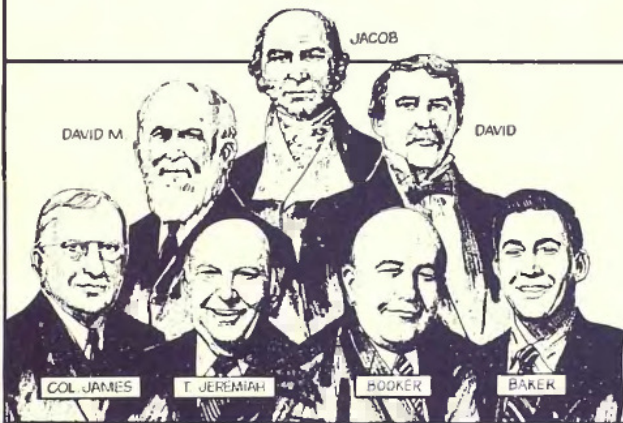
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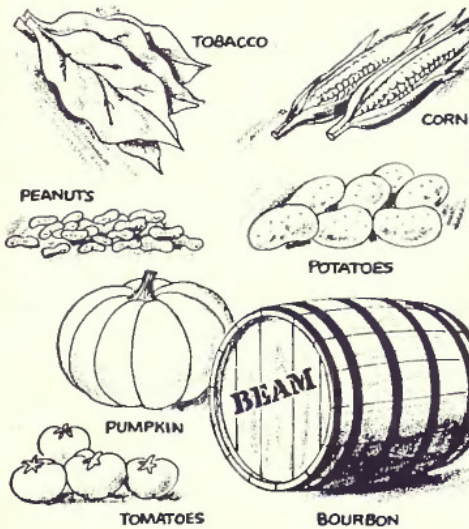
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of our exploits on the National Junior circuit last summer is as amusing as theirs. You see, we, too, believe in the Italian philosophy of goofing off to keep yourself from going tennis crazy.

Jimmy Broder
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Tennis crazy? At your age?

HORROR STORIES

Bravo, bravo! *The West End Horror* (PLAYBOY, April and May), by Nicholas Meyer, is brilliant! Undoubtedly in the true Conan Doyle mold.

John Biesiada
Haines, Oregon

Great reading!

Glenn T. Fiore, President
Northern New York Sherlock Holmes Society
Gansevoort, New York

SOCCER BUFF

I read somewhere that your 1975 Playmate of the Year, Marilyn Lange, was the fourth-round draft choice of the Chicago Sting soccer team. Too bad she didn't quite make the team—I'd give anything to see her play.

Fred Slater
Chicago, Illinois
Your wish is our command. Although, as you say, Marilyn did not make the



team, she does practice once in a while. As you can see by this photograph, soccer can be pretty heady stuff.

WEAK ENDS

John Hughes's *Weakness* (PLAYBOY, May) is a perfect satire of all those silly power and intimidation books.

Larry McKewan
New York, New York

Watch out, Woody Allen! John Hughes is on your tail and catching up fast.

Bill Ketchum
San Francisco, California





It comes as close to speaking for itself
as any car ever built.

Aggressive, unmistakable profile. Strong,
mellow, no-nonsense sound.
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the sculpted hood, an efficient 2800cc
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or 4-seater. Commune with one.

The fuel injected
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If music be the food of love, it pays to have a Loudmouth.



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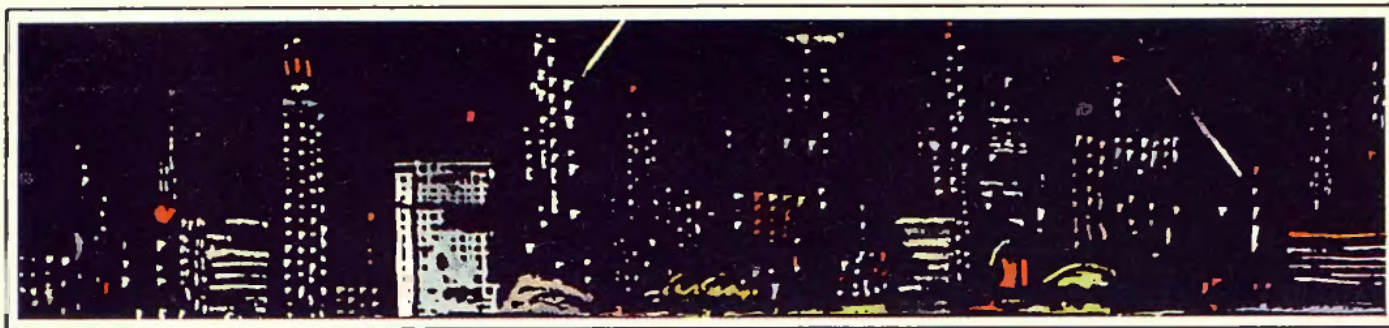
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



An 18-year-old English chambermaid claims that she was saved from falling down a 16-foot drainage shaft by her 42-inch bust. Cleaning a room in the hotel in which she works, she inadvertently fell into the hole, but, as she says, "my bust stopped me from going right down. I was stuck fast until two men hauled me out."

Stick it in your rae. In an attempt to find out whether people are reading their classified-ad sections, two Nevada newspapers ran ads for Witzonsnickles and Gitzensnorkers. But the plan backfired slightly when one wise guy wrote in, saying that he would swap his Ecnediser, which he claimed had a gas-operated ecanruf, automatic four smoordeb and a high-intensity ceramic nehtik.

This month's Pornographic Writing Award goes to the fellow who composed the following Philadelphia city press release, which purports to explain a recent Gulf Oil refinery fire: "A close examination revealed that the ball bearings inside the thrust bearing had torn away from their raceway, allowing the shaft of the pump to rub against the casing of the pump housing and causing the build-up of heat resulting in ignition. . . ." Nothing a good cold shower wouldn't cure.

Yeah? What about Bella Abzug? Over an article about the low percentage of women in Government posts, Washington's *Spokane Daily Chronicle* ran this headline: "FEMALE POLITICAL FIGURES SAID NOT WELL STACKED."

Well, there isn't much they can look down their noses at. A group of 16 adult dwarfs, averaging 4'3" in height, recently underwent a series of psychiatric tests at the Short Stature Clinic in Los Angeles County Harbor General Hospital

to determine how well they are able to cope with the problems of extreme smallness. It was found that they are generally well adjusted. Said one of the doctors: "They have a realistic awareness of what they have to face up to."

Donors to a special blood drive at Bates College in Maine received free tickets to the theater department's production of *Dracula*.

A businessman from Durban, South Africa, testified in court against a film distributor who had sent him the wrong reel. The businessman, who had ordered a movie on the 1972 Olympic games,

received a sex comedy titled *The Games Lovers Play*.

And they've been good friends ever since. In an article about Frank Sinatra and bandleader Harry James, *The Florida Times-Union* of Jacksonville stated: "Frank's first hand job was with Harry back in 1939."

The Queen Drive-in Theater near Charlotte, North Carolina, was demolished by a 50-mile-an-hour gale. Feature film at the time of the disaster: *Gone With the Wind*.

Notice in Vermont's *Pennysaver & Press*: "Scheduled Events—Beaver Supper, for Men Only! All Beaver Eaters and Sportsmen Welcome."

Now we know how the term missionary position came about. . . . In Nairobi, Kenya, four schoolgirls, pleading guilty to charges of trafficking in obscene literature, alleged that an Italian missionary had taken nude photographs of them after giving them catechism lessons and offering to give them "an introduction to extracurricular biology."

Yes, and if the local judge's name is Jerry Ford, he'll probably get away with it. A Pittsburgh patrolman named George Washington arrested a man named Richard Nixon on a theft charge. Four packets of marijuana were found on the suspect. Going one step further—and we swear it's all true—Patrolman G. Washington's partner is named Ben Franklin.

At ease—utterly! The Canadian army has issued a directive instructing its forces in West Germany how to faint properly while on parade: The fainting soldier should turn his



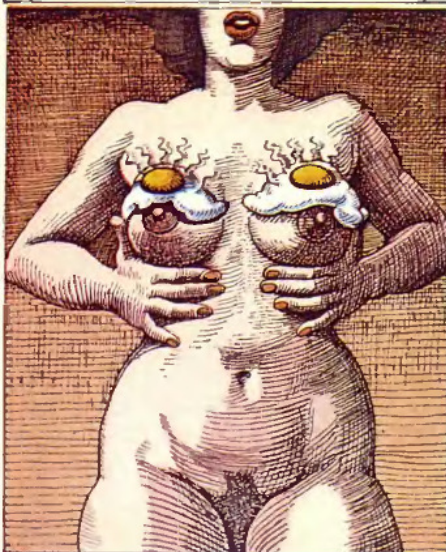
body 45 degrees to the right, squat down and roll to the left, all the while retaining control of his weapon.

This boo-boo appeared in Oklahoma's *Ponca City News*: "The Oklahoma State University housing offices has [sic] been forced to look into a number of alternatives for housing students, according to [the] Vice-President for Stud Services."

A male Sorbonne student, impressed by the number of girls now getting jobs formerly filled by men, answered a newspaper ad for a night spot seeking an "attractive waitress." The proprietor's wife, who answered his phone call, encouraged the student to come in for an interview—but advised him to wear a miniskirt. "My husband," she explained, "will want to have a look at your legs."

Read a funny news item lately? Send it to *After Hours Editor*, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Fifty dollars will be paid to contributors whose clippings are accepted, on the basis of the earliest postmark. Typographical errors, bizarre happenings and bloopers are welcome. Submissions should include clipping, source name and date, and your name and address. Sorry, submissions cannot be returned.

PLAYBOY'S
HALL OF
FLEETING FAME



Voted in for his contribution to science, a 71-year-old English inventor who received a patent for an electrically heated brassiere for girls who get cold breasts.

C.B. JEEBIES

We've heard so many crazy C.B.-radio stories lately, we're almost tempted to believe this one, sent in by contributor John Hughes. Almost.

For a month after I got my C.B. radio, I thought C.B. stood for crazy bastard. Every time I turned the thing on, I heard conversations like:

"This is Panty Hose. There's a trombone eating celery in the sniff tank. Over."

"This is Small Bag of Number Ten Nails. I read you, Panty Hose. My bucket's full of deer and I'm skating on bacon. Over."

Whenever I made a call using normal language, I wasn't understood.

"Hello, hello? Testing, one, two. This is John Hughes calling anyone. Hello?"

"This is Big Grunt. I don't get your paper. I only read peanuts. Over."

One night, in a fit of frustration, I turned on the C.B. and said: "This is Jockey Shorts. I got an eel in my shoe. Send a jar of pigeon wax to 1235 Lincoln. Over and up your nose."

An hour later, 11 truckers parked on my lawn and demanded free motor oil. As was later explained to me, I had accidentally stumbled onto truckers' code. My gibberish was not gibberish but an offer of free oil and lodging.

A little research uncovered the key to understanding C.B.-radio code. Every group of C.B. users has its own particular and peculiar code. Cracking these codes leads to hours of enjoyment.

The use of C.B. radio is not limited to truckers, by any means. Pimps and prostitutes have found that C.B. radio is a boon to their business.

I even know of a priest in Michigan who hears confessions on his C.B. radio. He informs me that in his particularly mobile parish, C.B. has proved indispensable and he is awaiting approval from the Vatican of his proposed plan to equip a dozen "crow wagons" (station wagons driven by nuns) with C.B. radios to service "souls



to go" on the interstate. He supplied me with a transcript of a typical C.B. confession.

"This is Sticky Fingers from Guitar Town calling the Soul Saver. Over."

"Gotcha, Sticky Fingers." "I'd like to drop my jeans to you."

"Bombs away, Sticky Fingers. Let's look at the laundry."

"The truth is, I parked my truck in my neighbor's garage last night, Soul Saver."

"Whoeee! You're drivin' the express lane to Fire City without a spare, good buddy! Give me three cheers for the Clean Momma and a peck of Big Daddys and you'll be ridin' up front with the Bossman. Ten-four, Sticky Fingers."

Perhaps the most interesting group of C.B. users is the intellectual community. College professors, students and lecturers are finding recreation in C.B. radio. I have even heard the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*:

JULIET: Mercy sakes alive! O Romeo, Romeo, Big Daddy, get your ears on! Over.

ROMEO: Ten-four, Fancy Ass. I'm on your number. Over.

JULIET: Downshift, good buddy, and put that tongue in the deepfreeze. If Paycheck and Piglets tree you, they'll give your soul four big pumpkins! You'll go home in a blood box. Over.

ROMEO: Gracious good Lord, Fancy Ass, for a pot of stew as fine as you, I'd haul me a load of hopped-up go-go girls to Shaky Town in my El Camino! Over.

JULIET: Good buddy, you got more feeling than an 18-wheeler on the happy side of a hill. Meet me three big steps south of the chicken coop on 41 at five flicks past the big shoe and I'll rattle your chain like it's never been rattled before. Mercy sakes, pray to the Big Boss in the sky, I gotta be takin' my ears off. Lordy, takin' my ears off is such sweet sorrow! Over.

ROMEO: A great big ole ten-four to that, you fine-talkin' load of jail bait!

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The Reason is Activated Charcoal

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Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.



Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!

Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.



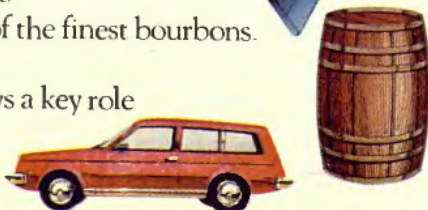
Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.



Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.



Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste.

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"...That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



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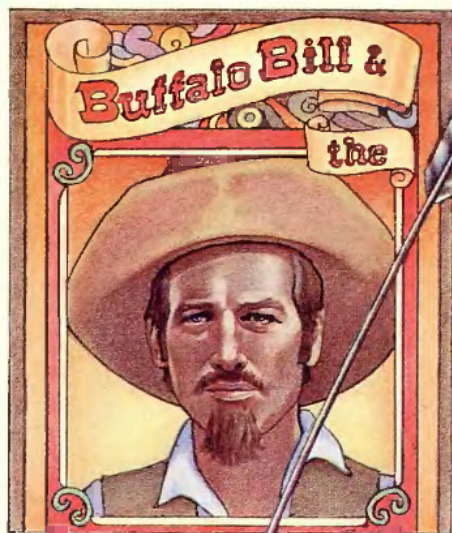
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King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.

MOVIES

After the title and subtitle *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, or, "Sitting Bull's History Lesson," a legend in old-timy script flashes on the screen, announcing ROBERT ALTMAN'S ABSOLUTE ORIGINAL & HEROIC ENTERPRISE OF INIMITABLE LUSTER. There is, indeed, fierce humor and a wagonload of vintage atmosphere in this audacious tragicomedy (to learn more, see the *Playboy Interview* with Altman beginning on page 53), which pretends to deal with the genesis of show business as we presently know it and offers Paul Newman as Buffalo Bill Cody, the first all-American superstar. Everything occurs within spittin' distance of the arena where Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show replays scenes from frontier history, more or less as they were invented by a Western storyteller and image maker, Ned Buntline—a real-life character, vividly portrayed by Burt Lancaster—whose credo seems to be: "Truth is whatever gets the most applause." The Wild West Show treats history entirely as a banal sawdust saga about innocent white women and children being saved from Injun savagery by the one and only Buffalo Bill, offstage a handsome, hard-drinking nobody who has begun to believe his own press clippings and spends much of his free time trying to prove his manhood with a series of buxom sopranos. The plot, freely adapted by Altman and Alan Rudolph from Arthur Kopit's Broadway play, is a typically loose Altman construction with plenty of room in the margins for wry satirical asides; it concerns Cody's efforts to sign up the defeated Chief Sitting Bull for a humiliating public charade. Sitting Bull and his interpreter are played, respectively and eloquently, by Frank Kaquitts and Will Sampson (the Indian giant of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*). The performers and ballyhoosers in Bill's entourage are a mad crew led by Kevin McCarthy, as a pioneer public-relations hack who speaks almost exclusively in alliterative bombast; Joel Grey, as the show's producer, a bantam prototype of the Madison Avenue man hooked on trade jargon; Harvey Keitel, as Bill's fawning nephew; Geraldine Chaplin, as a mousy Annie Oakley; and John Considine, hilarious as Annie's manager, Frank Butler, who's the target for her trick shooting and lives in constant fear that his infidelities will trigger a direct hit. Cutting a wildly ridiculous figure above this exuberant cast of tintypes is Newman, an antihero lacquered with shallow vanity who brilliantly mocks his own superstar image and gnashes through a drunken, hazy monolog at the end of the picture as if he were playing *King Lear*—written by Zane Grey.

We should have learned by now not to



Buffaloed Bill.

"Cutting a wildly ridiculous figure above *Buffalo Bill's* exuberant cast of tintypes is Newman, who brilliantly mocks his own superstar image."



Grounded Blue Bird.



Bad Breaks.

expect the usual from Altman. *Buffalo Bill* is a Western only in the sense that *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* was a Western,

that *The Long Goodbye* was a private-eye thriller or *Nashville* a backstage musical. The film's laughs, though plentiful, are inevitably laced with hemlock. *Buffalo Bill* will confound some people, bedazzle others and may bother the hell out of Bicentennial celebrants who forget that Altman's periodic studies of the fragile, often shattered American dream serve mainly to remind us that someone, sooner or later, may have to pick up the pieces.

When a movie begins with Elizabeth Taylor as a humble peasant mother wearing eye shadow under her dust cap, a message is instantly telegraphed to the audience: This film need not be taken seriously, if at all. Liz plays Mother, an old Witch, Maternal Love and Light, a sort of fairy godmother who does tricks with diamonds. She's pretty good as the hag and as good as can be expected elsewhere in this costly U.S.-Soviet production of Maurice Maeterlinck's classic fantasy *The Blue Bird*. The charming children around whom the story turns are played by precocious ten-year-old Todd Lookinland, an American, and seven-year-old Patsy Kensit, a miniature English rose who looks like an Angela Lansbury doll: everything she does is entirely adorable. George Cukor directed *The Bird* as if he'd been ordered to ground it and straightaway reached for his slingshot. The requirements of literature, glamor, commerce, *détente* and a G rating are catered to so slavishly that the film itself finally emerges with about as much integrity as a U.S.-Russian grain deal. Jane Fonda as Night, Cicely Tyson as Cat, Ava Gardner as Luxury and Robert Morley as Father Time beef up an all-star cast and often seem to be sneaking in private gags to brighten the long, bleak months of filming in Leningrad. At one point, Ava lures the boy hero away from his search for the Blue Bird of Happiness to introduce him to some hedonists specializing in food, drink and such indulgences. All innocence, the lad asks, "Which one of the luxuries are you?" To which Ava replies huskily, "That you'll know when you're a little bit older." If they'd let Ava have her head, *The Blue Bird* might be a little bit bluer—and a lot livelier.

The long-awaited Marlon Brando-Jack Nicholson chemistry that promised to explode in *The Missouri Breaks* does not, finally, add up to much of a reaction. *Breaks* (the title refers to a region where the Missouri River runs through the Montana badlands) is fundamentally a small-scale Western propped up by the presence of two supermales whose performances occasionally make less look

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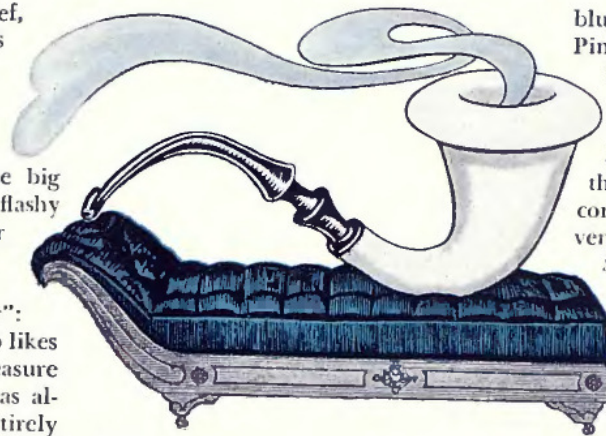
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like more. Nicholson, as a horse thief, plays it closer to the chest and steals the picture; lying low, he pretends to be a simple farmer, while his fellow outlaws ride north to rustle some hosses from the Canadian Mounties. Meanwhile, back at the big ranch nearby, Brando—sporting a flashy Irish brogue and any other accent or outrageous costume that amuses him, by the look of things—gallops up, playing a professional “regulator”: actually, a psychopathic hit man who likes to murder rustlers for the sheer pleasure of it, begorra! Though impressive as always, Brando seems to be acting entirely out of context, in the grand manner of a trigger-happy old ham. The mannered, self-indulgent Brandoisms that made *Last Tango in Paris* a revelation but were well hidden in *The Godfather* are given free rein and allowed to run wild, as if to sabotage this flimsy plot. An original script by novelist Thomas McGuane, directed by Arthur Penn, builds up to an epic belly-to-belly confrontation that never occurs; a viewer's expectations are further frustrated by the fact that the two dazzling co-stars are seldom shown together, sharing the screen in just three brief abrasive scenes prior to the film's violent anticlimax. *Missouri Breaks* sends Brando off pointlessly disguised—first as a preacher man, then in drag as a frontier granny—to decimate the members of Nicholson's gang in a series of mechanical assassinations that are gory, gratuitous and unsuspectful. Except for a diverting love affair between Nicholson and the rancher's eager, rebellious daughter (freshly played by newcomer Kathleen Lloyd), Penn spends no time developing real relationships or getting under the hides of his characters as he's done in earlier films, from *Bonnie and Clyde* to *Night Moves*. There is a boodle of heavy-weight talent here, handsomely packaged but conspicuously wasted.

There's temporary relief for summer doldrums in *Lifeguard*, a modest personal drama about a 32-year-old Southern California man who has to decide whether to trade surf, sand, sun and a sense of freedom for the things most of society thinks a guy his age *ought* to want: steady job, financial security, wife and kids. Sam Elliott, a handsome, easygoing recruit from TV, invests the title role with understated integrity and the kind of Marlboro manhood that dozens of clean-cut Hollywood hopefuls spend half their lives trying to simulate. A high school class reunion propels Rick, the lifeguard, toward his moment of truth: An old buddy offers him a job selling Porsches and a recently divorced old flame (Anne Archer) tries to heat up his ambition by gentler means. “I'm doin' what I want to do,” he protests. “I like the fact that I'm goddamn good at it.” Women he's got,



Holmes + Freud = Solution.

“Ms. Redgrave lay on a heap of pillows in an apparent drug-induced stupor. Her role is that of a mysterious mezzo-soprano being railway-expressed to white slavery.”

including a forthright teenaged groupie (pretty newcomer Kathleen Quinlan) he deflowers at the beach and a skeptical stewardess (Sharon Weber, known as Sharon Clark when she was *PLAYBOY*'s 1971 Playmate of the Year) who finds him a great layover. Rick is not especially deep. Neither is *Lifeguard*. Yet Daniel Petrie's unassuming direction of a sensitive first script by Ron Koslow suggests that dropping out may have some validity as the new spirit of '76.

The starring canine, a handsome German shepherd named Augustus von Schumacher, should complain to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals about being cast in *Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood*. Writers Arnold Schulman and Cy Howard set out to spoof early Hollywood and the public's capricious taste as expressed in adulation of the late, great Rin Tin Tin. Having *Won Ton Ton* piss on Art Carney's leg to show his contempt for crass producers is a fair example of the script's clumsy substitute for satire. Low-camp comedy appears to bring out the beast in director Michael (*Death Wish*) Winner, who blends noise, pratfalls, car crashes and pie-in-the-face slapstick with such towering ineptitude that even Bruce Dern, Ron Leibman and the delicious Madeline Kahn—as a dog's best friend—become unfunny and abrasive.

The multimedia Sherlock Holmes revival seemed in full swing on a couple of

blustery English days at the sprawling Pinewood Studios, an hour's drive from London, where Nicol Williamson, Robert Duvall, Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave and director Herbert (*The Sunshine Boys*) Ross were deep into the serious business of creating a screen comedy based on Nicholas Meyer's inventive best seller, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. (Meyer's sequel, *The West End Horror*, appeared in *PLAYBOY*, April and May.)

“Are the rockers ready?” shouted Ross, as a cue to the half-dozen burly English crewmen whose job it was to shake some credible jolting movement into the unpainted plywood mock-up of a vintage railway coach. By contrast, the coach's lush interior looked like a minibordello on wheels, laden with lights, cameras, actors, aides, make-up experts and an oval four-poster bed swimming in brocade. Ms. Redgrave, offscreen a highly political, militant feminist, lay on a heap of pillows in an apparent drug-induced stupor. Her role is that of a mysterious mezzo-soprano, one of several veiled beauties being railway-expressed to white slavery in Istanbul by an evil Emin Pasha.

Obviously, there have been a few changes made in the margins of Meyer's fanciful tale about an epic confrontation between the world's greatest sleuth and the father of modern shrinks—in which Sigmund Freud helps Sherlock Holmes conquer his pesky drug addiction, then joins forces with the detective to foil a plot that would hasten the beginning of World War One. Since author Meyer himself wrote the film adaptation, substituting white slavers for warmongers, the changes are presumably aimed at improvement. The new stuff includes a chase scene that leads to a Viennese brothel staffed exclusively by redheads.

Holmes is played by Nicol Williamson, Dr. Watson by Robert Duvall, Freud by Alan Arkin. (Laurence Olivier, who plays Professor Moriarty, and Joel Grey, a sneaky secret agent, had already finished their stints and decamped by the time we arrived.)

We talked with Duvall (semibald without the reddish wig he wears as Watson) about the role he had coveted so much—“I wanted to break up my image”—that he'd submitted a tape to Ross, to prove he could handle the English accent. (According to Ross, Duvall had also appeared in person to improvise a “remarkable, hilarious” talk-show sequence in which he portrayed a Watson-type character being interviewed about his foot fetish.) So well did Duvall succeed with the accent that one Cockney crew member observed, “'Ee sounds more bloody English 'an I do.”

The perennially diffident Arkin, who was cited by the New York film critics

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as 1975's Best Supporting Actor for his portrayal of a zany Hollywood director in *Hearts of the West*, dismissed his prize clowning in that film with a shrug. "That was one of the easy ones—pure fun. I took it from at least six different directors, all of them people I know. But *this* is the hardest part I've ever played, and probably the most serious. I just don't believe Freud was much of a personality; he *sat* on a lot of himself. The other thing that was freaking me at first was the hybrid nature of the role—one third of it a comic adventurer, one third a historical figure and one third Nicholas Meyer's father, which Meyer admits to. Bobby and Nicol and I discuss this movie a lot, and we agree it's *got* to be dead serious in order to be funny at all."

We found Williamson taking a respite from his day's labor in the wood-paneled Pinewood bar. Dour and caustic as ever, he sipped an expensive Meursault as if it were nerve tonic. "No hard liquor, I've dispensed with all that," Williamson—once noted as a dedicated boozier—said, rolling his eyes heavenward. "What I want with *Seven-Per-Cent Solution*," he told us, "is to take people on *The Great Adventure*. None of your over-the-top outrageous foolery; we're leaving that sort of stuff to Gene Wilder. Of course, everyone considers Holmes a man of irony, wit, high intellect . . . but he's also sensitive, vulnerable, pained and anguished . . . with these last four qualities kept absolutely under wraps. A very complex man."

Williamson, fairly complex himself, digressed about his new house and his young son. He also impersonated a lady he'd met on the street who asked if he was Jack Nicholson. "When I told her no, I'm Nicol Williamson, she looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Yes, you *are* . . . you're right.'"

If *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, which will be released later this year, delivers even a fraction of the box-office chemistry anticipated, Williamson may become more easily identifiable. "You know what the appeal of the damn thing is, of course?" he inquired. "Partly this—" And he stood up, arms over his chest, legs crossed at the ankle, in a perfect facsimile of the Agent 007 promoted on a million-and-one movie posters. Williamson snorted half-derisively: "Wouldn't it be odd, in this fucked-up crazy world today, if Sherlock Holmes became a new cult figure—a kind of romantic, Victorian James Bond?"

And if that should happen, will Williamson be available to follow in the footsteps of Sean Connery and Basil Rathbone in a series of sequels? "Never," he said, smiling wryly. "That sort of thing might drive a man to drink."

ACTS & ENTERTAINMENTS

During this Bicentennial year, Washington, D.C., is covered with a virtual pox of American flags, one of which hangs outside the Shoreham Americana Hotel, where the nation's funniest political satirist, **Mark Russell**, twice nightly dumps all over the electoral spectrum. The Shoreham, as the convention center of the city, has a built-in audience and some of those Shriners from Duluth and aunts and uncles from Toledo claim Russell's show defames the flag and what it flies for.

Not so, says Russell: "I don't have to wear an enameled flag pin in my lapel to show I care."

Washington is a Johnny-one-note kind of town, where politics relegates even sex to a sterile back seat. Fanne Foxe jumping fully clothed into a body of water is as salacious as it gets. What distinguishes Russell from the other jokers in the capital is the fact that he's got a punch line as well as a position. You may have heard some of the quips by now, but it was Russell who thought them up.

At 10:30 p.m. and midnight Tuesday through Saturday in the Marquee Lounge, a bar in the hotel lobby, Russell steps into the middle of a makeshift stage, wearing an unfailingly baggy brown suit and black heavy-rimmed glasses.

"Welcome, welcome to the Shoreham Hotel electoral poll," he announces. "Who would you vote for if you had the choice? This time, you know, we're going to do it differently—we're going to go back to electing them."

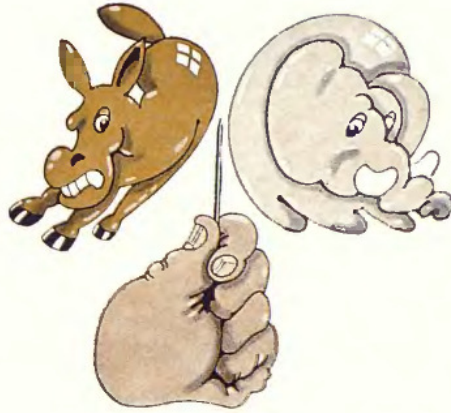
He then proceeds to skewer the politicians:

Scoop Jackson: "Once he gave a fire-side chat and the fire fell asleep."

Hubert Humphrey: "Now, there's a familiar face. Hubert couldn't stop running even if he fell into a vat of Kaopectate."

Jimmy Carter: "What's good for Skippy is good for the nation."

Morris Udall: "Udall now calls himself a sort-of liberal, so Carter has to call himself the ex-redneck, while Jackson is the formerly dull."



"Russell has little to say about Ford. 'If he had been our first President, there would have been a famous painting of Washington tripping over the Delaware.'"

Jerry Brown: "He'd be our first virgin President, and Barbara Howar would write a new book entitled *I Never Slept with the President*."

Richard Nixon: "It's true, Nixon's gonna run. His slogan will be: 'Vote for me, I've been clean for two years and my son doesn't smoke pot.' Even the Chinese see him being re-elected. When he recently visited there, 1,000,000 Chinese spelled out with their bodies, to be read from his plane as it flew overhead, the words I AM

NOT A CLOAK."

Nelson Rockefeller: "I was for Rocky years ago, since I thought anybody who owned something ought to be permitted to run it."

Ronald Reagan: "Reagan would bring the Wet Look to the White House. I hear he wants to be cremated when he dies—leaving behind a pile of ashes and a puddle of Brylcreem beside his wife, Nancy. She would go back to her job as understudy for Harriet on the *Ozzie & Harriet Show*."

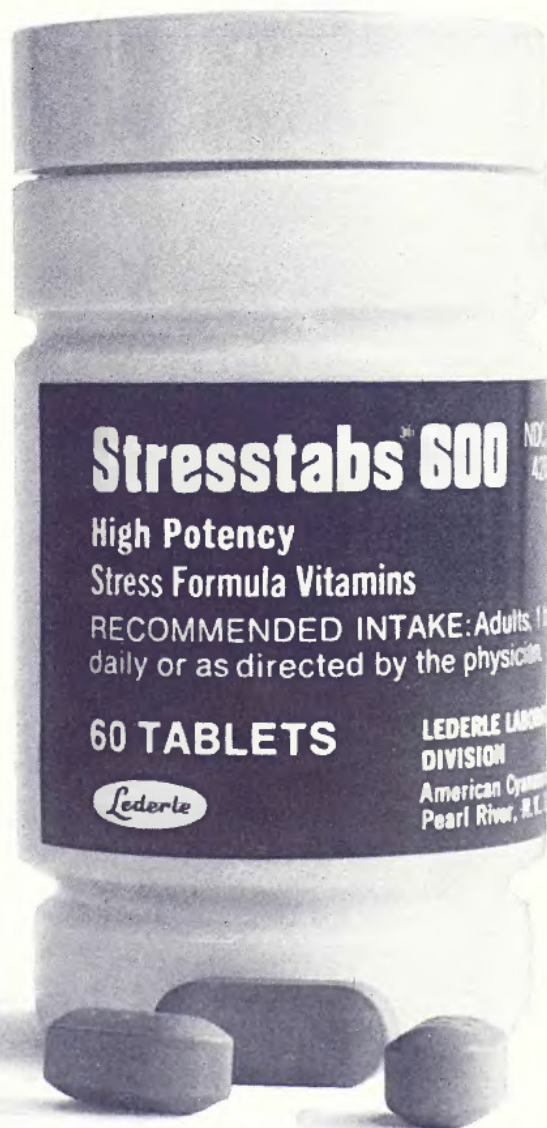
The dark horse: "Why, that could only be Barbara Jordan. Barbara Howar would then write a book entitled *I Never Slept with the President's Husband*."

Russell has surprisingly little to say about President Ford, just a one-liner here and there ("If he had been our first President, there would have been a famous painting of Washington tripping over the Delaware"). He does, however, have a few words for the Bicentennial.

"Frankly," he says in an aside, "the way private industry has been exploiting the Bicentennial, nothing could surprise me as being in bad taste. But leave it to the Government for real exploitation of history. Any day now, I expect to see signs on buses: AS NATHAN HALE ONCE SAID: 'NO SPITTING ON THE BUS.'"

Russell's show lasts barely a half hour. There's no cover charge, but there is a two-drink minimum at three dollars per, even for soda or beer. No reservations, so arrive at least 30 minutes before show time. Russell also has a show you can catch on public television—check your local listings.

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John McLaughlin, founder and former lead guitarist of the defunct Mahavishnu Orchestra, is now playing a curiously constructed acoustic guitar in an otherwise all-Indian band called Shakti. It has something to do, he explains, with Ganesa, the god Siva's elephant-faced son.

But if Ganesa indicates McLaughlin's new musical and spiritual direction, the reasons behind the breakup of his very successful orchestra are slightly more earth-bound. "My wife called me one day last summer while I was touring with the orchestra and told me she was leaving, was going off . . . with a guitar player," he said, with a look of faintly humorous disbelief. In November, he disbanded the orchestra. A few weeks later, amid rumors that he was drinking, growing his hair long and generally engaging in acts of rock-'n'-roll dissipation, he left for India.

McLaughlin, a student of Indian music, had known and played with the future members of Shakti long before his journey to India. Throughout his career with the Mahavishnu Orchestra, he periodically performed with violinist L. Shankar, tabla player Zakir Hussain and others in little-publicized concerts of Eastern music. One such performance, at South Hampton College a year ago, was taped by Columbia Records at John's request. He felt good about his impromptu band. The music was compelling and exhilarating, so good that the recording, which captures perfectly the drive and excitement of the band's live performance, has been released as Shakti's first album, called, cleverly enough, *Shakti*.

Just how this new music—and the band playing it—sounds was what filled the Bottom Line, New York's premier rock showcase, with the faithful and the merely curious for Shakti's official unveiling late this past spring. The big surprise, for those who were expecting to be politely bewildered by a slightly more authentic rendition of raga-rock, was that the music was an extension, into Indian modes, of the musical ideas and even the style of playing that McLaughlin had developed with the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

The total effect of the music is breathtaking, so much so that you almost forget it's entirely acoustic. When asked how he feels about playing in a nonelectric band, McLaughlin smiled and replied. "You know, what's really been driven home to me is that subtlety is the greatest strength of all. I haven't given the electric guitar up yet, but I don't think I'll be doing anything with it publicly, at least for quite some time."

And, oh, yes, what about all those nasty rumors? "Well, as for drinking, I never went in for that: It slows me down too much. A glass of wine with dinner, perhaps. Is *PLAYBOY* really interested in



Shakti: strength through subtlety.

"*Black and Blue*. What's that, you say? A whiff of S/M . . . postcoital bruises? Hard knocks of rock?"



Stones: aging creatively.

all this?" Sure, and since you mention it, how's your sex life? "Healthy," he grinned, "and very pleasant."

—MARK VON LEHMEN

Playing with the muscular intensity that has made it the best in an esoteric business, the Juilliard Quartet has just released *Mozart: The Last Four String Quartets* (Columbia). This often overlooked music is graceful, subtle and sublime—mental imagery for the millennium. Get a set now, even if you think a string quartet is four guys with yo-yos. When you are

older and your taste is better, this is what will get you through the night.

For openers, the title tune of Norman Connors' *You Are My Starship* (Buddah), written by bassist Michael Henderson, is the best new tune we've heard in ages. But the album has other delights, too: *Bubbles* and *The Creator Has a Master Plan (Peace)*, with their soul-satisfying grooves; and *So Much Love*, a voice-and-drum solo by Connors, a young percussionist who has devised a musical recipe that's both commercially and artistically palatable.

After more than a dozen albums in as many years, the Rolling Stones persist—seemingly impervious to changing musical fashions and even the passage of time itself—as one of the major creative forces of rock 'n' roll. And, what's more, they make it look easy. Their faces, in the stark close-ups on the cover of *Black and Blue* (Rolling Stones), though no longer adolescent, have aged gracefully, bearing few traces of the dark passions that inhabit their music. Dressed black against the blue sea and sky, they appear, impassively, to invite us to play with the title's associations. What's that, you say? A whiff of S/M . . . postcoital bruises? Allusions to their musical roots or simply the hard knocks of rock? Who knows—after all, it's only rock 'n' roll.

Which this music is, emphatically. Tunes like *Hand of Fate*, a compressed Southern love and revenge tragedy; *Hey Negrita*, with its lyric of low-rent love for sale chopped up and spit out by Mick Jagger as if his voice were James Brown's rhythm guitar; and *Crazy Mama*, a practically nonverbal, gut-level blast, are Stones rockers bearing the classic Jagger/Keith Richard stamp. What is even more heartening, though, is their treatment of material that isn't so instantly identifiable with the Stones, and particularly Jagger's increased willingness to take chances vocally. Further proof, if any is needed, of the rejuvenative effects of rock 'n' roll on the band that still plays it better than anyone else.

SHORT CUTS

Led Zeppelin / *Presence* (Swan Song): One of the monster live bands gives birth to a studio headache. Product in search of an idea?

UFO / *No Heavy Petting* (Chrysalis): If you're in need, this is a considerably hotter dose of metal than Zep's latest—the kids are all right.

Gil Evans and His Orchestra / *There Comes a Time* (RCA): Evans, who has few peers in orchestrating for a big jazz band, proves once more that it's an easy thing to do. All you have to be is a goddamn genius.

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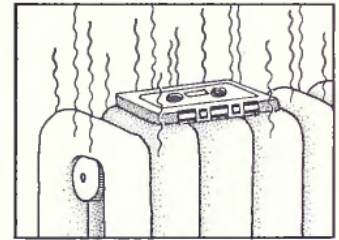
And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette.

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Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

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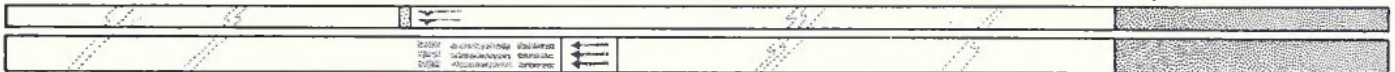


Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

Give our tape a fair hearing.

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No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

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Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material.

lem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.

You may be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.



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In the past few years, the women's movement has resembled, at its worst, a chaotic macramé wall hanging. There it is, in full view, the product of many different strands coming together, all in knots, some coherent, some not, a series of mish-mashed patterns. So it's refreshing to read Betty Friedan's enlightening collection of essays, *It Changed My Life* (Random House), which includes pieces from the Sixties and a vivid, incisive explanation of the muddled events of the 1975 International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City.

Friedan expertly unties the knots but at no point pretends to be the know-all creator. Her vision of the movement is, decidedly, a subjective one, but it is clarity personified. She is a woman of many voices: tough when she accuses Bella Abzug of political opportunism; bitter when she attacks Kate Millett and "sexual politics" and Gloria Steinem's subversion of the Women's Strike Coalition by dropping the sexual red herring of lesbianism into the agenda; personable when she relates anecdotes about her daughter and her own fears of her 50th birthday. But Friedan is most lucid and touching when she discusses the many women who have written to her, telling her how *The Feminine Mystique* and the women's movement have changed their lives.

In contrast to some of her sisters, Friedan has always opted for the movement's mainstream, speaking to the woman at home, displeased and depressed by a half life caged in by diapers and dishwashers but hesitant and afraid to embrace radical feminism. She criticizes those who opt for "female chauvinism," the attitude that women as a class are morally or spiritually superior to men:

My definition of feminism is simply that women are people, in the fullest sense of the word. . . . It seems to me that all the women's movement ever was, or needs to be, is a stage in the whole human rights movement—bringing another group, a majority this time, into the mainstream of human society.

Since 1963, when *The Feminine Mystique* was published, Betty Friedan has become known as the godmother of the American women's liberation movement. Upon publication of *"It Changed My Life,"* we asked Book Review Editor Barbara Nellis to check in with Friedan.

PLAYBOY: In your *Notebook*, you take issue with those who treat the women's movement as class warfare against men. Are you getting a lot of heat for that?

FRIEDAN: I have been criticized for raising some questions openly, but I think I should have done so long ago. I feel a



Friedan: "Women are people."

"Our traditional sex roles have locked all of us in: Man's role forced upon him the pressure to be the sole provider."

great number of American women are alienated by that kind of rhetoric, because it does not express their wishes or needs, or meet their fears, and it keeps them from identifying fully with the goals of equality. American women, except for the most bitter of them, still see motherhood as a real value in their lives. It is true that in the past, too many women have been defined by their sexual relationships with men, but to deny the reality that most women still want to love and be loved by men would be just as wrong. The rhetoric that says "down with men" or "to be liberated you must repudiate motherhood" or "you must become a lesbian and give up sex with men" is very threatening to such women.

PLAYBOY: And you feel this rhetoric turns large numbers of women off from the movement?

FRIEDAN: Definitely. Frankly, it would exclude me.

PLAYBOY: How fairly do you feel the media have treated the women's movement?

FRIEDAN: At first, the media treated us as a joke. There is still a tendency to take us lightly, as shown by the speed with which the press leaps to cover the more exhibitionistic antics of some women, the so-called superstars. They speak for no one, but the media find them good copy. But I do have to say that we would never have accomplished what we have without our free access to the mass media. The

poll takers tell me that never before has there been such a fundamental, widespread change in consciousness of and attitude about an issue over such a short period of time.

In a crude way, TV shows the new woman better than any other medium does. Television sitcoms, dramas, soap operas are giving us some jazzy, gutsy dames. Often they're single or divorced, have jobs; one of them even has a younger boyfriend. There is something robust there.

PLAYBOY: What direction do you think the women's movement should take?

FRIEDAN: It won't be in the direction of repudiation of our sexuality or wallowing in misery and dramatizing every disappointment. It will be in discovering our own capabilities and acting on them, feeling good about ourselves and being able to love in a much freer, more responsible and active way. We're going to emerge stronger, gentler and less self-absorbed.

Most young parents today are trying to bring up their children free from sex stereotypes—the girls-are-nurses, boys-are-doctors sort of thing. This attitude is going to eliminate a lot of repressed behavior. That doesn't mean that men will turn into women or women into men, but it will mean there will be less competitiveness, less potential for violence that stems from alienation, loneliness and frustration. Our traditional sex roles have locked all of us in: Woman's role made her full of suppressed rage, while man's role forced upon him the pressure to be the sole provider. All of these feelings found expression in competing too much, buying things we don't need. When we enable our kids to break those sex-role barriers, there will be deep and intense bonds between men and women—and diversities and nuances of relationships between men and men and between women and women. Men and women will like themselves better. That isn't going to solve every other problem in society, but it will give us a healthier, stronger, juicier inner core from which to go out and meet those other problems.

PLAYBOY: Will we be around for that?

FRIEDAN: I think we're beginning to see it now.

A bona fide detective can go through his whole life without seeing a dead body. A policeman can retire without having drawn his gun. In real life, the only person who is up to his elbows in homicide victims is the medical examiner, who sees hundreds of bodies a year. Paul Konig, the hero of Herbert Lieberman's *City of the Dead* (Simon & Schuster), is the aging autocrat who runs the coroner's office for the city of New York. In the course of a



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Some say Dos Equis is a little darker, a little richer than other imported beers. Some say they like the light, natural carbonation—without the hard bite.

Odds are Dos Equis can make you—even you—become disloyal to your old favorite beer. In that case, why not double cross a friend and offer him or her a Dos Equis.

After all, disloyalty loves company.

Dos Equis the double cross



VISIT MEXICO—THE FRIENDLY COUNTRY.

day's work, he attacks rib cages with buzz saws, pulls flesh apart, probes wounds, trying to piece together an image of the criminal from the violent acts inflicted on his victims. Lieberman's prose is brutal, morbidly fascinating—as gripping as the forceps and pliers that Konig uses to reassemble the remnants of two (or perhaps three?) bodies found buried near the East River, looking for clues that will lead to the slayer. Those of you not raised on the Mickey Spillane school of writing, where corpses are used as sentence punctuation, may have a hard time stomach-ing the body count in this book. But give it a try.

It's beginning to look as if we had two loonies, not just one, in the White House for about a decade. Or maybe there's something about the office and its pressures that turns Presidents batty, however briefly. First there was Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days*, in which Richard Nixon spoke to portraits of his predecessors as he went to pieces. Now we have Doris Kearns's *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream* (Harper & Row), in which a beleaguered L.B.J. roams the dark halls of the White House during his final days, a flashlight in his hand, to stare hypnotically at a portrait of a past President. Toward the end of his term he became obsessed with the idea that Communists controlled the nation's media and later, in retirement, he fell into the habit of curling up in Kearns's empty bed in a guest room at the L.B.J. Ranch, pulling the sheets up to his chin "like a cold and frightened child."

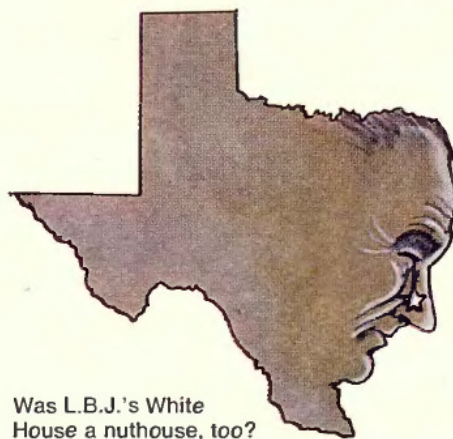
But this book has more than gossip. Like *The Final Days*, it is a remarkably intimate kind of history; but unlike it, the Kearns book tries to paint its subject whole—from childhood on. Kearns, an associate professor of government at Harvard, was befriended by L.B.J. in 1968, when he asked her to spend time with him in Texas to help write his memoirs, "his last chance with the history books." He told Kearns, then 25, "I want to do everything I can to make the young people of America, especially you Harvards, understand what this political system is all about." What tumbled out of him, in their months of rambling talks, was the story of his life while he was in a state Kearns describes as "crumpled, ragged, defenseless." It is the story of a man who truly wanted to help people, to do good for the nation, because he wanted desperately to be loved by the people, the nation.

The book itself was the focus of a huge literary squabble involving two publishing houses and the prospective col-



City of the Dead: pathological chiller.

"Lieberman's prose is as gripping as the forceps and pliers Konig uses to reassemble the remnants of two (or perhaps three?) bodies found buried near the East River."



Was L.B.J.'s White House a nuthouse, too?

laboration of Kearns's husband, Richard Goodwin, a gifted speechwriter and phrasemaker for both J.F.K. and L.B.J. In the heat of the battle, Goodwin withdrew and Kearns announced she would write the book herself. Odds are she did. Those portions of the book in which Harvard professor Kearns gives Freudian interpretations to L.B.J.'s motives or preaches at us about the folly of bombing North Vietnam are tedious, obvious or so scholarly as to be frigid. Those portions in which Kearns, the friend and confidante, simply reports the unraveling of L.B.J.'s fears and dreams and his lack

of understanding of what went wrong are utterly fascinating. If you skim the college lecture, you'll find the reportage (annotated, as Woodward and Bernstein's was not) amounts to some of the most revealing instant history you'll read.

Don DeLillo's fourth novel, *Ratner's Star* (Knopf), conveys the same incandescent energy as his previous three; it's full of furious animation, like some verbal balloon zipping about the room, exhaling prose in manic rhythms. Billy Twillig, a 14-year-old Nobel Laureate and wizard of pure mathematics, has been called to Field Experiment Number One to decode a message from the advanced culture on *Ratner's Star*. Once settled, Billy proceeds for the rest of the book through a Lewis Carroll maze of characters: Orang Mohole, twice winner of the Cheops Feeley Award for scientific contribution and retailer of pornographic films; Henrik Endor, esteemed mathematician and astrophysicist who, unable to crack the code, retreats to a hole where he eats larvae and digs with a coat hanger; Elux Troxl, a marvelously amoral villain representing ACRONYM, a Honduran cartel that constantly changes its name and hopes to corner the world's supply of bat guano. One could go on and on and, unfortunately, DeLillo does.

QUICK READS

Geoffrey Stokes / *Star-Making Machinery: The Odyssey of an Album* (Bobbs-Merrill): A middle-level rock group—Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen—gets taken through the paces of making a crucial album. It's the first book we've seen that offers fair warning to anyone harboring glittery dreams of gold records, Mercedes limos and hangin' out with Mick.

James A. Michener / *Sports in America* (Random House): A report on the way we use and misuse sports in this country, all told in Michener's usual fast-paced style.

Judith Guest / *Ordinary People* (Viking): A fine first novel. Conrad, a teenage boy with emotional problems, describes his suicide attempt, his recovery, his relations with his family much less self-consciously than Holden Caulfield did.

Jules Siegel / *Memoir* (Mendocino Press): When did you last read a book written in calligraphy, with no sign of the writer's name until the final credits, that had for its plot a sentimental love story about anal intercourse? We thought so.

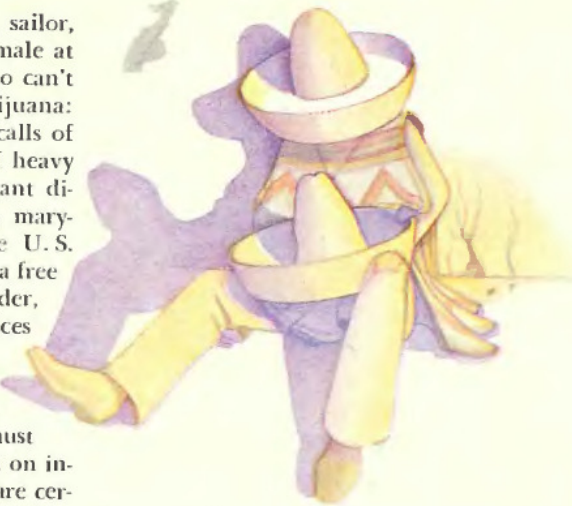
Ron Kistler / *I Caught Flies for Howard Hughes* (Playboy Press): It started as an article (PLAYBOY, December 1975) and we think it's pretty good—and very funny. The author was a bodyguard who babysat with the naked billionaire.

There is hardly a hobo, hippie, sailor, Marine or red-blooded gringo male at large, however superannuated, who can't tell you a lurid tale of old Tijuana: stories of the groin-tickling siren calls of unhinged sex, the mystical tug of heavy dope heists, cheap abortions, instant divorces, armies of grinding nudes, mary-jane fields, fuck bars. When the U. S. Navy, during the Forties, operated a free prophylactic station at the border, some 5000 men used its services during any given weekend.

And in sex, as in politics, the past is prolog, isn't it? That chick with the orchid in her cleavage must still be practicing the crotch clutch on innocents abroad: naked go-go girls are certain to be pulling shy shaved heads into some steamy cavity or screwing right in the dank, dark booths of strip joints—sitting up; surely, that stashed coppertoned dude with the daunting *schlong* is working over the two lesboats on that grungy mauve back-room bed; the donkey painted like a zebra cannot possibly be tired of fucking the lady on the leaky mattress.

With the exception of a few summery *corridos*, it had been some 20 years since I made my ritual pubescent visit, on leave from the U. S. Army. Time to check Tijuana out again. En route, I stop in La Jolla, which is roughly ten galaxies from T.J., and drop in on old friend Neil Morgan, a canny author-columnist. He warns me that the sere little border town we knew is gone: Blazing sin has been sucked into the vacuum created by the sexual implosion up north—specifically, by California's pieces of strange. Population is roughly half a million. Wages are the highest in Mexico. There is no porno, live, filmed or published. Tijuana Bibles (featuring outsized sex organs) are collector's items. *PLAYBOY* and *Oui* are banned, abortions are illegal, a funny cigarette is good for ten years in the hoosegow. Peking porcelain and Paris fashions have displaced donkey ladies, alas. More Americans—between 35,000,000 and 40,000,000 annually—visit the place than visit all other foreign cities combined. Taxis charge a dollar per person for one block or 100. *Mariachis* get \$30 an hour or \$1.50 per *canción*. Beer is 85 cents, margaritas one dollar and up and Margarita, once a flat seven dollars city-wide, gets from \$50 to \$100 a flop.

Despite the daunting statistics, I have to see Tijuana myself, so I head on south. There I find that it is still possible to sleep, shop, drink and eat exotically and to bet on horses, dogs, cocks (illegally), bulls or *jai alai* players—and to find a real live girl. The police, I soon observe, are more gallant than they used to be. The city government is so respectable



“The north end of town is still a colossal monument to scam: pimps, con artists, whores. But that is about all that remains of the dirty joke that was Tijuana.”

and so ebullient it is affectionately known as the Tijuana Brass, and the remodeled jail, a sort of neo-Italian monastery in the midst of the old raunch, is the prettiest pad in town. The booking sheet, incidentally, carries eight terms describing the inebriated: *ebrio impertinente* is no big deal, *ebrio indignado* implies sassing a cop, *ebrio insultos al gobierno* makes you a loathsome traitor, *ebrio escandaloso* means you made a spectacle of yourself, *ebrio orinando en la calle* suggests you cannot hold your beer, *ebrio riñas* is an all-out fight and *ebrio lesiones* means you won. Most young Americans are booked for *ebrio voltado*, which means the firewater won. If you are doping, however, or should you chance to collide with one of the local kamikazes—and there is a fat chance that you will—you will need to call someone like, say, God.

The north end of town—poor, dusty, mostly unpaved, colloquially known as The Pit—is still a colossal monument to scam: pimps, drunks, con artists, drifters, grifters, punks, whores, a veritable maze of machetes and Mean Streets. But that is about all that remains of the dirty joke that was Tijuana. The few hundred registered prostitutes, once numbering 10,000, hustle mostly around a single bar on the Avenida Revolución. Touts, barkers and sidewalk shills crawl out from under their rocks only when cops are nowhere in sight.

Landmarks like the Clubs Brooklyn and Manhattan are either shuttered or

being demolished to make way for parking lots and respectable commerce. After *carnitas* (a merry pork specialty) one evening at the Chupa-Po-Yo Café, I have a nightcap of fresh limeade at the Coco Club, one of four night clubs remaining of the 70 that flourished downtown in wartime. The emcee braves a desperate smile and introduces one bored dancer in tight pants and pasties. The band plays a brassy American number from the big-band era. A stud is getting a Local (hand job) in a back booth, but, then, he works there. I am the only customer in the place.

The average dude in rut, I estimate, lasts less than a day in Tijuana: shopping at the Watergate Shop or The Godfather Curios, a show as lively as a dead sand dab, maybe a mind-blowing clutch by an obese parcel of a go-go girl, at best a “short time” upstairs at La Rue. A draft beer at what is left of The Long Bar, once the longest in the world, and probably a meal at the Hoo-Wah or La Receta del Coronel Sanders.

So who is going to Tijuana these days, and why? It is on the “family tourist” that the burgeoning metropolis and its high-minded mayors have leveled their sights in recent years, and it is fairly bursting with civic pride over its new streets, water projects, industry, bars and beaneries. Tijuana is not so much California Split as Borderland Proud.

To the astonishment of an older generation, the new tourists breeze capriciously past the Sargasso of pots and piggy banks, black-velveteen pictures and pieces of “poosy” in favor of duty-free liquor, Lalique glass, Limoges and Royal Copenhagen porcelain, Pucci, Dior and Cardin fashions, Scottish woolsens, Irish knits, French and Italian silks, along with quality Mexican handicrafts.

Fine regional dishes are served up at Palacio Azteca, Don Quixote, La Costa, Victor's, Reno's, Boccaccio, El Abrajeño, Uruapan. Italian and Chinese restaurants abound, *jai alai* players prepare their native goodies behind the fine Basque eatery Chiki Jai, and there is even an authentic English tavern.

The chaperone has all but disappeared, unshackling the middle- and upper-crust female from the time- and Church-honored duenna tradition. “Nice” girls get divorced and go to bars solo. Style-conscious debutantes dance until dawn at posh private clubs and *discos* in splendid hotels, the best being El Conquistador. Today, says hotelier Alfonso Bustamante, Jr., who fights bulls, sometimes in the nude, “Tijuana is less wild but more fun.” Do it, do the hustle.

—C. ROBERT JENNINGS



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SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

AROUND THE WAR IN 80 HOURS....

By Lawrence Pitkethly

ONE DAY last January, Lieutenant General James F. "Holly" Hollingsworth, commander of the U. S. South Korea First Corps Group, gazed out across the DMZ from his guard post on hill 229 and sniffed the winter air; icy, as he thought, with approaching enemy soldiers.

"This is my killing zone," he remarked to a journalist who was eliciting his opinion on U. S. readiness for an invasion from the north.

"We'll need five days and five nights of real violence—breaking their will to fight in addition to killing them. After that, we'll need four more days to tidy up the battlefield."

Holly's sentiments were the mark of a new-found confidence, part of the post-Vietnam euphoria that seems to have breathed new life into the U. S. military. The American command now feels itself liberated to fight its kind of war instead of "un-American" involvements such as Southeast Asia. Foreign-policy specialists such as Earl C. Ravenal, in fact, tell us that the whole Vietnam adventure was beneath the capabilities and nature of our system. "There is such a thing," Ravenal says, "as 'the American way of war.' . . . It is capital intensive, attaching a high value to the trade-off of American dollars against American lives . . . and it is annihilatingly destructive in the cases where it is applied."

The 1973 "war powers resolution," granting the President facility to dispense war without congressional declaration for up to 60 days, plus a 30-day mop-up period, had already encouraged the speedy battle planners to think organically. Although the bill was designed as a check on Executive power, it was

quickly interpreted as *de facto* sanction for short, violent military engagements that could be sprung on Congress before the latter had time to jam the lid shut again. Some indication of what form these might take was given by Secretary of State William Rogers, when he appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Rogers cited the following as precedents for Presidential action: Jefferson and the Barbary pirates; Polk and Mexico; McKinley and the Boxer rebellion; Theodore Roosevelt and Panama; Taft, Wilson and Coolidge in Mexico, Latin America and the Caribbean; Eisenhower and Lebanon; Kennedy and Cuba; Johnson and the Dominican Republic.

The United States, in other words, has always placed great store on making war by Executive fiat. Of the 151 wars in American history, only five have been by formal declaration. The passing of

plan for the invasion of every civilized country in the world," they felt sufficiently encouraged to accelerate all of their scenarios. Battle plans for engagements in the Persian Gulf oil fields, in North Asia, in South and West Africa or around the Indian Ocean were spruced up to meet the new deadlines. Greatest public attention focused early last year on a possible invasion of Saudi Arabia. In January 1975, such an intervention seemed very close to Administration thinking. President Ford and Dr. Kissinger both muttered that the United States would not tolerate "strangulation." The flurry caused by those intimations took months to settle; and, as late as last August, a congressional subcommittee on Oil Fields as Military Objectives warned that such actions held high risks and could be secured only by instantaneous and, if necessary, massive use of force.

Over at the Pentagon, they had been thinking "massive" for some years. In August 1973, a full-dress rehearsal for the invasion necessary to take over Iran, Libya or Saudi Arabia was staged in California's Mojave Desert. The exercise, known as Operation Alkali Canyon 73, involved the rapid deployment of 9000 U. S. Marines from Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, to repel a simulated Soviet invasion in five days of intense combat under sweltering 120-degree temperatures. American success was based on the activation of fresh, battle-ready troops and their nonstop transportation by giant C-5A jets to the scene of the conflict. Once there, superiority was soon gained

by the use of what General Westmoreland in 1969 called "automated battlefield" techniques.

The automation of American military power, maximizing each soldier to the value of his equipment in cost and lethality, is the most sophisticated step so far in designing a truly American way of war. The Pentagon has invested all its hopes in "special effects"—electronic and chemical sensors, miniaturized tactical nuclear weapons (mininukes) and



the 90-day resolution was thus Congress' way of being patriotic, of adding a novel urgency to the search for future interventions. It virtually ensured that every war the U. S. fights in the future will be a "lightning war." At the Pentagon, where, according to Marine Corps Colonel Jerry O'Leary, there is a "computer

Lawrence Pitkethly, a former TV journalist for the BBC, is a full-time writer and a part-time professor.

remotely piloted vehicles (RPVs), along with precision guided missiles (PGMs) using lasers and concealed television cameras to locate and wipe out the enemy. Pentagon planners do not consider these tactics aggressive but a highly complex safety system, an electronically activated bank security to protect U. S. "valuables" (such as oil) and their trade routes around the world.

Before these are ever "set off," the U. S. relies on client states to police local interests (at present, it has military arrangements with 92 countries). Despite this, top Administration officials continue to speak of the "increasing vulnerability of our maritime trade routes." They are suspicious of Soviet influence in the Persian Gulf, in the Indian Ocean, in West Africa. No one in the Pentagon is planning an all-out, climactic war to protect these territories, nor a limited, protracted war: just a short, synoptic, violent one. It is not supposed to last 80 days, perhaps not 80 hours, but not even computers can ensure that enemies will accept, so passively, their own annihilation.

THE GREAT AMERICAN LAY

By Laurence Gonzales

I KNOW this saxophone player who is as good as any I've ever heard. He also sings like an angel. He does both for a living. Recently, I asked him to go hunting with me and he said, "I'm no good at that. I just can't get the hang of wing shooting. I score about four in skeet shooting. Don't have the eye for it or something." Fine. Can't be good at everything. He didn't feel inadequate, he didn't sit home reading *The Joys of Wing Shooting* in order to become a great skeet shooter. He just ignored it.

But if a pretty lady had asked him if he would like to go to bed with her, is there any chance that he—or anyone else—would have said, "No thanks, I'm no good in bed. You go on to bed without me"?

Just as all of us in this country can't possibly be pro golfers like Arnie, it's fairly certain that the men among us can't all be God's gift to women when it comes to performance in bed. Just as in every other skill, there must be a vast groundwork of average fucks to support those few who are dynamite in the sack and who lord it over

those who are just plain lousy. But somehow we've gotten this notion into our heads that if we hold our mouth right, smile a lot, read the right books and think pure thoughts, every last man jack of us can make the girls see comets blazing in the dead of night.

I doubt it, just as I doubt that my saxophone-playing friend will ever be among the world-beating shotgunners. I also doubt that Elton John will ever amount to much as a pole vaulter. So what we have is a staggering population represented by a prototype who is a relatively poor screw and either totally unaware of it or seriously anxious about it and buying up books and devices, taking lessons and attending touchie-feelie sessions, learning the gentle art of massage, reading *How to Pick Up Sheep* and what have you—ignorant of the fact that he will go to the grave pretty much the same run-of-the-mill bed partner he was when he first fogged up the windows of his dad's Chevrolet.

If you're one of those people, you may not even know it. It's a rare woman who will get up from the nuptial bag and say, "Irv, that was the worst hosing I've ever had. Pass the vibrator." Or you may think: I'm all right in bed, but I'm really going to hit the honey buckets when I read/buy/practice (fill in your favorite therapy). And with everyone talking about sex so openly, it's amazing that the subject of Good vs. Bad never comes up. You can have an orgy, swing, trade wives with your neighbor, handcuff your girl to the radiator, spank each other with birch switches, do it in the road, have someone run four feet of motorcycle chain through you—get into any weird, pervo sex bag you like—and it makes perfectly acceptable cocktail talk. But mention how rotten your technique is (not to be confused with impotence—you can do it, sure, you're simply no damn good at it) and see what happens. You might as well say you're purposely refusing the penicillin shots so that all your friends will get tertiary syphilis without knowing it—haha. In fact, it's almost as bad as admitting you can't play tennis.

On the other hand, there may really be something in the Great Average American Lay, just as there is something in the Great American Novel (i.e., money), in the Great American Hamburger (i.e., Secret Sauce) and in the Great American Automobile (i.e., you):

PLAYBOY Senior Editor Laurence Gonzales will admit only that he performs superbly on the typewriter.

They are all horrendously average, and yet they all have their own special charm. So it's possible that many women would find it a great relief to meet somebody who didn't want to tell her about the walnut-lined Dunhill cigar case in which he kept his vibrators—it might be refreshing to meet a guy at a bar and hear him say, "I'd really like to have an affair with you, but I'm just not very good at copulation. Maybe we could get together and show each other vacation slides sometime." In fact, she might be so relieved that she would hop right into the sack with him. And if she's at all American herself, she will probably turn out to be as much of an amateur as he is. For the Great American Woman must also be average when it comes to sexual expertise. With this in mind, it's likely that the two of them will have a great time together (each of them being average) and come away thinking, "Gee, that was really beautiful." This, of course, will have two effects. First, it will perpetuate the myth that everyone is good in bed. Second, in some cases it will lead to offspring who—if this sort of thing is hereditary—will increase the number of average lays in the population.

There seems to be little we can do to improve the quality of fucking in this country, short of appointing panels of men and women to Test Fuck samples of the population as it reaches the age of consent. Those found lacking would, of course, be "put to sleep." Because when you give it serious thought, it is a problem deserving national attention. Suppose the Russians are better in bed? Are we going to allow a *Schtup* Gap to develop? This also brings up touchy racial questions. WASPs, whatever their achievements, have never been particularly famous for their sexual prowess. It's always the animalistic blacks, the swarthy Latinos, the inscrutable Orientals, the spicy Italians, the erect Germans—anything but the wishy-washy WASPs, who number among their ranks such antisex superheroes as Pat Boone and Fred MacMurray. Logical extensions of this line of thinking become immediately obvious to those of us with a fascist turn of mind.

So probably the best thing to do is just admit the average truth and learn to love it. After all, any nation that could learn to love Johnny Carson, General Motors, *The New York Times*, Linda Lovelace and McDonald's all in one century can't be demanding too much in the clinch. So drop the machinery and philosophy and just go get McLaid.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A woman wearing stockings really turns me on. I like all types of hosiery on women and I regularly peruse magazines that feature lingerie ads. I am happily married, but my wife thinks I am crazy regarding this hosiery thing. She refuses to wear stockings to bed, though she is "considering" the matter. Certainly, my interest is not that far off base. I've noticed that many of your models wear stockings—in particular, Ann Pennington in the March issue is stunningly stockinged. What do I tell my wife to convince her to indulge my fantasy?—I. G., Salem, Massachusetts.

The concept of stockings as erotic apparel is widely accepted by members of both sexes: We know one woman who collects pictures of bank robbers. No one is quite sure of the history of the turn-on. Some claim that a pair of black hose, with a garter and spike heels, recalls the naughtiness of Victorian courtesans, the flippant sexuality of a Roaring Twenties stripper. Since most of us are too young to have known a Victorian courtesan or a dapper flapper, it is more likely that stockings simply call attention to a well-formed leg, ascending the thigh like mercury in a thermometer. Perhaps they remind us of Christmas gifts. Tell your wife that a compromise position is possible: If she'll put them on, you'll take them off. Slow undressing is a turn-on in itself. Enjoy.

I am in my early 20s and have a very strong sexual urge that my wife cannot always satisfy. This problem started about four months ago, when my 17-year-old sister-in-law stayed at our house for a weekend. The three of us listened to music and drank a bit of wine. My wife, who has a very low tolerance for alcohol, passed out on the couch. It was getting late, so I excused myself and crawled into bed. Just as I was about to fall asleep, my wife's sister climbed into bed with me. At once I got an enormous erection. She noticed this and, before I knew it, she was giving me the wildest head job. She said that she had given head before but had never let a man screw her. I rolled her over and kissed her nipples and she guided me into her. We screwed all night long. Since then, we have had six similar episodes. Do you think it would be wise to discuss the affair with my wife or pray that she never finds out?—H. B., Mobile, Alabama.

Any person who fools around with more than one limb of a family tree is likely to get hanged from same. The two sisters have known each other a lot



longer than you've known either of them: Their sibling rivalry makes any revelry highly suspect. Of course, we're not sure you have anything to worry about: Do you always get an "enormous" erection, or only when you make up stories about what you'd like to do with your sister-in-law? Is a wild head job better than a tame, housebroken head job? Erotic fantasies use gigantic organs and orgasms as applause meters to justify the event. Reassess the size of your organ, and your sexual urge. If one or the other fits your wife, she should wear it. Stop giving her mickey fms and you might be more able to get it on.

Lost luggage is an ultimate hassle. As a free-lance writer, I'm constantly on the move. Last year, various airlines managed to misplace my baggage no fewer than five times. Is there anything I can do to cut down the odds on a disappearing duffel bag?—T. F., New York, New York.

Now you know why the very rich maintain complete wardrobes in every city or fly their own planes. Three out of every 200 travelers have some kind of trouble with their baggage, for one reason or another. The best defense is a good offense. Federal regulations require that every airline passenger have some kind of identification on the outside of his bag. Buy yourself a sturdy set of tags, but don't stop there. List your destination, hotel, etc., on a sheet of paper and place it inside your luggage, in case the exterior tags are removed. Lock your bags. Check

in early. Some kinds of baggage have to be hand-carried to the plane. Remove old destination tags before you leave for the airport and make sure the attendant puts the right tags on your bags. According to a recent study, 40 percent of all luggage mishaps occur when there is a connection from one flight to another. Try to fly direct. Beware of the carousel: Now that everybody has Louis Vuitton luggage, it is necessary to devise some kind of identifying mark—a piece of tape, an EAT MORE POSSUM sticker or a sign that warns HANDLE WITH CARE: PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES. Most lost bags are found within 24 hours. The wise traveler will put his first-day essentials into a carry-on clothing bag and a piece of luggage that fits under the seat (dimensions, 23"x9"). Some airlines have developed luggage racks that will accommodate carry-on suitcases. Call ahead and find out what facilities are available on your flight. If you travel light, you can avoid all the tangles at the far end of a flight. If all else fails, you might be interested in the information contained in "Air Traveler's Fly Rights," a booklet available from the Office of Consumer Affairs, Civil Aeronautics Board, Washington, D. C. 20428. Bon voyage!

My wife and I have recently had the opportunity to join a swinging group. However, I have a psychological block about my penis. Not its size but its shape. When erect, my penis curves sharply to the right about the midway point. My wife and I have a great sexual relationship and we want to start swinging, but I am somewhat ashamed to reveal my misguided organ to strangers. Can you please tell me if there is anything that can be done to straighten it out?—D. H., Memphis, Tennessee.

Some curvature is natural (and causes you to dress right or left). Extreme curvature can result from Peyronie's disease or accidental damage (i.e., scar tissue on one side can put a crimp in your style). Check with a doctor: In some cases, an operation can correct the curvature. But we're not sure you have a problem. Your wife is obviously pleased with your performance and no doubt your new friends will accept you as you are. Who knows, a roundabout body may even come in handy in those group gropes. An acquaintance of ours who enjoys the same condition says that he's always finding new uses for his equipment. Indeed, he claims that a curved penis is perfectly suited for flashing around corners.

The Preservation Hall Jazz Band recently did a show on educational TV



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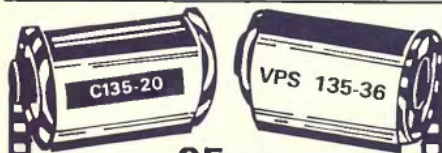
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and I happened to catch the performance. During one song, a member of the audience began dancing in the aisle while waving a black umbrella and a white handkerchief. I seem to remember having seen photographs of early jazz processions in which marchers held the same props. Do the black umbrella and white handkerchief have some symbolic meaning?—D. R. C., Severna Park, Maryland.

The black umbrella and white handkerchief go back to the famous jazz funerals celebrated in New Orleans. As unromantic as it may sound, the props were strictly functional—they allowed the copacetic musicians to cope with the climate. There are only two kinds of weather in New Orleans—hot and humid (thus, the handkerchief) and rain (the black umbrella).

I feel I must protest the letter in the May Playboy Advisor in which you tell a man whose lady dislikes oral sex to keep at it until she sees the error of her ways. I have a similar problem with anal sex. My husband likes it and keeps on trying. But I want him to stop. In spite of numerous attempts, all I get from it are tears, pain and bleeding. He brought the letter in question to my attention, saying the problem was in my head. Now, really, I have tried. There are so many beautiful ways to make love, why insist on the one technique that I find so painful and disagreeable? I feel that love and respect for each other's feelings should go together. And since I love him and never refuse other things he asks of me, why shouldn't he simply respect what I ask in this matter? I resent being made to feel guilty. You let me down. I hope you publish this with a word in my defense.—Mrs. C. D., Omaha, Nebraska.

Tell your husband to back off. In traffic court, he would be penalized for following too closely. In this context, he should be reprimanded for misquoting our advice, which is about fellatio, not anal sex. There is a difference, though some folks can't tell their ass from their other bodily orifices; for these free souls, sodomy is a pleasurable experience. However, even couples who are willing to engage in sodomy approach the act with care. The woman has to be relaxed or it hurts like hell, even when the man has taken the proper precautions (KY jelly or a lubricated condom, or both). Tension increases the chances of discomfort and injury, but the problem is not in your head. Your body may not be made for the act. We do not feel that a person should undergo pain to please a partner. Unless he or she is into it. Enough said?

My regular doubles partner insists that I buy a certain brand of tennis ball. I've heard that one company makes all

the tennis balls and merely stamps different brand names on them. Is my partner's favorite brand worth the extra dough?—L. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Many U. S. brands are manufactured by General Tire & Rubber Company. The various brands claim that the specifications for each are different, but they play pretty much the same. There are definite differences in some tennis balls, however: Heavy-duty balls play slower than the usual championship ball, because they have a heavier felt covering. English brands tend to play slower than U. S. championships but faster than U. S. heavy duties. If you like a slow game with long rallies, check out the pressureless balls. Are they really slow? Well, the last time we used them on a damp clay court, our opponent hit his serve, we hit a lob as he rushed the net and they told us our hour was up.

Perhaps you can help. Though I have the figure to wear a bikini, I am worried about the amount of pubic hair revealed by the skimpy bottom. I have tried shaving, but a rash develops. I've seen the costumes that Playboy Bunnies wear and I wonder how they overcome an abundance of pubic hair?—Miss L. M., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Many of our Bunnies have their legs waxed at professional beauty salons to remove the hair. No, they don't use Mop & Glo. (And we refuse to listen to comparisons to hot-waxing skis for better performance.) The treatment consists of applying a thin layer of heated wax to the skin. After it cools, the wax is stripped off in the direction the hair grows. Since the hairs are plucked from beneath the surface of the skin, waxing lasts longer than shaving. Generally, it takes several weeks for a new growth to appear. Here's looking at you.

I have heard GIs laughingly refer to "short-arm inspection." What do they mean?—A. R., Mankato, Minnesota.

In World Wars One and Two, soldiers had to fall out in formation once a month in nothing but galoshes and a raincoat (why that was the uniform no one knows; maybe the doctors were kinky). A medical officer would inspect their genital areas for venereal disease, crabs, lice or microscopic German invasions. Some of these men had spent weeks in the trenches and wenches of France. Some had just been there a few days, but, as you know, you can get rank pretty quickly in the Army. This unusual inspection became known as short-arm inspection. The phrase comes from Army terminology: Rifles were fire-arms, bayonets and pistols were close-quarter arms, and this led to short arm for the sexual equipment. A modern descendant of the old short-arm inspection is the hernia examination, or common-sense test. During the induction physical, a

doctor grabs your crotch and asks you to cough. Sensible soldiers do what they are told when someone has them by the balls. The rest are sent to the hospital for observation and are then made lieutenant colonels.

Years ago, my father coasted his old Buick to save gas. He taught me the technique, and I'm curious: Does it actually work on modern cars? Would putting the automatic shift into neutral on a downgrade damage the gears? Would it save gas?—T. D., Visalia, California.

A lot of old fathers' tales are just that. Coasting is not a good driving habit. With the car out of gear, control is limited and the lack of power, if needed in an emergency, makes it even riskier. There is no extra wear on gears while coasting, but, since gasoline consumption on a downgrade with the car in gear is minimal, why bother? It's unwise at any speed.

I am thinking of having a vasectomy, but first I need to have a few questions answered. From what I understand, the body continues to produce sperm cells after the operation. What happens to the little buggers? I have this vision of my body becoming an Arlington National Cemetery of dead sperm cells. I've heard reports of microsurgions reconnecting the severed ducts. I am curious: Is the operation reversible?—L. D., Madison, Wisconsin.

We can see a choir of angelic sperm cells singing, "Oh, that magic feeling, nowhere to go." In most cases, the body simply assimilates the sperm cells. However, in approximately half the men who have had vasectomies, the body seems to react to the sperm as foreign matter and produces sperm antibodies. There appear to be two kinds of sperm antibodies—one type causes the sperm to clump together; the other decreases sperm mobility. Neither type seems to be harmful, but you should be aware that antibodies have been found in nonvasectomized males with fertility problems: Even if you have the ducts reconnected through microsurgery, the antibodies that have built up will remain. There is a low incidence of fertility among men who have had the operation reversed. Most doctors still consider a vasectomy to be permanent.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE MEMPHIS PORNO TRIALS

Harry Reems has achieved a kind of immortality. Not only is he the male lead in the first full-scale pornographic movie to be publicly exhibited in legitimate commercial moviehouses and to receive acclaim from serious film critics but he is also the first person ever prosecuted and convicted by the Federal Government for performing in *Deep Throat*. His conviction in Memphis last May is part of a huge series of trials around pornographic movies being conducted at enormous public expense. I'd like to joke about Reems's going down in history, but this isn't really funny. Five years of a man's life are at stake. This is a crime against humanity, and I'm furious that some of my tax money is helping to pay for it.

J. Andrews
New York, New York

According to *Newsweek*, a spectacular series of show trials of people connected with pornographic films is currently being conducted in Memphis, Tennessee. The trials are the work of Federal prosecutor Larry Parrish, the latest in the never-ending parade of self-appointed guardians of public morality. Parrish has been building his cases for the past four years, using scores of FBI agents, and is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars of the taxpayers' money.

I'm a 30-year-old man; am I or am I not capable of deciding what I shall see, read, hear, taste, feel or think? I request an instant replay and update of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Greg Lucas
Denver, Colorado

LAW AGAINST LOVE

VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS, reads the popular slogan on bumper stickers and T-shirts. Unfortunately, the slogan is a monument to false advertising, since certain kinds of love in Virginia are prohibited by law.

Last March, the U. S. Supreme Court rejected a challenge to Virginia's sex laws, which forbid almost every sort of sexual activity except intercourse between husband and wife in the missionary position. Thirty-six states have similar laws. Virginia's were penned in 1792 with the Bible in mind. The Bible is still in the minds of those sitting on the bench of the lower court that previously upheld the Virginia sex laws, quoting *Leviticus* to show that

prohibition of sodomy "is not an upstart notion."

Virginia is for lovers. And you can get five years for it.

Serada Maghaer
Alexandria, Virginia

Too much attention is paid to personalities in politics, distracting us from the real issues. For example, Nixon was forced to resign two years ago and many people seem to think that all the tyrannical policies of Nixonism departed with him. Far from it; the Nixon mentality is still

"But having learned to have emotionally and physically satisfying sex, I find the sight of my naked partner extremely arousing."

with us in high places, particularly on the Supreme Court. Of the current Justices, four were appointed by Nixon and one by Ford, who, in turn, was hand-picked by Nixon. Thus, recent Court decisions have tended to reflect Nixon's medieval, antidemocratic thinking.

The March 29, 1976, decision upholding Virginia's antihomosexuality laws by a vote of six to three is a perfect case in

point. The Court did not give an opinion of its own but merely affirmed the declaration of a lower court that if a state decides that it is "appropriate in the promotion of morality and decency" to ban any sexual behavior, "it is not for the courts to say that the state is not free to do so."

That's the same line of reasoning that ran through the Supreme Court's obscenity decisions of three years ago. According to that view, laws do not have to make sense, they do not have to be justified as protecting us from real dangers, they do not have to be fair to dissenters or minorities; it is enough that a state legislature decides to enact them in the ambiguous names of morality and decency. By this logic, a state legislature could penalize witchcraft with burning at the stake and no evidence that witches are harmless or that as citizens they have civil rights would matter to the Court.

This is exactly like the savage's simple-minded conviction that "my tribe's taboos are moral and every other tribe's are immoral, so let's clobber them." It is the antithesis of what the Bill of Rights is all about.

Michael Adams
Colorado Springs, Colorado

We're presenting our views on the post-Nixon wave of repression in a series of editorials in "The Playboy Forum." This month's editorial, on page 47, deals with the Supreme Court and censorship. We'll publish an article by Richard Rhodes on the Memphis porno trials in the October PLAYBOY.

CUNNILINGUS CONTROVERSY

As a woman, I resent Mike Bruggeman's letter describing how "repellent" the vulva is (*The Playboy Forum*, March). As for the "appearance of flaps, lips, bumps and what all," I don't think any scrotum is going to win a beauty contest, either. Concerning the "god-awful smell that most of the girls have sometimes," a penis isn't exactly a rose. The fact is, human sex organs aren't intrinsically beautiful, but, to human beings, they are sexy by definition.

I must admit that the first time I saw male sex organs, they didn't seem terribly attractive, though I was fascinated by them. But having learned to have emotionally and physically satisfying sex, I find the sight of my naked partner extremely arousing. I suppose it's kind of like Pavlov's dog: You learn to associate your partner's naked body with good sex.

Why oral sex? Because you can create



sensations with your tongue that simply can't be created in any other way. A loving and responsive human being derives excitement and pleasure from giving pleasure to his or her partner.

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Barbara, California

Notice Mike Bruggeman's concern about the number or percentage of people who engage in oral sex. "This can't be a universal practice," he wails. He complains that *Forum* letters "give the impression that 90 percent of humanity engages in oral sex" and states he has taken a "private poll" that proves differently. Like many insecure people (and I would suggest that his negative attitude toward women's genitalia indicates insecurity), Bruggeman wants numbers on his side. He's afraid of being in the minority.

Who cares what percentage of the population practices oral sex? As an enthusiastic cunnilinguist I say, let those who like it do it, and those who don't, keep their mouths shut.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mike Bruggeman states that those engaging in cunnilingus are in danger of infection, because the area is "super-populated with bacteria." Granted, vaginal infections are not uncommon, but I must remind Bruggeman that the human mouth is far more bacteria-infested than the vagina. A woman is in much greater danger of acquiring an infection from her partner's oral flora than is he (or she, as the case might be) from vaginal flora. Many people require that their partners douche prior to oral sex and there's nothing wrong with that, but gargling with one's favorite mouthwash would be more appropriate from a bacteriologic standpoint.

M. G. Bullen, M.D.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

SEXUAL FLATTITUDES

If you thought cigarettes, booze and Red No. 2 dye were bad for you, guess what the newest threat to your longevity is? Hold on to your centerfolds, fellas, because it's nothing less than sex. If you don't believe me, read Dr. Edwin Flatto's book *WARNING: Sex May Be Hazardous to Your Health*.

Dr. Flatto's basic premise is that "over-indulgence" in sex leads to physical and mental bankruptcy. He claims it can contribute to prostatitis, prostate enlargement, birth defects, mental disorders, arthritis, heart attacks and even cancer. (And you thought cyclamates were dangerous!) With risks such as those, who cares that Flatto never specifies exactly what constitutes overindulgence? I mean, who's going to risk getting a coronary, schizophrenia or the big C for even a few minutes of carnal bliss?

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ON, WISCONSIN!

MADISON—The Wisconsin legislature has repealed the state's long-debated law banning the sale of contraceptives to unmarried persons. The law, already declared unconstitutional, was the last of its kind in the country and referred to contraceptives as "indecent articles." The advertising of contraceptives still is prohibited.

In 1973, state senator Gordon Roseleip opposed birth-control clinics and defended the law with the memorable argument: "Now you want to give contraceptives to poor people. Where are we going to get men for the Armed Forces if we have another conflict? It's a good way to destroy an Army."

NO BALONEY

RENO—A 27-year-old California man has been found guilty of rape and of "infamous crimes against nature" after sexually assaulting a Reno woman with a pork sausage. The prosecution blamed neighborhood dogs for its inability to produce the sausage in court, but it presented evidence that traces of pork were found in the defendant's coat pocket and the victim's underwear. The assault took place across the street from Reno's rape crisis center.

THE PRICE OF PROFANITY

HERAKLION, CRETE—A U.S. soldier has been sentenced to nine months in prison for writing profanity on the wall of a hotel. The profanity, deemed a public insult by the prosecution, was described in news reports only as a four-letter word. Eight other GIs were charged with complicity in the crime but were acquitted.

DIVORCES SET RECORD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Census Bureau reports that divorces increased six percent during 1975 and set an all-time record by topping 1,000,000. Marriages dropped by four percent to 2,100,000, the lowest level since 1969.

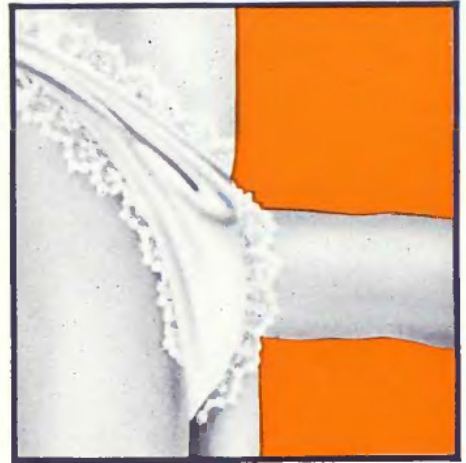
STATEHOUSE STUNT

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—Two Republican state senators have introduced a bill to offer welfare recipients \$5000 in cash if they leave Illinois for three years. One of the sponsors admitted that the bill was mainly a stunt to call attention to the governor's failure to get ineligible persons off welfare rolls, but he added that if only three percent of the state's public-aid recipients took

advantage of such an offer, taxpayers would save \$137,000,000 in three years.

SURPRISE!

A would-be rapist ceased his assault and rapidly retreated once he discovered that his intended victim was a male transvestite. The attack occurred in a California parking lot and witnesses managed to record the getaway car's



license number and throw a brick through its back window. Three hours later, sheriff's deputies arrested a suspect and said he would be charged with assault to commit rape.

FEDS 4, CITIZENS 0

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court has further narrowed the definition of entrapment by ruling five to three that a person can be convicted of selling a Government agent illegal drugs obtained from another agent. Two of the majority Justices envisioned instances of extreme police misconduct that would permit acquittal. The three dissenting Justices objected that in using such tactics at all, the Government was "doing nothing less than buying contraband from itself through an intermediary and jailing the intermediary."

In three other decisions, the Court restricted the rights of citizens when dealing with the Internal Revenue Service. The majority held that:

- Citizens have no "legitimate expectation of privacy" in their banking transactions and that the Government may subpoena such records without notifying an individual that he is under investigation.

- Tax records compiled by a taxpayer's accountant can be subpoenaed from

the accountant or from a lawyer without violating the citizen's Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination.

• The prospective defendant in a criminal tax investigation need not be advised, before interrogation by tax agents, of his right to remain silent and to obtain a lawyer.

Dissenting in the privacy and the accountant cases, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., said these rulings were further steps in the "denigration of privacy principles."

V. D. VACCINE

MELBOURNE, FLORIDA—The bacterium that causes syphilis has been grown in a test tube for the first time and then used to develop an experimental vaccine. Researchers at the Medical Research Institute of the Florida Institute of Technology report that the vaccine has been tested on rabbits with promising results but caution that it probably will take several years of development before it can be tested on humans. Syphilis is curable in its early stages when treated with penicillin and other antibiotics, but until now, no immunizing agent has ever been developed, owing partly to the inability of scientists to grow the syphilis spirochete under laboratory conditions.

P. O.'D AT P. D.

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA—The Torrance city council has unanimously passed an ordinance that carries a possible \$500 fine or six months in jail for



urinating in public. The action was taken after local police discovered they had no law under which to charge an irate citizen who had pissed on the side of a squad car.

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA—A Federal district judge has ruled that conditions in the Alabama state-prison system constitute cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment.

The court also set detailed minimum standards, which Governor George Wallace said would create a "hotel atmosphere" in prisons. Wallace added that strong public support for his Presidential candidacy "might give a political barbed-wire enema to some of the Federal judges in this country." The suit to improve prison conditions was brought by the American Civil Liberties Union's National Prison Project, with assistance from the Alabama C.L.U. and the Playboy Foundation. Similar suits are planned in other states.

INVOLUNTARY SEX FIEND

HAMBURG, GERMANY—A porter in an apartment complex was seized and beaten by three outraged husbands who discovered he had been having sex with their wives. In court, he testified



that he was besieged by the building's lonely women, who "would not let me alone. . . . I had to entertain them, eat and drink and finally follow them into the bedroom." The husbands were fined \$600 each for assault.

MADNESS MARCHES ON

SHELBY, NORTH CAROLINA—Yet another church group has decided that rock music is incompatible with virtue and morality. Some 75 young members of the Bethel Baptist Church have consigned their rock records to a bonfire at the suggestion of the church's 35-year-old youth coordinator. He explained, "Anything in a Christian life other than Christ being a dominant force we feel is not right. If you're committed to rock 'n' roll, you can't be committed to God." A 16-year-old member of the congregation agreed: "I'm going to burn all the records I got. I've been saved. The Lord just told me in my heart this was the wrong kind of music to be listening to. I should be listening to Gospel music." Last fall, a Florida minister staged a similar burning, claiming he had data showing that of 1000 teenaged girls who became pregnant, 984 did so while listening to rock music.

The reason lovers suffer from those unpleasant side effects, says Flatto, is that sex was never meant to be fun and games: "The premise that sex is natural must be rejected. . . . Nature obviously designed the sexual apparatus to be used for procreation, not recreation." Flatto argues that our Creator would surely have provided a natural contraceptive if He had meant for us to fuck for fun. What's even worse, he implies, is that every orgasm brings us literally closer to death's door. "Reproduction," he says, "is essentially catabolic throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms. That is, it is a movement toward death." Since salmon, trout and shad expire soon after spawning, Flatto reasons that man, too, takes his life (if not his wife) in his hands when satisfying his sexual desires. He warns that the piper must be paid for bucking the natural order of things: "Sensual men, seeking to gratify every appetite, will only receive from nature their just reward: painful sickness and premature death." Citing detailed venereal-disease statistics, he concludes that "gonorrhea is one of nature's ways of giving you the spanking you deserve for misbehaving."

Women, poor dupes, have been fooled into thinking that they were getting something beneficial out of women's lib when, in fact, Flatto argues, the increased sexual activity has given them only gonorrhea, unwanted pregnancy and premature old age. "Promiscuity hardens a woman. . . . It detracts from her natural softness and sensitive nature, making her callous and hard. . . . Too much sex, more than any other factor, ages a woman."

In essence, Flatto recommends, at the very least, sharp reduction of our sexual activities in order to lead healthier, longer lives. As for myself, I've already given up smoking, drinking and eating fattening foods to attain the same result. But give up my sex life? Thanks, but no thanks. Physician, fuck thyself!

(Name withheld by request)
Troy, New York

GOD'S BODKIN

The popular religion columnist Andrew Tully is most aggrieved that a new, nonsexist text has been proposed for the Apostles' Creed. In this new version of the old prayer, God is no longer masculine but a Father/Mother who transcends gender categories. In his column, Tully offers no logical reasons why this is such a bad idea. He merely calls it a "desecration" proposed by a "lunatic movement" composed of "nuts" whose ideas are "nonsense."

That puzzles me. Christian theologians are always assuring us that God is not the old man with the long white beard shown in religious art but a spirit transcending all human ideas. It is hard for me to understand how a spirit can have a penis. If

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God is a spirit, then God cannot be male or female and the traditional reference to God as Father or Him is not just sexist but is, and has always been, theologically incorrect. In other words, to refer to God as male is to say that God has a penis and is quite material, even as the ox-headed or tiger-headed deities of other superstitions in the world. From this point of view, Tully's insistence that God is male seems like either heresy or paganism.

My own suspicion is that any God conceivable as the governor of this universe is no more a Father/Mother than a Father and is best referred to not as He or She but simply as It.

(Name withheld by request)
Phoenix, Arizona

"Our It which art in heaven. . . ." Yes. We like that.

PRIEST IN THE BRIAR PATCH

Strangely, one can discuss just about anything in Catholic teaching—one could propose, say, the Assumption of Saint Joseph or the ordination of female bishops—and get a respectful if bored hearing. But if one even suggests for discussion lowering the price tag on sex, strange things happen. The earth quakes, thunder rolls and lightning flashes, the winds howl. It is as though you had stuck your finger in the Pope's eye. Bishops and superiors, administrators, the establishment, become terrified and fly into hysterical panic. One is, as by reflex, accused of self-interest, suspected of masturbation, dissipation, fornication and worse.

Those words, concluding the first chapter of my book *Binding with Brians: Sex and Sin in the Catholic Church*, proved prophetic. I had written the book after five years of prayer and study in the New Mexican wilderness. Dedicated to the Mother of God, it is an effort toward Church unity, an encomium of charity, a defense of celibacy, natural law and the supremacy of conscience. "Sure," I wrote, "birth control is a sin. Because it's against nature, like standing on your head or walking on your hands. It's the abuse of a faculty, like smoking or chewing gum." On the other hand, the book opposes adultery and abortion.

But because it also establishes sound principles for the sexual liberation not just of Catholics but of all believers, the book—no, not the book but the author—has been condemned. Never did a book start with more glowing praise from publishing trade magazines. But there was an ominous silence from theologians who had promised blurbs for promotion. Then the Catholic press opened up. In an 1800-word article under a six-column headline, *The National Catholic Register* denounced me as a psychotic, and my

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CENSORSHIP: THE SOUND OF SILENCE

What is patently offensive? . . . Frankly, I had to kind of apply my own standard, which I believe corresponds with the standards of the community. And the standard probably, simply stated and boiled down, is the same one that was taught to me by my mother from the day I was a small child. If there was something of which I would not want her to know, then don't do it. Pretty simple.

Applying that standard I would think that I wouldn't get any quarrel out of anyone in this room that they wouldn't want their mothers sitting next to them while they looked at either of those movies. They are patently offensive.

—PAT DOOLEY, Circuit Court Judge, Oregon

Well, there you have it, folks. A genuine contemporary community standard, fresh from the judge's mouth. Apparently, Dooley agrees with Richard Nixon's assessment that "the average American is just like the child in the family." Oregon citizens who wish to view an adult film explicitly depicting sexual behavior will henceforth have to take a note from home. Last year, Dooley found Joel A. Liles and Ralph A. Bremner guilty of selling sexually explicit films under a state law that utilized, almost word for word, the obscenity standard outlined in the 1973 Supreme Court decision *Miller vs. California*. Material can be judged obscene if "(A) it depicts or describes in a patently offensive manner sadomasochistic abuse or sexual conduct, (B) the average person applying contemporary state standards would find the work, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest in sex and (C) taken as a whole, it lacks a serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." Nowhere does the statute mention mothers.

On May 3, 1976, the United States Supreme Court, by a 6-3 vote, let stand the conviction in *Liles vs. Oregon*. It simply refused to hear the case. Justices Marshall, Brennan and Stewart urged a review and cited the dissenting position they have held since the 1973 *Miller* decision: "In the absence of distribution to juveniles or obtrusive exposure to unconsenting adults, the First and Fourteenth Amendments prohibit the state and Federal Government from attempting wholly to suppress sexually oriented materials on the basis of their allegedly 'obscene' contents."

Ford appointee John Paul Stevens sided with the Burger majority and cast the deciding vote to deny a review of the case: "Nothing in Mr. Justice Brennan's opinion . . . persuades me that any purpose would be served by such argument. For there is no reason to believe that the majority of the Court which denied *Miller vs. California* is any less adamant than the minority. . . . It would be pointless." Stevens then proceeded to dismiss the stand of his "dissenting Brethren," stating sarcastically that "Until a valid reason for voting to grant one of these petitions is put forward, I shall continue to vote to deny. In the interest of conserving scarce law-library space, I shall not repeat this explanation every time I cast such a vote."

Stevens' position is as sad as it is ominous. This was the man chosen by Ford to replace William O. Douglas, the champion of the First Amendment. As a Congressman, Ford tried to impeach Douglas and failed. His hand-picked appointee may accomplish the same result—making censorship legally acceptable. In the light of the *Liles* decision, the vague obscenity standard that was developed in *Miller* has become the law of the land.

In its 1957 *Roth* decision, the Court warned that it was

difficult and dangerous to exclude any form of expression from the protection of the First Amendment on the ground that it was obscene: "The fundamental freedoms of speech and press have contributed greatly to the development and well-being of our free society and are indispensable to its continued growth. Ceaseless vigilance is the watchword to prevent the erosion by Congress or by the states. The door barring Federal and state intrusion into this area cannot be left ajar."

Stevens and the Nixon appointees have not only left the door ajar, they have taped the lock. The forces of repression now have easy access to the constitutional rights of free speech and expression. Chief Justice Burger, writing for the majority in *Miller*, argued that "It is neither realistically nor constitutionally sound to read the First Amendment as requiring that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas or New York City." The Court turned this logic around. Publishers and film makers now can be strangled by a noose fashioned from the tastes of Bible Belt prosecutors. If the Feds find the right 12 jurors, they can put you in jail for creating something found acceptable by everyone else in the country. The Bill of Rights is void where prohibited by law or "community standards."

Justice Brennan predicted in 1973 that the *Miller* decision would be abused: The "level of uncertainty," he charged, "is utterly intolerable, not alone because it makes bookselling a hazardous profession but, as well, because it invites arbitrary and erratic enforcement of the law." Prophetic words.

- In Wichita, Kansas, postal inspectors used fictitious names to subscribe to *Screw*, a New York-based sex review. When the first issues arrived, the Feds arrested publisher Al Goldstein on 13 counts of illegally using the mails. He will stand trial in Kansas.

- In Iowa, Jerry Lee Smith was convicted by Federal prosecutors for mailing erotic literature. Iowa recently passed a law that decriminalized the distribution of allegedly obscene material to consenting adults. Tell that to the Feds: they have their own law and their own courts.

- In Memphis, Tennessee, Assistant U. S. Attorney Larry Parrish spent over \$1,000,000 to convict 12 individuals connected with the film *Deep Throat* on charges of conspiracy to transport obscene material across state lines (the 1873 Comstock Act). The movie was made in Florida and put together in New York. Many of the defendants had never been in Memphis prior to their indictment. It's a great place to visit, but you wouldn't want to stand trial there.

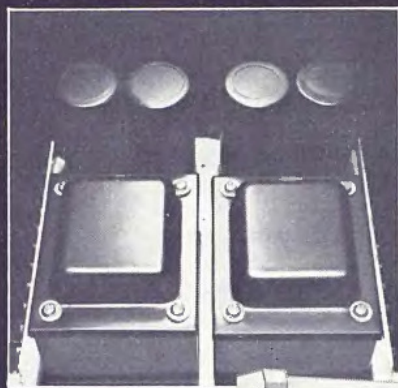
The ultimate responsibility for the benighting effect of this crusade à la Comstock clearly falls on Nixon: "So long as I am in the White House, there will be no relaxation of the national effort to control and eliminate smut from our national life. . . . The warped and brutal portrayal of sex in books, plays, magazines and movies, if not halted and reversed, could poison the wellsprings of American and Western civilization and culture." The Supreme Court continues the Nixon legacy, telling Americans that the Bill of Rights doesn't mean what it says, telling adults what they can and cannot read.

The First Amendment states that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech. We can accept nothing less from the Supreme Court—in the interest of conserving scarce law-library space.

This is the second of a series of editorials.

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bishop issued a statement to Catholic America that I had committed a big sin seven years ago. I also wear glasses and have a halital hernia. My critics implied that my personal failings invalidated both my logic and the findings of modern psychiatry that I presented in my book.

My publisher has a lucrative trade in Catholic textbooks and did nothing to promote the book. Not one major newspaper or magazine has reviewed it. One paper interviewed me and disparagingly referred to me in a headline as "PRIEST WITH DOUBLE LIFE." I expected the reaction of the Roman Catholic establishment, but the thunderous silence of the press amazes me. Which side is it on, anyway—liberty or oppression?

The Reverend Richard Ginder
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

IGNORANCE OF HISTORY

When Clyde L. Dotson tells us there is no tradition in American politics acknowledging natural law and inalienable rights (*The Playboy Forum*, April), his ignorance of American history is manifest. To assume that Adams, Jefferson, Franklin and Madison were not influenced by the writings of Edmund Burke and John Locke is absurd.

As a political-science student, I'm disturbed by Dotson's statement that "the Constitution, as written in Philadelphia and adopted by the 13 original states, does not mention the word rights." I would like to inform him that the first ten amendments—the Bill of Rights—became part of the law of the land immediately after the original states adopted the Constitution. These amendments, in no uncertain terms, grant rights to American citizens.

Bernard I. Turnoy
Washington, D.C.

A TALE OF TWO SPECIES

Anthony Naro's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, April) contrasts PLAYBOY's attitude toward abortion with that toward the killing of cetaceans. He argues that killing a whale is a crime without a victim and that laws protecting whales and porpoises simply impose the morality of animal lovers on all of us. While cute and to the point, your answer that fetuses are in no danger of becoming extinct does not go nearly far enough.

A dog or a cat is not a person, nor is a river, lake or ocean, or a skyful of breathable air, or an unspoiled mountain, forest or desert. There are many crimes in which the victim is not a person but each of us. Pollution of water and air and spoilage of the landscape are crimes against future generations.

The slaughter of beloved, valued or harmless animals falls into this category. This is more than the morality of animal lovers. While nobody loves a cockroach, I'm sure that if we were down to our last few roach colonies, there would be a

(continued on page 116)

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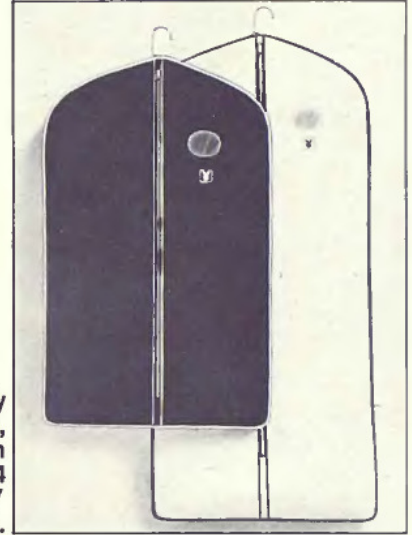
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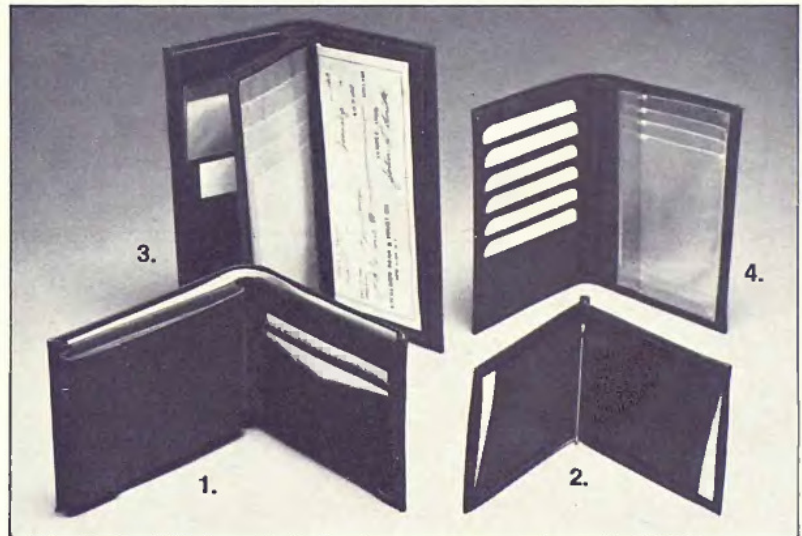
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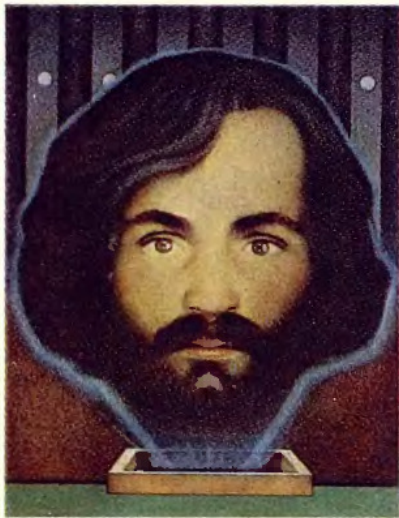
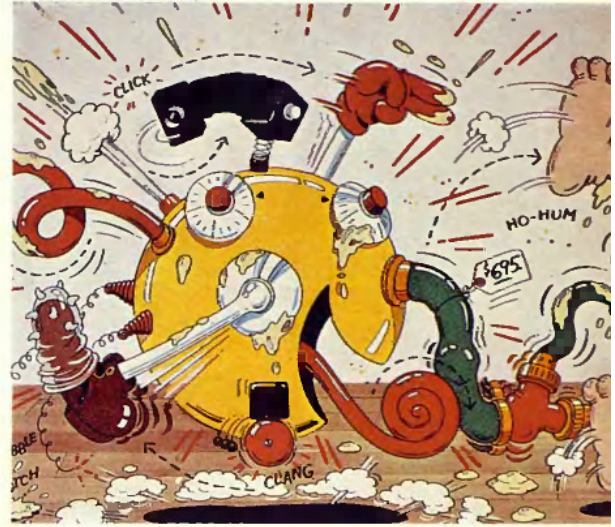
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT ALTMAN

*a candid conversation with the maverick who constantly confounds hollywood: the director of "m*a*s*h," "nashville" and "buffalo bill and the indians"*

With "Buffalo Bill and the Indians"—his ninth movie since 1970, when "M*A*S*H" became the most successful antiwar comedy in film history—Robert Altman seems virtually certain to rekindle the controversy that raged after "Nashville." Sparked by Paul Newman's startling performance in the title role, "Buffalo Bill" is also apt to be hailed as another myth-shattering masterwork when the more vehement Altman addicts take the floor. All the stylistic hallmarks that make an Altman film unique are there in abundance: the spontaneous, seemingly improvised acting; the breezy, ballsy throwaway humor; the indifference toward traditional storytelling structure; and the eight-track overlapping sound, judged either inaudible or boldly innovative, depending on where one stands in that debate.

No director since Sam Peckinpah has provoked such passionate disputes; perhaps no director ever has taken such undisguised delight in watching himself become a cult figure and quasi legend under the very noses of the incumbent Hollywood moguls, who still consider him a freewheeling maverick with an erratic track record.

Actually, "M*A*S*H" was not only Altman's first but, to date, his only financial blockbuster; his subsequent movies, hits and flops alike, have been less memorable for making money than for making waves. But he has built a formidable reputation as the American director whose vigorous, uncompromisingly personal films have put him in the superstar pantheon with Stanley Kubrick, Ingmar Bergman and Federico Fellini.

Last year's "Nashville" was widely touted in advance as a breakthrough work that would both captivate critics and achieve a huge commercial success. But though it won the Best Film and Best Director awards from the New York Film Critics' Circle and earned five Oscar nominations, "Nashville" failed to break box-office records. No one remained indifferent about Altman's aggressively funny, colorful collage—a kind of grass-roots "Grand Hotel" about two dozen oddly assorted characters who while away five days in America's country-music capital before destiny brings them together at the moment of an inexplicable assassination. Music critics, book critics, political commentators, columnists and

composers were seemingly compelled to take a position on "Nashville." As New York Times book editor John Leonard noted: "Writing articles about 'Nashville' and writing articles about the articles that have been written about 'Nashville' is almost a light industry."

Altman, born 51 years ago in Kansas City, Missouri, is a product of America's heartland and a renegade Roman Catholic from the Bible Belt. He sprang from English-Irish-German stock. "The usual m \acute{e} lange," Altman calls it. "When my grandfather opened a jewelry store in K.C., he dropped one N from Altmann because they told him the sign would be cheaper." His father is still a practicing insurance broker back home. The first and feistiest of three children, Robert used to sneak out of bed to see such seminal epics as "King Kong." After a stretch in a military academy, he piloted a B-24 bomber through World War Two, chalking up 45 missions over the Dutch East Indies before going home to Kansas City and joining an industrial film outfit to learn about making movies. When he decided he knew how, he flew a few sorties into Hollywood armed with radio scripts,



"I don't mind who sees a film in rough cut. I show them to lots of people without fear of reprisals, though I wouldn't let Rex Reed see one in finished form. He'll have to buy his own ticket."



"If I don't have something to do, I create it. This is the life, man. I can be in the office, get drunk, go next door and edit film. It's terrific. It's like owning the world's biggest erector set."



VERNON L. SMITH

"What I'm doing in this interview is a dangerous thing for an artist. Because when you start trying to explain what you do, well, once you find out, you probably won't be able to do it again."

short stories and screenplays. In 1957, he coproduced a documentary, "The James Dean Story," which impressed Alfred Hitchcock. For the next six years, Altman was the whiz kid of TV, directing episodes of "Alfred Hitchcock Presents," "Combat," "Bonanza," "Whirlybirds" and their ilk, earning—and recklessly spending or gambling away—up to \$125,000 per annum.

Altman quit TV in 1963 to direct "Countdown," a melodrama starring newcomer James Caan. He was fired from that job, prophetically, for letting two actors talk at the same time because he thought it would sound more natural. It was 1968 before he got another feature, "That Cold Day in the Park," a muddled suspense drama starring Sandy Dennis.

Then came "M*A*S*H," which 15 directors had rejected before Altman claimed it by default. The rest is history—but hardly one of financial triumph. "Brewster McCloud" (1971), an anarchic comedy about a boy who longs to be a bird and crash-dives into the Houston Astrodome, itself took a header. "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971) co-starred Warren Beatty and Julie Christie as a plucky pair of American free-enterprisers in a frontier town and got the director's band wagon rolling again. "Images," made in Ireland, was generally ignored, despite a 1973 Best Actress award at Cannes for Susannah York's performance, and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), with Elliott Gould, brought private-eye Philip Marlowe into the Seventies. "Thieves Like Us" (1974), a warmly vital social drama of the Depression era, was followed by "California Split" (1974), which was a moderate success and teamed Gould and George Segal as a pair of compulsive gamblers.

Through the highs and lows of his prolific output, Altman has remained a loner. His list of sworn enemies, fast friends and those who haven't made up their minds is impressive, even for Hollywood. His friends include a tight floating repertory company: Shelley Duvall, Michael Murphy, Bert Remsen and Keenan Wynn are among those who would rather work for Altman than eat. Nowadays, it's relatively easy to manage both. Lion's Gate Films, his bustling production headquarters, occupies a two-story California-Tudor warren of cubbyholes and cutting rooms on Westwood Boulevard in L.A.

While he makes no secret of his fondness for booze and pot, Altman has been too busy of late to indulge his vices to capacity. But he does little to dispel his reputation as a hard-living, high-rolling roustabout, and once when an inquisitive lady journalist gingerly broached the subject of his three marriages, he twitted

her by jovially responding: "I've had many, many mistresses. Keep 'em coming. I just giggle and give in!" Giggles aside, he has been married for 17 years to his third wife, Kathryn—a former Earl Carroll showgirl and a bright, witty, unstoppable redhead who appears more than capable of fighting the battle of the sexes to a draw. Altman has three children by his former wives; he and Kathryn have a son, Bobby, 15, and have adopted a black boy named Matthew, aged nine. When one tries to picture Altman simultaneously as devoted family man, all-American hedonist, savage social realist, veteran Hollywood rebel and major influence on the films we'll be seeing today, tomorrow and three years from now, the images tend to blur, not unlike the voice track in one of his own movies. To find out how the man keeps it all together, PLAYBOY movie critic and Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson headed west toward Lion's Gate with a sheaf of questions. Williamson reports:

"During a casual acquaintanceship dating back several years—drinking with

"You people—critics and writers—always pigeonhole these things. Me, I just take a subject and say, Hey, this could be fun."

Altman in Cannes, getting stoned with him in New York—I believe I have seen the best and worst of him as a private person who is convivial, erratic, difficult, generous, funny, vulnerable and incredibly, sometimes biting, perceptive about people. In physical appearance, he has been compared to Santa Claus, Mephistopheles and a benevolent Captain Bligh, and he fits all three descriptions.

"The day I arrived at his Lion's Gate inner office, a homey baronial den with a pinball machine twinkling just outside, Altman spent the first hour or so rapping with Cleavon Little about his role in the film version of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s 'Breakfast of Champions,' an Altman project they wouldn't be ready to begin shooting for at least a year. What Altman didn't want to do was get on with our interview. It would be better to start talking after I'd seen 'Buffalo Bill and the Indians,' Altman decided. If I loathed it, of course, all bets were off. We marked time until Paul Newman arrived, clean-shaven, along with 40 or 50 other people who were visibly itching to see a rough cut of the movie. Later, Alt-

man collared at least half of them to ask point-blank how they had liked it. A mind-blower, nearly everyone, myself included, agreed.

"Altman's reluctance to begin our taping lessened the next day, as a series of phone calls reaffirmed the good vibes about the unveiling of 'Buffalo Bill.' Finally, Altman settled down to talk. 'At first,' he said, 'I thought, well, I could probably thwart you, but that would be a waste of time.' He would just give straight stuff, no performances, he promised, maybe fill a couple of tapes . . . then we'd have a drink or two and go on with it the next day. That sounded like the best offer I'd be getting."

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a natural link between your two latest pictures, *Buffalo Bill* and *the Indians* and *Nashville*, in what they say about our passion for celebrities in America? Is it true, as one critic observed, that we're a nation of groupies?

ALTMAN: You people—critics and writers—always pigeonhole these things. Me, I just take a subject and say, Hey, this could be fun; let's make a movie out of it. *Buffalo Bill*, in many ways, is closer to *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* than to *Nashville*, though, like *Nashville*, it is about show business. *Buffalo Bill* Cody was the first movie star, in one sense, the first totally manufactured American hero. That's why we needed a movie star. Paul Newman, to play the title role. I don't think we could have made it with a nonstar, someone like, say, Gene Hackman.

PLAYBOY: Hackman, who is asking \$1,000,000 or more a picture, isn't a star?

ALTMAN: Not in the terms that Newman and Robert Redford and Steve McQueen are. In any picture where he can be Steve McQueen, McQueen is worth his \$3,000,000, because his pictures can be booked around the world and earn back the tab. Hackman is a fine actor, but I don't believe he's worth paying that kind of money, unless he's in a very good picture. In a bad picture, he just goes down with the whole crew. McQueen can overcome that handicap. The same thing might be true of Redford, who's next in line, then maybe Newman. Jack Nicholson, with an Academy Award now, is probably in their league, and certainly Marlon Brando.

PLAYBOY: What's the real difference in the star quality these actors project?

ALTMAN: It's something that happens, there's no telling why. It happens with politicians, singers . . . they've got to have a certain amount of ability. But primarily they hit on a kind of heroism a mass audience likes to identify with. You can't judge simply by the U.S. and Canada, because it's a world-wide market. For Europe and Japan, you put McQueen in some kind of action picture and they'll

flock to see him . . . or Charles Bronson or Alain Delon, or even Terence Hill, whom most people here have never heard of. *The Drowning Pool*, which was just a little Lew Archer detective story that didn't do well at all in the U.S., did terrific business in Europe because it had Paul Newman. European audiences are about 20 years behind us. They're still not judging films as art but as entertainment.

PLAYBOY: Were you required by your backers to cast a major star as Buffalo Bill?

ALTMAN: Yes, because there's \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 tied up in the picture; it's the most expensive picture I've ever made. But we wanted a major star, anyway, as I said, because stardom is part of what we're talking about in *Buffalo Bill*. Before we knew quite which way we intended to go, I talked to Brando on the phone because of his interest in the Indian thing. I talked a long, long time to Nicholson. But Newman was our first choice.

PLAYBOY: Was Newman aware that your approach to *Buffalo Bill* had him spoofing his own golden-boy image to some extent?

ALTMAN: Oh, sure. That's why I wanted him and the reason he wanted to do it. He was very consciously deflating not only Buffalo Bill but Paul Newman, Movie Star. Nobody can live up to that kind of image.

PLAYBOY: In fact, aren't most of your films exercises in debunking, if not of specific historical characters, at least of classic genres? *M*A*S*H* was a spoof of war movies; *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, of the cliché Western; *The Long Goodbye*, of detective yarns, and so on.

ALTMAN: Apparently, it's something that attracts me. But I see it only after the fact, and then I say to myself, Well, there I go again. I think what happens is that I research these subjects and discover so much bullshit that it just comes out that way. I have a lot of sympathy for these characters, however; they're the victims of their own publicity.

PLAYBOY: You had a lot of fun depicting Buffalo Bill Cody as a frontier dandy with a weakness for opera singers. Is the film historically accurate?

ALTMAN: It's based on fact, though we took off from there. Cody was a very handsome guy, very impressionable, a ladies' man. When he started moving into the social whirl, he got mixed up with a bunch of Italian actresses; we used the idiom of opera as typical of the kind of cultural thing he was reaching for and really couldn't grasp. I feel a great deal of sympathy for Buffalo Bill. He was pure, I think. My intention was just to take a more honest look—satirical or not—at some of our myths, to see what they are. It's no accident that the picture is subtitled "Sitting Bull's History

Lesson." We like to think of Cody as a brave man, a great buffalo hunter, an Indian scout. Well, he shot a lot of buffaloes. But lots of guys who lived in the West at that time got jobs as scouts; that's like saying you worked on the railroad. Cody was a very sad character. I'd equate him with Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*.

PLAYBOY: Is *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* intended to be your Bicentennial valentine to America?

ALTMAN: Nope. When I first got the call from David Susskind about doing *Buffalo Bill*, I didn't know there *was* a Bicentennial. We're making a statement about a culture that happens to be American; you can probably make the same statement about France or Italy or England. I don't know what aboriginal tribes were chased out of Europe by the Europeans, but I'm quite sure they were treated pretty much the same way we treated the Indians we found here. My attitudes and my political statements, however, aren't nearly as harsh as people seem to think. When *Nashville* came out, there was this

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wild reaction: Oh, what a terrible view of America! It's a view of America, all right, but I don't agree that it's terrible. I'm not condemning America. I'm condemning the corruption of ideas, condemning complacency, the feeling that any way we do things must be the right way.

All my films deal with the same thing: striving, socially and culturally, to stay alive. And once any system succeeds, it becomes its own worst enemy. The good things we create soon create bad things. So nothing is ever going to be utopian, and when I make films like *Nashville* and *Buffalo Bill*, it's not to say we're the worst country in the world, or God, what awful people these are. I'm just saying we're *at* this point and it's sad.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as sad about the country's future as you do about its past and present?

ALTMAN: If I were to make a real judgment about this country, I would say I'm optimistic. I think that parts of the system no longer work, but we're very young; there's a good chance we'll survive all this. It's probably the best place to

live that I know. I mean, if you're rich, you can go anywhere. But if you're poor—well, I'd rather be poor here than poor in India. There's always a sense that you can rise above your trappings in this country, whereas even in England, for example, you don't feel the same hope—unless you can become a rock star.

PLAYBOY: Behind the laughs in *Buffalo Bill*, there's an implication that that kind of manufactured hero still walks among us. Can you spot any on the current political scene?

ALTMAN: Yes, all of them. Any person who develops a public and packaged personality is the same as a movie star, unfortunately. They *can't* be real, regular people. You take a Teddy Kennedy or a Jerry Brown: He has to maintain the public's image of him, and he finally *becomes* that image, at which point he's lost a lot of freedom. No way is Teddy Kennedy going to walk around your kitchen with his shoes off and level with you; he's not going to be loose, because he can't afford to be. There's no such thing as a private life anymore. The media are so vast, you're caught up and made an eccentric. It's just like this interview or any interview done with someone like me, to be printed in so many words: The words you guys pick may not give a true picture of an individual, whether it's to sell magazines or political candidates.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you have been so reluctant to do this interview?

ALTMAN: No, I'm just afraid I'll start listening to myself. I wonder how much bullshit an interview will be, because I have nothing to say about anything. I'm not interested in analyzing myself. What I'm doing right now is a very dangerous thing for an artist to do.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ALTMAN: Because when you start trying to explain what you do . . . well, once you find out, you probably won't be able to do it again. Things come out of me only when I relax and let them come as an unconscious, emotional expression rather than an intellectual expression.

I tend to say a lot of arbitrary, contradictory things, and if I don't like a person, I'll get very hostile and say, Aw, fuck it, and purposely try to antagonize him. Yet there's usually some truth in everything anyone says. Again, it's a question of freeing your subconscious.

PLAYBOY: Do you or don't you use booze to free your subconscious? In a *Newsweek* cover story, you were quoted as saying, "I work a lot when I'm drunk and trust that all of it will eventually appear in my films." On other occasions, you have insisted you never drink on the job. What's the truth?

ALTMAN: The fact is, I don't drink while I'm working. But I work a lot while I'm drinking. No matter what you read or hear, I never get drunk on a film set.

PLAYBOY: But when *aren't* you working?

You've made nine movies in the past six years, virtually without taking a vacation. Don't you ever have to stop and catch a breath or recharge your creative batteries? **ALTMAN:** Perhaps I should stay home on the beach, but all I say is, I can't remember a time when I haven't been working on a project. I come in every day, whether there's anything to do or not. If I don't have something to do, I create it. This is the life, man. I can be here in the office, get drunk, go next door and edit out a piece of film. It's terrific, like owning the world's biggest erector set.

PLAYBOY: Someone has suggested that with Lion's Gate you're founding a mini-MGM. Are you?

ALTMAN: If I am, it's in self-defense. Most of my money goes into the place; it costs about \$600,000 a year just to keep the doors open. But I'm trying to keep a group of people together who are very important to me. I'm producing films for them to write or direct, to keep them available to me as need arises. All of them could get better jobs. They could improve their incomes, their status by working somewhere else.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to their having to buck the anti-Altman sentiment among members of the Hollywood establishment?

ALTMAN: Yes, but that sentiment is understandable. I've never been very nice to the establishment, either. I've always been very outspoken in the press; my tendency is always to be a little loud. I'm a little arrogant and they're a little afraid.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe your maverick status in Hollywood had anything to do with *Nashville's* relatively poor showing in the Oscar awards?

ALTMAN: I was thrilled that we got as far as we did with recognition for the film, which had been turned down by all the major studios; Paramount merely picked it up for distribution. But *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* wasn't a major Hollywood production, either—the money was put up by a record company—and Milos Forman is not a Hollywood director. Even *Dog Day Afternoon* was a New York picture, so maybe what it really shows is that there's a lack of good product coming from the major studios. The main value of these awards, anyway, other than to rub your ego a little bit, is that they may open the door a crack wider for people with ideas that aren't run of the mill.

PLAYBOY: But with five nominations for *Nashville*, didn't you expect to win more than Keith Carradine's prize for Best Song?

ALTMAN: Well, the Academy is a private club, so its members can do whatever they want with it, I guess. They declared *Nashville* ineligible for an editing award. *Nashville* was more edited than

directed, for Christ's sake. They ruled us out on costume design, art direction and camera, and even disqualified our musical score on a technical point. Johnny Green and Jeff Alexander, the old men who run that Academy section, are determined to keep it all to themselves. When Green did a score made up of standard songs of his for *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* they had to change the rules that year so he could qualify and be nominated for an Oscar.

PLAYBOY: In the categories in which *Nashville* was qualified, did you do any active campaigning?

ALTMAN: Paramount did a little, not much. I wouldn't have wanted them to do any more. I don't know what United Artists spent promoting *Cuckoo's Nest*, but I'll guarantee you it was over \$80,000. That's the trouble, the whole thing becomes like a national election, with primaries. I won the New York primary, *Cuckoo's Nest* won the foreign primary—six Golden Globe awards—and so on. But nobody knows who votes. I think if a magazine

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took photographs of each of those Academy members—the ones who actually cast the ballots—and published them all and said who they were, you'd be able to make a pretty good evaluation of what an Academy Award is really worth and how it's arrived at.

PLAYBOY: Louise Fletcher, who took the Best Actress award for *Cuckoo's Nest*, was originally supposed to play the role that got Lily Tomlin a Best Supporting Actress nomination for *Nashville*. Some follow-up stories, commenting on this behind-the-scenes irony, hinted that you had given the role to Lily because she had a bigger name. Is there some misunderstanding?

ALTMAN: Not on my part. That role as the mother of the deaf-mute children was written for Louise, whose parents are deaf. But her husband, Jerry Bick, who was my producer on *Thieves Like Us*, came to me and said he didn't see how Louise would be able to leave her kids and go off on location in Nashville for eight or ten weeks . . . and what was he supposed to do during that time? I felt very guilty then, because there was no

money in the part . . . we felt all the actors in *Nashville* were doing us a great big favor, and it seemed to me we were just asking a little too much of Louise. I'm not sure Jerry went back and told her that he had indicated she shouldn't take the part, since they have to live together. But that's when I started considering Lily. In any case, Louise is a deserving actress. I coaxed her out of retirement for *Thieves Like Us* and we showed film on her to Forman and Mike Douglas to help convince them she should get *Cuckoo's Nest*.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Robert Duvall was supposed to play the Henry Gibson role in *Nashville*?

ALTMAN: The part was written for Duvall. It was one of the last characters added and turned out to be one of the most important. Duvall came down here and said he wanted to be in the picture and could sing country-and-western. So I said, "Fine, you can write your own songs." Then I guess we broke over money.

PLAYBOY: In view of everything you said a moment ago about the Academy, how would you have felt if you had won an Oscar?

ALTMAN: Surprised. And I'd be very pleased. Going in as an underdog and winning an uphill battle makes anybody feel good. But, my God, people get crazy; they call you up and say how sorry they are, they were so sure you'd win. It's not a foot race; one doesn't set out to make a movie with that goal in mind. Or maybe some do. Recently, I saw an interview in the *L.A. Times* with Billy Friedkin, talking about his new picture, a remake of *Wages of Fear*, apparently meant to top *The Exorcist*. Mr. Friedkin, who has some kind of chronic diarrhea of the mouth, was very humble, as usual; for the \$10,000,000 he's been given to spend, he said, "Well, to be frank—I'm going for a classic." But nobody really cares what he intends to do or what I intend to do; it's what we end up doing that counts.

PLAYBOY: But a lot of the controversy about *Nashville* centered on exactly that question: What did you intend to do? How would you sum up the central metaphor of *Nashville*?

ALTMAN: If you take all those 24 characters in the film, you can break each one down into an archetype. We carefully picked those archetypes to represent a cross section of the whole culture, heightened by the country-music scene and extreme nationalism, or regionalism, of a city like Nashville. When you say Nashville, you immediately focus on an image of great wealth and instant popular success. It's like Hollywood 40 years ago. Kids still get off buses with guitars; two years later they can own a guitar-shaped swimming pool.

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that we don't listen to words anymore. The words of a country song are as predictable as the words of a politician's speech. When President Ford announces that the state of the Union is that we're solving problems in the Middle East, we don't listen; we don't read or pay attention to what he says. It becomes rhythm and music rather than meaningful words. No one can quote one thing Ford has said since he's been in office.

Nashville is merely suggesting that you think about these things, allowing you room to think. Many people, I guess, want to know exactly what it is they're supposed to think. They want to know what your message is. Well, my message is that I am not going to do their work for them.

PLAYBOY: *Nashville* never became the commercial blockbuster that you and many pro-Altman critics anticipated. Why?

ALTMAN: Well, I can only think it's because we didn't have King Kong or a shark. I don't mean to take anything away from *Jaws*, but *Nashville* was not a one-focus thing like that. Also, maybe there was too much critical response; the word masterpiece frightens people away. It's still been more profitable for me personally than any film I've ever made; it's grossed about \$8,000,000 and may go to \$10,000,000. I think *Buffalo Bill* is going to be easier for audiences than *Nashville*, because it doesn't pose a threat: The indictment is in history, so we can always put that blame somewhere else. *Nashville's* indictment made too many people nervous. The whole community of Nashville disowned it; the country-music people said it was no good, it was a lie; and that kept a lot of those fans away.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the specific charge they leveled against you that the music was phony, wouldn't pass muster at the Grand Ole Opry?

ALTMAN: This crap about a Nashville sound is mainly a matter of opinion. I wasn't making records, goddamn it, I was making a movie. Take any song in there, I can point out a current hit or failure that's better and worse—musically, lyrically and every other way. The main reason for that criticism was that they saw the names of actors, not professional songwriters, on the songs; and Richard Baskin, who did all the arrangements, was not a country-and-western guy. It's my contention that anybody can write a song. The Nashville people have to claim they're more professional; otherwise, how are they going to justify the \$1,000,000 a year they make?

PLAYBOY: One last question about *Nashville*. In the assassination scene at the end—

ALTMAN: I know what's coming. When I go around to the universities—where

quite a number of kids don't understand my pictures and don't especially like them—they always want to know: Why'd he kill her?

PLAYBOY: Well, why did he?

ALTMAN: When you ask why he killed the singer instead of the politician, you've already answered your question—and discovered my motive. The point is that we can accept the assassination of the politician but not that of the girl. Because we condone political assassination in our culture. We say that's all right, we understand that. Assassination has become acceptable in this society and it's going to spread, the way hijacking did. I think we're in a very dangerous situation. And now, with the Patricia Hearst trial and all its implications, it's becoming almost nightmarish.

PLAYBOY: What implications do you see in the Patty Hearst trial?

ALTMAN: I mean that the Patty Hearst case was not about her at all, and it's the worst thing that's happened in this country since the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg

"Many people . . . want to know what your message is. Well, my message is that I am not going to do their work for them."

trial. You knew she would be found guilty, she had to be found guilty; there was no way that judge and jury could not convict Patty Hearst, because they're afraid, afraid of Hearst power; so now they've stripped that away to prove that money can't protect her. They're afraid of revolution.

PLAYBOY: You suggest that society as a whole demanded her conviction?

ALTMAN: Absolutely. And I think we're going to see that girl's mother, Catherine Hearst, become so radicalized that I would not be surprised at any act she might perform in the next year or so. It turns out that Cinque, or DeFreeze, was a prophet. "If you go back there," he told Patty, "they'll put you in jail." And, by God, that's what happened. We're now in the full swing of the Nixon-Kissinger heritage, with all their philosophy coming down to us. We're even beginning to look at Gerald Ford as if he were a nice guy and pretty smart.

Patty Hearst had to be convicted for not being a well-trained soldier. She shouldn't have gone on trial in the first place. Jesus Christ, she was 19 years old, thrown into the trunk of a car, locked in

a closet, absolutely terrorized; and I think from that point on you've got to discount every single thing she has done. I have spoken to several people who are very strong in the A.C.L.U., real liberals, people who suffered through the McCarthy era, the Hollywood Ten and all that. And when they said they thought this kid should be convicted, I couldn't believe it.

The Hearst case deals with exactly the same kind of collective fear the Rosenberg trial did. The fear then was of communism, that Russia might get the bomb. Now there's terrorism and anarchy throughout the world and everyone is panicky. We're afraid of Patty Hearst because she lived with a guy willingly and wrote letters, made statements. What society is actually reacting to is its fear of hippies, and of sexual freedom, and of revolutionaries, people with beards and long hair who don't keep their pants pressed or wear neckties.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider making a film that dealt directly with this kind of volatile social problem?

ALTMAN: Funny you should ask, because I'm just concluding a deal with Ed Doctorow to coproduce a movie based on his novel *The Book of Daniel*; he'll write the script and I'll direct. It's a fictionalized story about the children of the Rosenbergs, about the hysteria of an era when people are frightened and people get sacrificed.

PLAYBOY: You and Doctorow are thick as thieves since he presented your New York Film Critics' Award and introduced himself as "Altman's new best friend." You're also making the movie version of his novel *Ragtime* together. When will that be?

ALTMAN: Not for a while. I've got a first-draft screenplay from Doctorow that is about 340 pages long and brilliant; I'm thrilled with it. The son of a bitch is uncanny, really an artist, and I just like him a lot. I mean, we don't hug or anything, but we talk on the phone almost every day. He came up to Calgary while we were on location and was pressed into service; he makes his screen debut as a Presidential assistant in *Buffalo Bill*.

PLAYBOY: Isn't 340 pages pretty long for a screenplay?

ALTMAN: I think we'll make two films out of it, of about two and a half hours each, then expand that into ten hours of television. This will not be just another movie. It'll be an event.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once have similar plans for *Nashville*?

ALTMAN: That's already done and re-edited as two two-hour television programs, which will probably air on two Sunday nights to start the 1977 fall television season. Eventually, we're going to do the same thing with *Buffalo Bill*; we've already made the deal.

PLAYBOY: Do these projected films for TV

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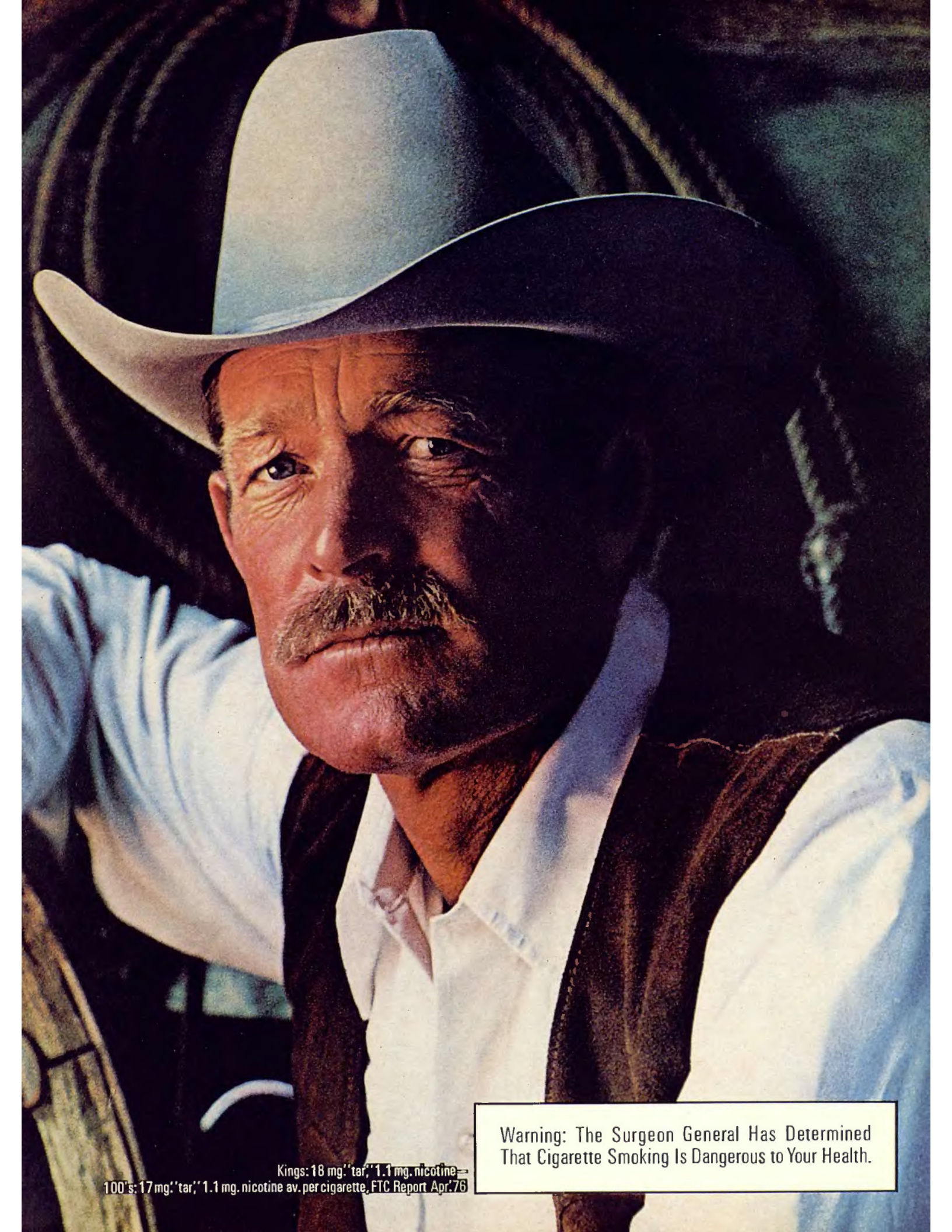
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indicate that you feel some dissatisfaction with the shorter original versions?

ALTMAN: No, but there are really good sequences from *Nashville*, for example, that weren't in the movie because you cannot ask people to sit that long in a theater. Some movie buffs will gladly sit for five hours, but people generally won't do it. On television, that's not offensive. You've got breaks. You can eat, stretch, go to the bathroom.

PLAYBOY: You're working with heavy-weights now, between Doctorow's *Ragtime* and your plans to film Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Breakfast of Champions*. Is it intimidating for you to tackle movies based on two such famous novels?

ALTMAN: Well, it's no worse than making a movie about something like the Civil War.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered making an epic nonfiction film, as it were? Something like *All the President's Men*?

ALTMAN: To me, doing that movie would be like making an illustrated lecture, because you're not able to deviate from the facts much. I understand the success of it, because everyone knows who the bad guys and good guys are, and you've got that big face of Nixon's looming over all of it. The majority of people in this country—61 percent of them, remember—are exactly like Nixon. They chose him, he betrayed them, and those are the cats who respond to *President's Men* as much as you and I and the liberals who say, "Aw, shit, I told you so." They've got to love it because it's *real*, it's revenge. Nixon was the perfect President for this country, but he dumped on them and they're still feeling hurt.

PLAYBOY: Could you work up greater enthusiasm for making a movie based on Woodward and Bernstein's sequel, *The Final Days*?

ALTMAN: Well, long before Watergate, we thought about a movie of that kind from a book—not a very good book—called *A Night at Camp David*. It's about a President who goes insane. We were flirting with buying it, then I suddenly realized it was all actually happening. The book was almost prophetic, but it was not for me.

PLAYBOY: Are you an activist in politics?

ALTMAN: I get involved. I mean, I give money and support. I supported Gene McCarthy, I supported George McGovern. Right now there's nobody to get passionate about. Intellectually, Morris Udall seemed the best. Jerry Brown is attractive to me; I think he's getting set up for four years from now. But the rest offer nothing fresh.

Actually, I don't think it makes a lot of difference who gets elected in 1976. I doubt that we're going to have a President of any value this term. Probably the next time around will be better. In fact,

maybe we shouldn't care who's President. Maybe it should be someone like the chief executive of A. T. & T., a board chairman whose name we don't even know. Because Government today is only a firm that builds highways, maintains a system of courts to keep people from infringing on other people's rights. As for genuine leadership and philosophy . . . well, I think we're past that.

PLAYBOY: Some feminists have tried to make your *films* a political issue. What do you say when your work is attacked for projecting—and we quote—"an adolescent view of women as sex objects"?

ALTMAN: I simply don't understand that. Again, let's look at the films. Women had most of the major roles in *Nashville*. I did *Images* with Susannah York, which was certainly a sympathetic treatment of women. I think Julie Christie as Mrs. Miller is a very accurate portrait of a woman's role in the West if she wanted to survive in that era. Maybe the accusation harks back to Hot Lips in *M*A*S*H*,

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but the precise point of that character was that women *were* treated and *are* treated as sex objects. They can't blame me for the condition because I report it. We're dealing with a society in which most of the significant activity until now has been initiated by males. If you make a Western or a sports story or a story about big business or gangsters, it's automatically going to reflect the secondary positions women hold.

PLAYBOY: You retain complete control over your movies, as Francis Ford Coppola, Stanley Kubrick and a few other privileged directors do. Is there never any pressure brought to bear to make you change a film?

ALTMAN: Oh, sure. But nobody has ever cut a film on me. There was a lot of pressure up front from Barry Diller at Paramount, who wanted me to cut one sequence in *Nashville* so we'd get a PG rating rather than an R. The Motion Picture Association's ratings board said it would make a deal with us: It would let us keep the striptease scene with Gwen Welles if we would cut the word *fucker* somewhere else.

PLAYBOY: Did you give up the "fucker"?

ALTMAN: No, I didn't. We finally took an R. The word itself didn't make much difference to me one way or the other, but I felt I couldn't cut it because that would put the ratings board in a position in which it's not supposed to be. The ratings people are supposed to be advisors, not censors. If they are what they say they are, there shouldn't be any appeal from their rulings. They should just give you an R or a P or an X or a Q or whatever and make it stick.

This whole M.P.A.A. thing is so unwieldy, and also corrupt—though by corrupt I don't mean you can buy them off. But they represent a privileged group of industry people, and if you belong to that group, you get slightly different treatment. More money has gone into some pictures, so they're considered more important and handled accordingly; but there's no way anybody can show me the justification for *Papillon*'s getting a PG rating while *Thieves Like Us* got an R. There's no consistency. I took an R for *California Split* because we had 12 fucks and a couple of cocksuckers. But the minute they say they want to trade me a tit for a fucker, that proves to me they're corrupt.

PLAYBOY: If you are so often at odds with the Hollywood establishment, why do you continue to live and work in the enemy camp, so to speak?

ALTMAN: Well, it's a big town, and I've got an awful lot of people I depend on who also depend on me. It doesn't make a bit of difference where you are, anyway. *Nashville* was made in Nashville. *Buffalo Bill* and *McCabe* were made in Canada. *Thieves Like Us* was made in Mississippi. My feeling about Hollywood is that all of that has nothing to do with the pictures I make. I'm the catalyst, I guess, for a kind of East Coast–West Coast cultural separation, the Great Divide, which drives the studio people crazy. Because they want money-making pictures, sure, but they also want the snob appeal of critical acceptance and prestige—meaning films that get good reviews.

PLAYBOY: The New York critics love you, but do you get much support from the press here in Los Angeles?

ALTMAN: I always get a kind of left-handed criticism out here, except from a few people. Charles Champlin on the *Times* practically runs ads predicting who will win the Oscars and who he believes *should* win. He never misses. The people who vote read Champlin and think: Oh, Champlin's right, because he's not one of those East Coast people who are always pushing us around.

At the Academy Awards, I ran into Ruth Batchelor, whoever she is; she's a chairman of the Los Angeles critics' group, which was just formed to give out prizes

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the way the New York critics do. She came up to me and said, "You know, on the first ballot, *Nashville* won everything, but we use a point system and had to keep revoting." And I told her, "You had to keep revoting until you didn't coincide with the New York film critics." She said, "Well, uh . . . yes, that's right." It's all pretty silly.

PLAYBOY: Is it just that they want to be different from their New York colleagues?

ALTMAN: No, I think it reflects the quality of the critics. The same division exists between France and England. They love me at Cannes, while in England they say, "Well, he was just lucky." Generally, I think the Eastern critics are more appreciative of art and exploration in films. I think the California people are more interested in preserving their traditions. I'm not charging that Champ-*lin* is a bad critic. But this town responds to him because it feels he represents the industry. It's chauvinistic, like people who live in Chicago rooting for the Cubs or the White Sox. But we shouldn't discuss only New York versus Hollywood. Seattle is a terrific movie town, much closer in taste to the New York anti-Hollywood attitude; and Denver's the same way. I think we're talking about Hollywood versus the rest of the country, not just the East.

PLAYBOY: How closely do you follow what critics write about you?

ALTMAN: The main function of critics, for me, is that they furnish some sort of guidelines. You don't go to a king, you don't go before a jury of 12 citizens picked at random to judge a film. I don't go to the guys at my dad's country club in Kansas City, because they would be bored to death watching one of my movies. I'm trying to reach the several millions of people in the country, or the world, who are film oriented. The critics, who see virtually all films, are in touch with that audience, so I read what they say. There are certain critics I tend to agree with almost straight down the line.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to name them?

ALTMAN: I'd rather not, because it might seem to alienate or discredit anyone who's left out. And if I say Rex Reed is my favorite critic, Rex will get intimidated and start writing bad things about me.

PLAYBOY: We could probably guess that Reed *isn't* your favorite critic, since he is one of those who have called you a lazy artist, a sloppy worker who improvises too much with too little control. How about Jay Cocks of *Time*, who has suggested that you should take your work more seriously than you do?

ALTMAN: Jay Cocks has always made personal comments about me; he can't seem to separate me as an individual from my films. I've never met him and can't answer his assumptions.

I probably am a lazy artist and probably don't control things as much as some

people would like—but that's my business. And if my style is too loose or improvised for some people's taste, that's their problem—totally. The fact is, I'm not the greatest Hollywood director and all that bullshit, but I'm not the opposite, either. And I am not careless. I may be irresponsible, I may strive for things and not always succeed, but that's never the result of sloppiness. Maybe it's lack of judgment.

PLAYBOY: Stephen Farber, who recently became *New West's* film critic, described you as one of the New Has-beens a couple of years ago, just before your reputation started to soar. How did that grab you?

ALTMAN: Well, Farber ought to have his typewriter taken away from him or go get a job working for the oil companies. He is not a critic, he doesn't qualify as a critic. He's a hatchet man and paid assassin, a guy *The New York Times* knows it can go to if it wants an "anti" piece because there's been too

*"Barbra Streisand had
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much praise of something. I'm sure Clay Felker hired Farber for the same reason he hired John Simon as *New York's* critic—because he wanted somebody to really get the shiv out and sell magazines. I don't like Simon at all, but at least I give him credit for being a critic. I can't give that much to Rex Reed, who's basically a gossip columnist, but Farber's worse than any of those guys.

PLAYBOY: The loudest member of the pro-Altmán critical clique has been *The New Yorker's* Pauline Kael, who created a stir when she wrote an ecstatic review of *Nashville* based on an unfinished early version. This year, Kael reportedly claimed that she's qualified to review Altmán movies in this manner because she knows your work so well she can tell in advance what's going to be left in and taken out. Is that true?

ALTMAN: Did she say that? Well, I suppose she can. Pauline is such a student of film, she probably knows pretty well in which direction a movie is likely to go. In general, I don't mind who sees a film in rough cut. I show them to lots of people without fear of reprisals, though I wouldn't let Rex Reed see one of my

films in *finished* form. He'll have to buy his own ticket.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you threw Barbra Streisand out of your office after one such screening?

ALTMAN: Yes, because she was rude.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to tell us about it?

ALTMAN: She came as a guest of mine with her boyfriend, Jon Peters—to see *Nashville*, at her request, as a matter of fact—because Peters was planning to direct a rock *Star Is Born* or something. So we screened the picture for them and for 20 or 30 other people, including some of the actors in the film. Then we came back here to the office; Barbra sat down and all her conversation was about "Jon and I." "Listen," she said, "Jon and I want to know how you did this, how you did that." Finally, I said, "Don't you think you owe a comment to a few of the people in this room?" She had nothing to say. She was so completely wrapped up in herself, she didn't even know what I was talking about. I just asked them to leave.

PLAYBOY: Aren't there pitfalls in your practice of screening rough cuts of your films for friends, colleagues, sometimes even for critics?

ALTMAN: Well, sure, a little masochism is part of it, you can't delude yourself. But we don't just pull people off the street. I have to be very careful not to load a preview with people I *know* are duck soup, who will just go for the film no matter what. I'm also arrogant enough to invite people who I'm sure will want *not* to like it, who really hope to see it fail. I love to make them commit themselves up front, then turn it around on them later. You see, the way I edit films is to start showing them as I'm pulling them together. I don't actually pay much attention to what people say, but I make decisions while looking at the backs of their heads, seeing the movie through someone else's eyes. If I get embarrassed by a certain sequence, that tells me something.

PLAYBOY: How did you arrive at your free-and-easy approach to film making?

ALTMAN: Well, I don't like to rehearse a scene before we're actually ready to shoot it. If I do, the freshness is gone for me when we go back to it later; everything seems set and kind of dry.

PLAYBOY: Your unorthodox methods must be a little unnerving for some actors. How did it go with Newman?

ALTMAN: Oh, Paul was sensational. He had no problem at all. Donald Sutherland in *M*A*S*H* loved working that way and his improvisation was profound; he's a hell of an actor. Warren Beatty in *McCabe* probably had the toughest time. But Warren was already a star, dealing with an unknown director and properly nervous about it. And Warren doesn't trust anybody very much.

My work is not really as loose and frenetic and unorthodox as everyone seems to think and it's not nearly as improvisational as I get credit for. I suspect that some actors see my films and sense a certain kind of freedom or fantasize about it. But most of the actors who have worked for me don't work for anybody else. Shelley Duvall has given absolutely marvelous performances in four or five of my films; her work in *Thieves Like Us* is as good as any performance I can imagine. I'm always amazed that other directors don't pick up on her, but nobody has; she can't get a job . . . I guess because she doesn't have big tits. Ronee Blakley was looking for an agent, so I had a few of them down here to see film on her while we were cutting *Nashville*. I showed them her hospital scene, her breakdown scene, and they said, "Gee, she's terrific, but . . . you know, she's a country-and-western singer." I said, "No, there's nothing country-and-western about her. If anything, she's a hip West Coast girl." They could not get it through their heads that she was *acting*. They finally said to me, "Well, uh, you've got a way of making real people look like actors." And I told them, "Well, I hope I have a way of making actors look like real people."

PLAYBOY: Have you done any casting for *Ragtime* or *Breakfast of Champions*?

ALTMAN: We have no cast in mind for *Ragtime*, but *Breakfast* seems pretty well set. Peter Falk will play Dwayne Hoover; Sterling Hayden will play Kilgore Trout; Cleavon Little will play Wayne Hoobler; Alice Cooper will play Bunny Hoover; and Ruth Gordon will play Eliott Rosewater, the richest man in the world.

PLAYBOY: Ruth Gordon will play a male part?

ALTMAN: Sure; she's an actor, why not? All the feminists say we shouldn't discriminate. We're using Alice Cooper as the fag piano player, and Ruth Gordon can certainly look like an old man. Our sexual differences tend to disappear with age, anyway; all she has to do is cut her hair and sit in a wheelchair.

PLAYBOY: You once indicated that *Breakfast* would be a breakthrough movie sexually, in which you'd let it all hang out. Is that still the plan?

ALTMAN: No, that was one of those early ideas that just didn't develop. I was going to deal primarily with the Kilgore Trout section of the story, where his books were being turned into pornographic movies, but we've abandoned that whole concept.

PLAYBOY: Which films will you do next?

ALTMAN: I'll be starting with *Yig Epoxy*, based on a book by Robert Grossbach called *Easy and Hard Ways Out*. It'll be a studio picture for Warner Bros. all shot on a sound stage, with Falk and



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Hayden again, Henry Gibson and a big, big cast. The whole thing takes place in one of those huge engineering-firm think tanks. It's a flat-out comedy, a cross between *Dr. Strangelove* and *M*A*S*H*, a really funny situation; and I'm going to see if I can make the audience wet their pants.

PLAYBOY: What does *Yig Epoxy* mean?

ALTMAN: Epoxy, of course, is glue. A YIG is a sort of radar device, and there's a YIG filter, which is used in aircraft for evasive action with ground-air missiles. They can't find the right glue to hold this thing together; consequently, all these planes crash. . . .

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a million laughs. What else is on your calendar?

ALTMAN: I produced a film that's coming in, an original by Robert Benton, called *The Late Show*, with Art Carney and Lily Tomlin. Then there's Alan Rudolph's film *Welcome to L.A.*, which I'm producing, and another thing we're working on for Lily, *The Extra*, which is about the life of a Hollywood extra, an exploration of people who believe the publicity of their own defeat.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you had some difficulties with extras?

ALTMAN: I will not tolerate the Screen Extras Guild. If I rent the shoemaker's shop next door to shoot a scene in front of it, I'm supposed to take out the two guys in there who know how to run all the machines and replace them with two extras who try to *act* like they know what they're doing. There's no way I can get the same effect. So who am I putting out of work—a couple of unskilled people. I haven't used the Extras Guild since *M*A*S*H*.

PLAYBOY: Do you draw any royalties from the *M*A*S*H* television series?

ALTMAN: None whatsoever. The TV show is still using the *M*A*S*H* theme song, *Suicide Is Painless*, for which my son Michael wrote the lyrics when he was 14 years old, and he's made a lot of money out of it. I didn't get a fucking dime out of *M*A*S*H*, except for my director's fee. Ingo Preminger, who produced it, personally made at least \$5,000,000, and God knows how much Fox collected. Yet I can't even get an audience at Fox. They don't want to talk to me.

I sometimes think that if we were all paid less money and nobody could make a big killing, most of these clever manipulators who are in this business strictly for the money would stay away from the movies and leave them to the artists—to people who really love what they're doing.

PLAYBOY: Let's be realistic. Isn't one of the reasons backers balk at putting money into your pictures the fact that, with more than one person talking at the same time, they find your sound tracks unintelligible?

ALTMAN: I could go back and show you some of Howard Hawks's early pictures and you'd find exactly the same effect. Somebody picked up on it in my films after *McCabe* because it irritated a lot of people; yet I've got a file of reviews and letters saying the sound track was the best thing in the picture.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't Warren Beatty, the star of *McCabe*, one of those who were irritated?

ALTMAN: Warren was infuriated, he is still infuriated and he'll just have to stay infuriated.

Sometimes, though, I'm afraid audiences have a legitimate reason to complain, because we record dialog under ideal circumstances. In theaters where the speakers aren't working properly, you get a muddled version of the sound track. But that can happen to any director on any film.

PLAYBOY: Are there any directors on the scene now whom you especially admire?

ALTMAN: I admire anybody who can get

*"I didn't get a fucking dime out of 'M*A*S*H,' except for my director's fee. . . . God knows how much Fox collected. Yet I can't even get an audience at Fox."*

a film finished. Kurosawa's films impress me. I was very impressed with Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. I like Bergman, who has always gone his own way and never had a success, really.

PLAYBOY: You've been called an American Fellini, though John Simon recently hinted that Fellini might learn a lot from Lina Wertmüller.

ALTMAN: Well, Simon has finally found someone to fall in love with and I'm glad for him.

When I first saw Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*, I was about ready to quit. He dealt with certain sexual attitudes that are usually kept under wraps and I thought it was a great step. I admire Kubrick, but I can't say I like him. I mean, I don't know him personally. What he does is terrific and the opposite of what I do. He supervises every little detail of his films down to the last inch. But I leave a gap so wide that anything between A and X may be acceptable. With Kubrick, it's between A and A 1.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you single out from the ranks of the younger directors?

ALTMAN: Well, I think Martin Scorsese's going to endure. I think Steven Spielberg will endure, though it's tough when a picture like *Jaws* brings you a lot of success and money overnight that may not strictly be related to the merit of your work. I am not knocking *Jaws*, which was a magnificent accomplishment for a kid that age. But will he now be able to go off and make a small personal film? There's too much coming at you. It's the same with actors. Keith Carradine's suddenly hotter than a pistol since *Nashville*; they keep telling him, "We've got this great part for a street singer." He doesn't want to do those things.

Ivan Passer is a brilliant director: his *Intimate Lighting* I consider one of the best films ever made, though he, again, gets caught up on subjects he's not really familiar with and, consequently, fails. Coppola, of course, is a good producer-director. I get bored, as an audience, with John Cassavetes; though John is terrific, I always have the feeling that if he ever made a movie that was generally accepted and successful, it would really worry him. Paul Mazursky at least makes films that are recognizable as Mazursky films, though I personally don't like them; and I can get by pretty well without Peter Bogdanovich. Like Friedkin, he's constantly talking about his movies; he seems to know too much, and I've never seen a film of his that I thought was even passable.

But my idea of total mediocrity is Richard Brooks's last Gene Hackman thing, *Bite the Bullet*, which is about the worst kind of obvious, commercially inspired movie I can imagine. I guess people like it. I am not acquainted with Brooks, who's done some fine films, but that certainly isn't one of them.

PLAYBOY: You must be buttonholed by many aspiring young film makers. What do you say to them?

ALTMAN: I tell them that the only advice I can give is never to take advice from anybody. I've had a lot of experience doing industrial films, documentary films, films I hated doing. I've plugged in the lights, cleaned up, cooked the lunches, learned where to waste time and where to spend it. I also tell them they'd better be lucky. You don't need a lot of money to be a painter or to write a song, but it costs minimally \$1,000,000 to make a movie and nobody's going to hand you \$1,000,000. There probably should be a system of apprenticeships.

PLAYBOY: Do you hire apprentices?

ALTMAN: Sure, all the time. I don't care whether they come out of schools or off the street. We take a lot of people if they can serve us and we think we can serve them, but many fall by the wayside because they discover it isn't as much fun as they'd thought. They expect they're going to sit around listening in on heavy-weight discussions about art; they soon

(concluded on page 160)

**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



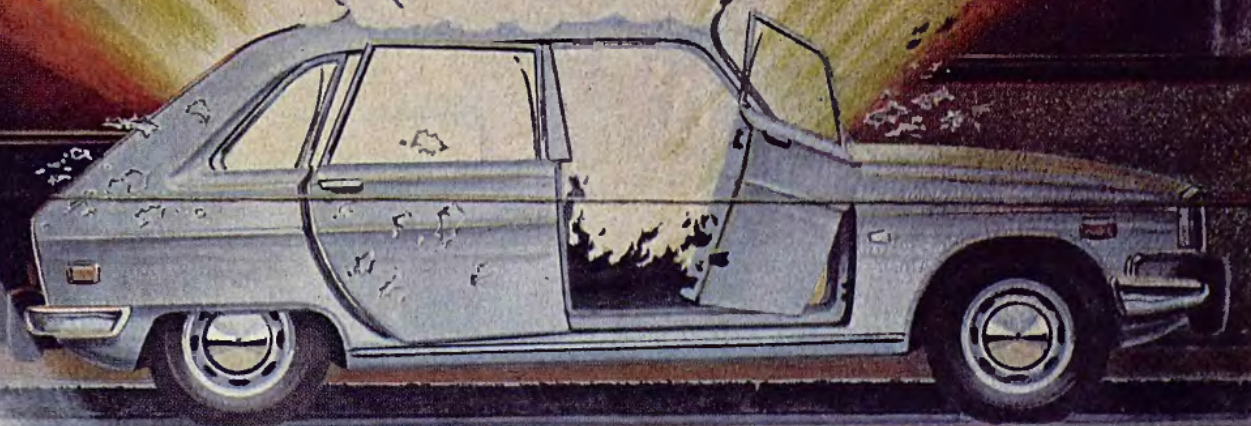
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the previously untold story of how the horror at the munich olympics produced a secret team of israeli executioners—and how the unlucky 13th hit ended tragically in a quiet norwegian village

article **By DAVID B. TINNIN**

NEITHER SIDE ever officially admitted that the war was in progress. But the time of its outbreak can be precisely determined: It was 4:30 in the morning of September 5, 1972, when eight members of a Palestinian terrorist organization known

as Black September slipped into the Olympic Village in Munich, killed two Israeli athletes and took nine hostage.

Before the day ended, those nine were dead, too. After the West Germans completely bungled a rescue attempt—among other errors, they deployed only

five snipers, armed with bolt-action rifles, against eight terrorists, four of whom had automatic weapons trained on the hostages at the moment the rescue attack began—the hostages were shot by their captors at point-blank range while they sat bound and helpless in two



Sitting less than 100 yards away, peering through slits in black masking tape on the window, were two very interested parties.

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

helicopters on the nearby Fürstenfeldbruck air base. There were early reports that German bullets had killed them, but the slugs later removed from their bodies were of the type fired by Soviet-made AK-47 assault rifles, those used by the Black September terrorists.

Black September is dedicated to one proposition: that there shall never be peace with Israel. And outrage has always been its stock in trade. During its shocking entry onto the world stage on November 28, 1971, when four gunmen shot down Jordanian premier Wasfi Tal in the foyer of Cairo's Sheraton Hotel, one of the killers knelt by the dying victim and lapped the blood streaming from his mouth. But it was Munich that put Black September squarely in the international spotlight. The world saw and heard more about Munich than any other terrorist act ever: Dozens of television crews, who were covering the Olympics, bounced the drama off a satellite for much of the globe to see. Yet the most important consequence of Munich has remained secret, because the war that began that day was totally different from the conflicts that have bloodied Israeli-Arab relations for the past three decades. It was not fought on the familiar killing grounds of the Middle East, with Israelis' storming the Golan Heights or waging huge tank battles in the Sinai. Instead, it was a quiet and intimate war that was fought in the stair wells and streets of Europe; the last engagement took place in a small Norwegian town that most people had never even heard of. The public, which read only an occasional news story about the killing of an Arab here and an Israeli there, had no way of fathoming the intensity and significance of the conflict. Yet for nearly 11 months, Israeli hit teams, which were called The Wrath of God, waged against the leaders of Black September a war of kill and counterkill that embodied the most uncompromising tenet of both Jewish and Arab cultures: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. And the secret war had secret consequences, which contributed directly to creating the situation that prevails in the Middle East today.

Given the magnitude and the audacity of the Arab attack in Munich, the Israelis were bound to strike back. But the reason they retaliated as fiercely as they did was determined in large measure by a man who was standing in the control tower that night at Fürstenfeldbruck, watching in horror and silent rage as the inept West German rescue plan miscarried. He was General Zvi Zamir, an army major general who was the chief of the Israelis' external intelligence agency, which is known as the Institute, or Mossad.

Earlier that day, after news of the Munich raid had reached Israel, Premier Golda Meir had summoned her chief

ministers and advisors to a meeting in the subterranean cabinet room of the modernistic Knesset (Parliament) building in Jerusalem. Moshe Dayan, who was then the defense minister, proposed that he take a group of Israeli commandos to Munich. A few months earlier, Dayan had scored a great success by using commandos disguised as mechanics to overwhelm four Black September terrorists who had skyjacked a Sabena 707 to Tel

In the summer of 1973, David B. Tinnin, then European correspondent for *Time*, was asked for his opinion of a story from the magazine's Norwegian stringer, Dag Christensen, a reporter for the Oslo newspaper *Aftenposten*. Christensen was speculating that the murder of an Arab waiter in the remote Norwegian town of Lillehammer had been the work of an Israeli intelligence team. Tinnin's reaction: Nonsense. Then, in February 1974, while following expelled Russian dissident Alexander Solzhenitsyn on his house-hunting odyssey northward into Norway, Tinnin met Christensen and heard more details of the story. Convincing details. Tinnin had already been intrigued by fragmentary reports in the European press about the mysterious deaths of an Israeli here and an Arab there and about the possibility that the killings were part of an unseen war of the spooks. The Norwegian incident provided the clincher. During the following 18 months, Tinnin spent his vacations, long weekends and two substantial leaves of absence shuttling between Washington, Europe and the Near East, checking, tracking down and triangulating against different sources the material on which his forthcoming book, *Hit Team* (written with Christensen, and to be published this fall by Little, Brown in the U.S. and by other firms in nine countries abroad), is based. Some of the material came from public records; some from witnesses to the various killings, from relatives of victims, even from Arab diplomats; some from off-the-record interviews; some from classified documents to which Tinnin gained access. It is a startling story, specially adapted for PLAYBOY by the author.

Aviv's Lod Airport in an attempt to ransom imprisoned Arab guerrillas from Israeli jails. But Meir refused. Instead, she decided to send General Zamir to Munich as her personal emissary.

The day after the massacre, an embittered Zamir returned to Israel. It must have seemed a cruel irony to him that Israel had managed so effectively to contain terrorism even within the predominantly Arab areas seized during the

Six-Day War in 1967, only to have the Arabs export the conflict to Europe. As the Israelis saw it, the European police were too spineless, too ineffectual to cope with determined armed terrorists, and the European governments did not want to take stern measures that would offend Arab nations, on which they depended for oil. "It was a desperate and desolate feeling to stand by the control tower at Fürstenfeldbruck and realize that nothing has changed," Zamir told friends. "Jews are still dying on German soil with their hands tied and no one cares."

Now, back in Israel, Zamir revived a question that for months had been debated in secret at the highest echelon of the nation's leadership: how to combat Arab terrorism abroad. Along with a small group of top-ranking military and intelligence officers, Zamir had wanted to organize special liquidation squads to carry a war of revenge to the leaders of Arab terrorism wherever they might be. But Meir had always resisted.

"You can't guarantee that someday there won't be a mistake," she would reply. "Someday, some of our people will get caught. Then, you'll ask me: What are we going to do?"

Until Munich, Meir had approved only one operation. It came after the Lod Airport massacre on May 30, 1972, when three Japanese Red Army gunmen, working on a contract from Black September, sprayed the airport arrival hall with bullets—killing 27 persons and wounding 78.

A few weeks later, four Israeli frogmen swam ashore to Beirut, where they were met by two Mossad agents who lived undercover in Lebanon. The agents guided the frogmen to an auto belonging to a man named Ghassan Kanafani, an official in the Palestinian Liberation Organization whom the Israelis believed to be deeply involved in Black September. In his auto, the frogmen planted a powerful explosive, similar to an American Claymore mine. The next morning, they were shocked to see that Kanafani was accompanied to his car by his 16-year-old niece. Nonetheless, when uncle and niece entered the vehicle, one of the Israelis activated the radio signal that detonated the bomb.

After the slaughter at Munich, Zamir renewed his request for expanded operations. This time Meir relented.

"Send forth your boys," she said.

Even as Zamir was finally receiving his go-ahead, Arab gunmen continued the offensive begun in Munich. Their next action came in Brussels, where the Mossad maintained a branch office. On the afternoon of September 11, Ophir Zadok, an undercover Mossad officer in the Israeli embassy, received a telephone call from an Arab double agent who said he had important information. A meeting was set for that evening in a Brussels

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"Oh, my God—choral sex!"



THE MAKEUP MAN

the creator of "rollerball" glimpses another eerie future when mutilation is chic and ugly is beautiful

fiction **By WILLIAM HARRISON**

A NEW FAD was "in": Everyone was mutilating himself. There were famous actors who had actually removed their ears or eyes. Executives had cut deep scars into their faces. Plastic surgeons on Wilshire or Sunset—for their usual high prices—were turning teenaged girls into monsters: both eyes on one side of the nose, say, or lips severed from the mouth, or the skin drawn like awful



cellophane down the cheek and neck. Those who could afford such alterations were envied most.

An old makeup man lived in Beverly Hills as this new hysteria began to ride the air. The palm trees in his front yard had withered, but he kept trying to revive them; earthquakes had left raw openings in parts of his city; food supplies were sufficient and everyone still had a car, but the new fad dominated every conversation and newscast.

In the old days of glamor and good looks, the makeup man had had shops everywhere, private offices in two of the major studios and a fine laboratory in his home. He had serviced the stars on their yachts and sound stages, and it was agreed he was without equal in the industry, a magician. He was known in the business as Mr. Byron or the Fabulous Byron. Naturally, he had many lovers. He could invent faces so beautiful that his clients wanted never to be without him.

Now he stayed home—a less expensive place—trying to revive his withered palm trees, taking his pills and listening to the distressing news of *The Rovers* or *The Fad* on television.

One morning, just before his early lunch of oatmeal and juice, a girl came to his front porch.

"I'm Sylvia," she said through the screen door. "I don't have enough money for anything permanent. But—you're the Fabulous Byron, right?"

He nodded yes. Nobody had called him that in years.

"Make me ugly," she pleaded with him.

Byron held the door open as she stepped inside. He reached out his gray hand and turned her head slightly so he could see the curve of her cheekbone. Sylvia was gorgeous, easily the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

He felt his lips pronounce her name.

Sylvia remained with Byron in that small hillside house above a darkened neon valley while he tried to decide what to do about her. She was broke and lost, another waif of the city, yet had that natural indifference only the truly beautiful or gifted possess.

"Why do people do this thing?" he asked her about *The Fad*.

She shrugged the question away.

Nakedness suited her. She shucked her clothes and curled up in his den during those soft warm mornings, combing out her long hair, munching fruit and watching TV. Every afternoon, she stretched out on his patio cushions like a lioness, casual and dazzling, sunlight glowing on the tiny blonde hairs of her torso and turning her arms the color of caramel. At night, she slept in his bed. They lay apart. He ruminated on times past and she suggested ways they might go about ruining her face.

He was ancient and undemanding, so she allowed him nearness as they talked.

One morning, he observed her watching a TV program about *The Rovers*: those gangs of marauders roaming loose in various parts of the country. In obscure parts of Wyoming or the Carolinas or Arkansas, they had attacked farm communities, cleaned out supermarkets or held public executions. Sylvia held her breasts and padded around his den in a frenzy as she watched. Her excitement filled the room with a strange electric pulse that caused his gray hands to tremble.

After this, he gave her his first makeup job. He opened up the holes of her face: made her eyes bulge, her nostrils flare, her mouth open in a drooling fall. He pulled back the skin and pinned it so she seemed caught in a hideous and terrified scream.

"Ghastly!" she cried. "I love it."

While Sylvia went out into the city to make her fortune, the makeup man drove out beyond Malibu to an abandoned beach house he owned. He hadn't stayed there in years, not since the mistresses and parties of his heyday. In his early retirement, the house had been rented, but soon tenants had written on the walls, ripped out fixtures and chopped up the deck for firewood.

Slowly—working mostly in the mornings—he made repairs. When he grew tired, he strolled the beach. Cries of gulls. Odors of an air blended with salt and oily rot. Distant hulls of empty marinas.

The inland is a waste, he decided, and the last life is at the shore again, all the creatures crawling back toward the sea in a last primeval moment. He thought of the fierce crustaceans. Only guarded things survived: wrapped in their sorrowful armor, turned in on themselves.

In the evenings, he went home to fix supper for Sylvia.

Soon she had two bit parts and her newly styled face adorned a local commercial. With this small success she became petulant and difficult, and little that Byron did pleased her.

"More oatmeal?" she shouted at him.

He jerked out his false teeth and exposed his wrinkled gums. With his finger hooked into the corner of his mouth, he yelled back at her.

"Look, all slimy!" he said, spraying her with his words. "You've got those perfect white teeth, but I've got these—ancient and soft and slimy!"

"Sorry," she said, relenting.

He learned to be occasionally repulsive. It was clearly the way to deal with her.

The *Fad* seemed to energize people.

It was as if in all nature beauty sat still, languishing, content with itself, while ugliness became dynamic. Those

thorny, pincer-fingered, nightmarish crustaceans endured, evolved, fed on the lovely soft flesh of the landscape and multiplied.

Sylvia, too: Her new faces made her bold. She no longer draped herself over the furniture of his den or patio. Instead, she paced his rooms. More often she didn't come back in the evenings. Her career included strangers, dinners, weekends down in Baja, parties in the hills, and in the end Byron was forced to create new distortions for her, each more sickening than the last, just to ensure her frequent visits. Anything to keep her near.

He loved to talk with her when the makeup was off and postponed doing new faces for her as long as possible.

"There were great beauties," he told her as he worked. "Garbo, Bergman, Taylor, Christie! Sensuous, luscious! And the size of their faces up there on the screens! Bigger than anything living, large as the Sphinx, as huge as the Colossus of Rhodes!"

"I do like to sit down close at movies so things look big," Sylvia admitted.

"A beautiful human face in gigantic proportion," Byron went on. "That's the mystery and power of the medium!"

"Can you extend my ears now?" she asked.

"Sure, anything, Sylvia."

"I want my ears wrapped around my face—like tentacles. As though—these—tentacles—are choking me."

Sylvia won a part in a monster movie. It was set during the period of the Spanish Inquisition. The picture was shot in Barbados and Texas with a British camera crew, an Arab producer, a Danish director, Latin hairdressers—everything normal—except that it managed to catch the spirit of *The Fad* at the height of the craze and became a box-office sensation. As a consequence, Sylvia was offered dozens of films and Byron, given his due credit, was brought forth successful out of retirement. In only a few short weeks, he opened Byron's Fabulous Emporium in Palm Springs.

All was well, except he was losing her.

An academy awarded him a medallion on which was inscribed:

BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN-DEEP
UGLY IS TO THE BONE.
BEAUTY ALWAYS FADES AWAY
BUT UGLY HOLDS ITS OWN.

With his new wealth, Byron ordered a first-class renovation of the beach house and went into seclusion behind a high fence, three Dobermans and a brace of guards with brutally scarred faces.

He ate his oatmeal, watched TV and thought of normal times. Sylvia, he reminded himself, was from Ohio. Byron's father was once employed by the Department of Sanitation of Phoenix, Arizona,

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200 MOTELS, OR, HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

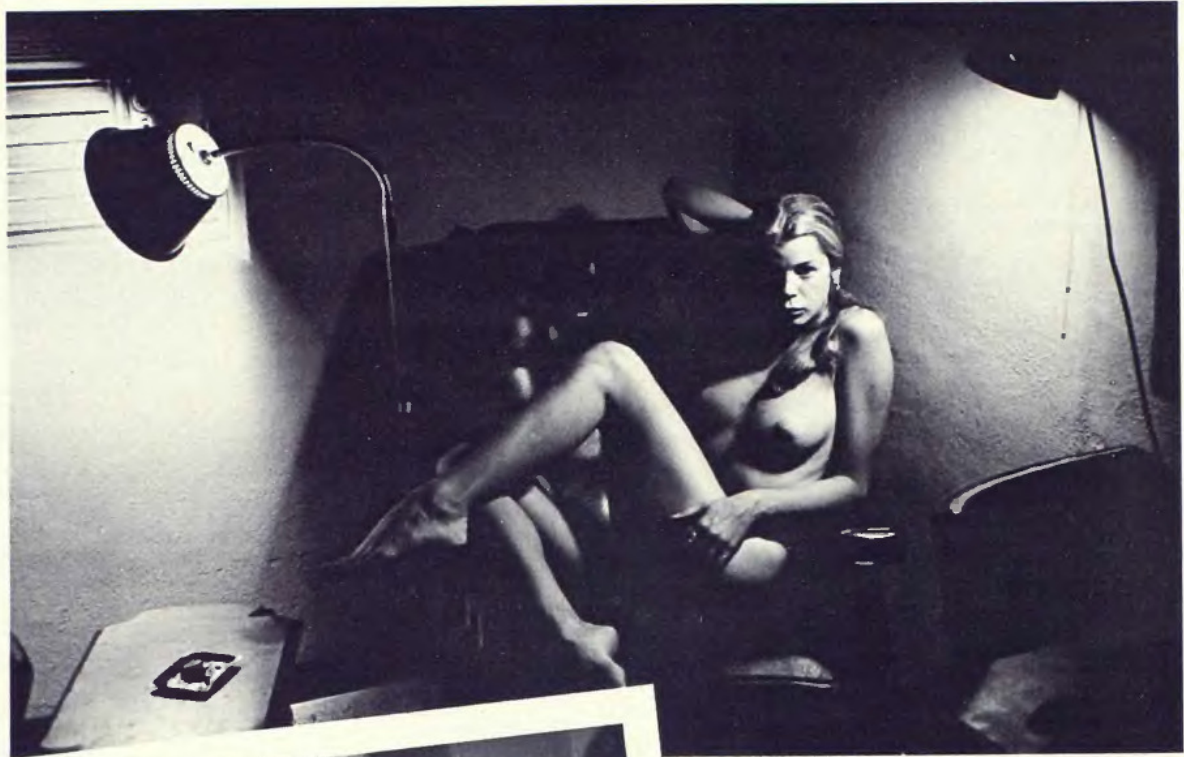
*photographer helmut newton
fantasizes in the tradition of "lolita"*

THE RADIO is playing a song by the Amazing Rhythm Aces. Something about a *Low Rent Rendezvous*. Your young friend is bored. She is unimpressed by the literary shrines of Key West, Florida. Who cares if Papa passed out here? You try again to convince her of the importance of your travels. You are writing a novel. "Why the camera?" Historical research. Nixon had his tape recorder. You have your Polaroid. You are searching for America. You don't have far to look. You find America in the first motel you check into. Family units. TV. A complete line of bait. (Yes, even that kind.) You study your companion. She could pass for the girl who stars in the X-rated version of *Alice in Wonderland*, Kristine De Bell. Lewis Carroll liked little girls, too.





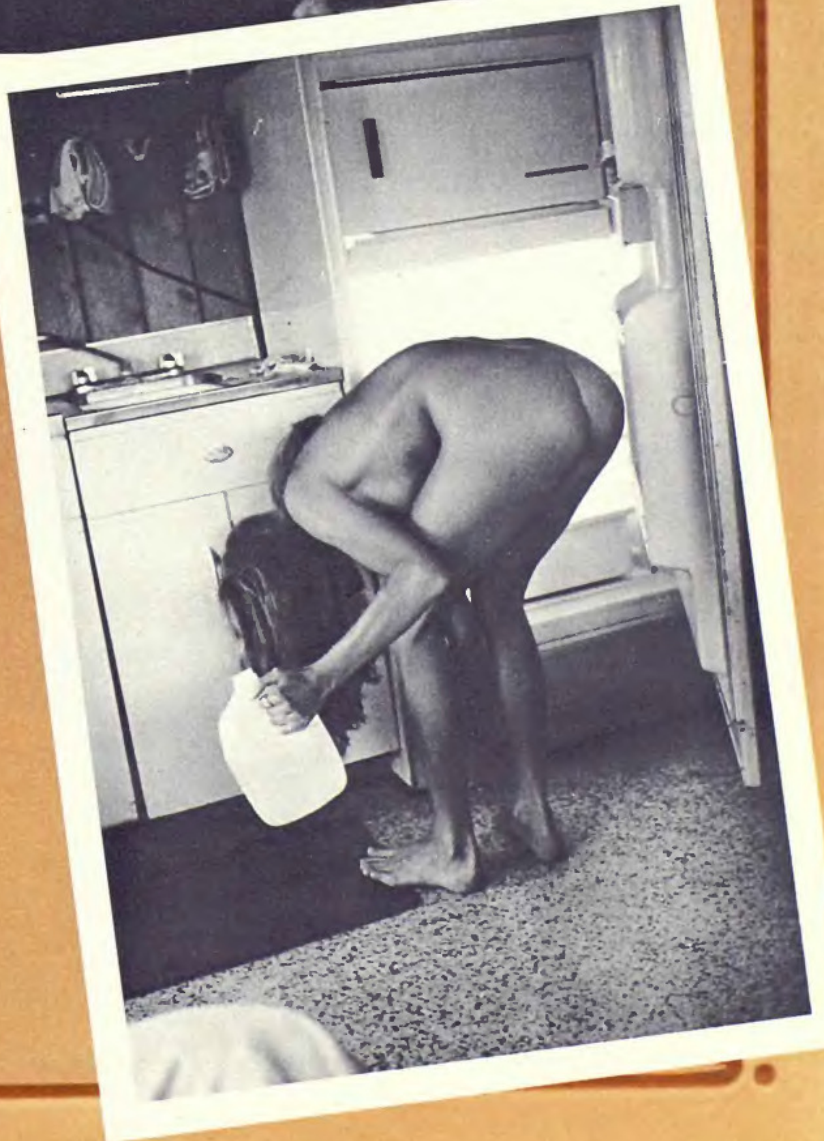
You suspect that the manager suspects. You continue to look for America and check into another motel, a few blocks down the road. The car is too hot for travel. The seat cover is mildly adhesive, dryly passionate. It clings to the thighs of your companion like a high school kiss. You invent a new alias. You cannot keep names straight. What is this motel called? The Come Right Inn? The Forbidden View Court? No. As a rule, you avoid a motel that calls itself court. The word makes you a bit nervous.

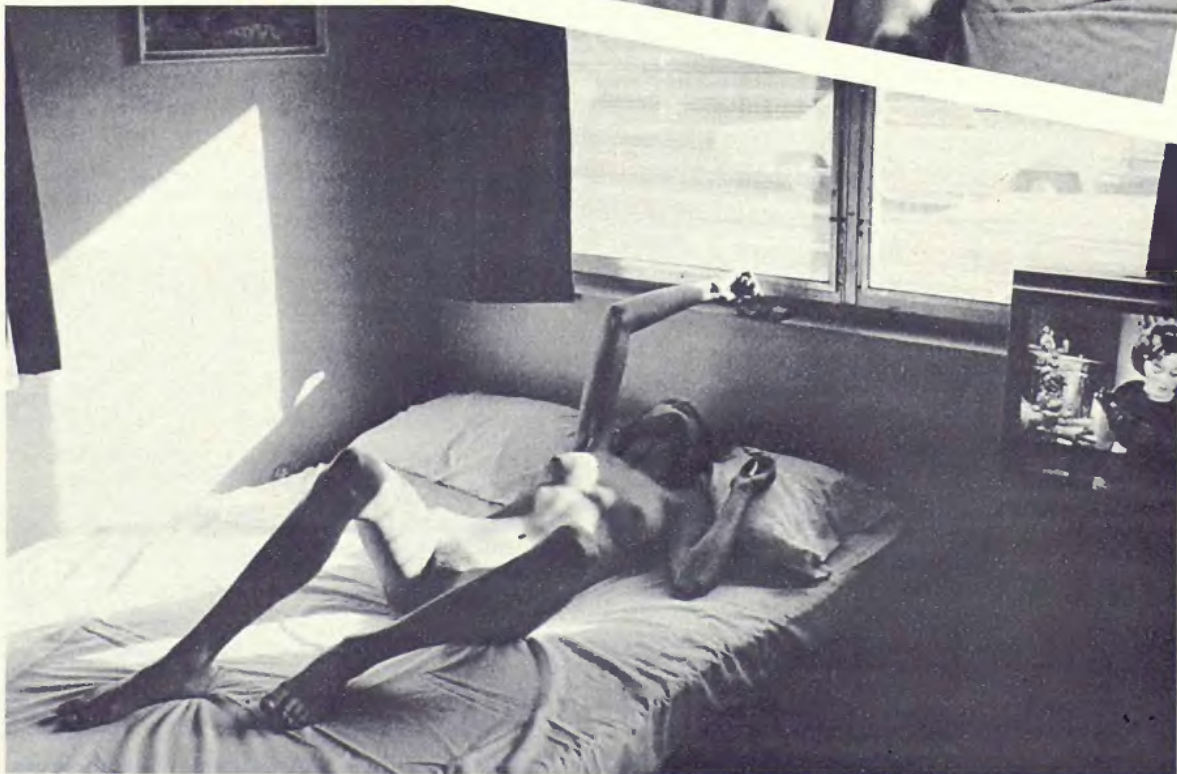


No. This motel is called the Bewitched Fishermen—for the dangling anglers who compare the sizes of their catches, wondering why they have to throw back those that are too small. Your companion reclines on the Magic Fingers vibrating bed and hums a tune. Later she seeks refuge in a cool, dark corner, barely illuminated by two reading lamps. There is nothing to read. She longs for a *True Romance* magazine. A *Seventeen*. A *Silver Screen*. A *National Enquirer*. Just what is Cher doing these days? Or Donny Osmond?



The click of the shutter attracts her attention, but only for a moment. She does not wonder what you see in her. She knows. She cools herself in front of the air conditioner. What was the name of that first motel? She is hungry. She plays with the louvred windows. Named for the museum in France. If she gets the angle right, she can get an all-over tan without leaving the room. She will not leave the room. Her clothes, in case you were wondering, are down at the coin-operated laundromat. They have been there for the past three days. Being cleaned. Sounds of traffic filter through the windows with the sunlight. Guests pause on their way to other rooms. Yes, she is old enough to be your daughter.





WRATH OF GOD (continued from page 72)

restaurant. As Zadok approached a booth in the rear of the café, he was cut down by revolver fire and seriously wounded.

The war of kill and counterkill had begun, and the Israelis started to organize their forces to cope with it. To head the operation, they chose a lean, black-haired man in his early 50s known only as Mike. Mike was the director of the Mossad's special undercover branch in Europe, which, among other things, was charged with recruiting Arab diplomats and military attachés as Israeli agents. He was given the assignment of converting his branch into liquidation teams that would form the basic Israeli combat units in the war against Arab terrorism. Team members were to be Israelis who could operate unnoticed in Europe, posing convincingly as citizens of other countries, so that their activities could not be traceable to Israel. The Mossad would provide them with foreign passports: false ones forged by the Mossad's own shop, others borrowed from Israeli sympathizers abroad.

The hit team, as devised by Mike and other Israeli intelligence experts, was to be composed of 15 people, including a leader and his deputy. It would be divided by function into five squads:

- Aleph was to consist of two killers, each equipped with a weapon developed especially for the job by the Mossad. It was a long-barreled Beretta semiautomatic, which fired .22-caliber long-rifle ammunition. Contrary to popular belief, the .22 is not just a boy's gun. It is a highly potent weapon, and the Israelis had already done considerable research in adapting .22-caliber automatics for the guards aboard El Al jetliners. The El Al weapons fired a bullet with far less powerful powder loading than normal. Hence, if a bullet missed a sky-jacker, it was less likely to puncture the skin of the aircraft. The Mossad also adopted the same bullets—in this case, to reduce noise and thus attract less attention.

- Beth: the protectors, guards of the getaway route. At least one of the Beths was to be a skilled driver, a graduate of the Mossad course in high-speed and evasive auto-handling techniques. Both Aleph and Beth squads were to be under a special prohibition not to mix with the rest of the team. The reason: If the killers or guards ever should be arrested, other team members should not be able to identify them, in case they, too, were caught.

- Heth was to be the cover for an operation. Composed usually of two people (most often a man and a woman, since a couple attracts less suspicion than two men), the Heth squad would rent apartments where other agents could hide, arrange hotel reservations, book rental cars and in general supply the necessary

logistic support without provoking undue notice. For this function, only people who fitted perfectly into the European landscape should be picked.

- Ayin was to be a squad of six to eight persons assigned to track the victim, discover the optimum circumstances for his liquidation and provide a protective corridor through which the Aleph and Beth squads could withdraw.

- Qoph was to run the communications. Generally, there were to be two men: one to handle the communications with the squad in the field from a secret command post, the other to be responsible for communications between the command post and the Mossad central in western Europe, which, in turn, was to provide the link to the Tel Aviv headquarters.

The hits were to be planned as carefully as military operations; at a special base in Caesarea, replicas of planned assassination scenes were built so the team members could run through practice killings. All the members were instructed in the cardinal principles absolutely insisted upon by the Israeli political leadership: No Jewish communities abroad, no Israeli embassies, no diplomatic channels should be involved in the operations and only professional agents could be members of the liquidation squads.

Mike had no trouble finding killers. He could draw upon the elite branches of the Israeli armed forces, whose members are taught the ungentle art of silent assassination. He could also find them in the special Mossad units that take part in the elimination of troublesome enemy agents. Perhaps to his surprise, Mike even found a volunteer in, so to speak, his own bed. She was Tamar, a woman of exceptional beauty and wit. As a university student in Jerusalem, she had become a favorite with foreign diplomats and United Nations military officers. Because of those contacts, she was recruited by the Mossad and went to work for Mike in the intelligence service. At some point, she and her boss became lovers.

It was a classic bittersweet relationship between a young girl and an aging man, made more poignant by the hazards and restrictions of the profession. Mike, the aging spymaster, was headed toward retirement. But the last thing he wanted to do was to quit. As long as he remained a high-ranking intelligence officer, he belonged to the secret inner circle that played a vital role in running Israel. Abroad, where he traveled under other identities, he enjoyed the power of money, of directing operations, of doing important things. Certainly, Tamar was not an easy woman to please. Playful and willful, she was self-assured to the point of impertinence, confident of her charms to the brink of provocation. Mike

must have feared that he could keep his high-spirited mistress only as long as he held a position of power and prestige.

After five weeks of training, the hit team was ready for action. By then, Mike's squads already had carefully selected their target: Wadal Adel Zwaiter, a 38-year-old Palestinian who served as a translator at the Libyan embassy in Rome. His major literary accomplishment was translating *A Thousand and One Nights* into Italian. The Rome police considered Zwaiter to be the representative of the Palestinian Liberation Organization in Italy. The Israeli view was far darker. They regarded Zwaiter as the Black September chieftain in Italy and believed he had plotted the attempt to blow up an El Al 707 on a flight from Rome to Tel Aviv. In that incident, two young Arabs had presented a tape recorder as a going-away gift to two English girls whom they had briefly gotten to know in Rome. The tape recorder contained explosives wired to a barometric triggering device that would detonate when the plane reached a high altitude. Fortunately, the girls packed the gift in their luggage; and since the baggage compartments in El Al jets are lined with armor plating, the plane managed to land safely after the explosion. Nonetheless, the Mossad wanted to teach Arab terrorists not to mess with El Al by making an example of Zwaiter.

On the evening of October 16, two Israeli gunmen, waiting by his apartment, quickly pumped 12 bullets into the Arab's head and body. One of the slugs lodged in the book *A Thousand and One Nights* that Zwaiter was carrying in his coat pocket. Later, the getaway car was found abandoned on the Via Brassanone, about 300 yards from the scene of the killing, where the Aleph and Beth squads had switched to another auto. Wiped clean of fingerprints, the Fiat yielded only one piece of evidence: an unfired .22 cartridge, manufactured by a West German firm, whose shell matched the spent ones found in the vicinity of Zwaiter's body.

Though the Israelis had seized the initiative, the Arabs had at their disposal far larger forces and much more extensive facilities. The Arab combatants in the conflict were 200 or so members of Black September, who were young and generally well-educated Palestinians, often students or workers in western Europe, organized into cells. Black September, which had been founded in early 1971, had placed or recruited senior representatives in every major European city. Their main support came from Arab embassies. Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, the Libyan strongman who was Black September's major contributor, ordered his diplomats to render all assistance possible to the young terrorists, whom

(continued on page 164)



"Hello, there—you were asleep, so I took the liberty of screwing you!"

ME



AND THE OTHER GIRLS

on a bisexuality built for two

article

By **KATHY LOWRY**

ANGIE WAS FAR TOO wonderful-looking to hate, even if she *had* consented to carnally console Brian, my live-in lover, during our latest short-lived estrangement. She was a winsome combination of geisha girl and heart-slaying Southern belle: delicate little nose and mouth, cloud-soft luminous white skin and deep-brown eyes surrounded by a fringe of black lashes as perfect as those on the lids of rubber dolls. I broke the covet



commandment every time I looked at her, but I liked her too much to hold her beauty against her. Angie was often quiet, but when she did speak, it was in a soft Southern drawl that frequently erupted into contagious schoolgirl giggles. We shared a rather droll sense of humor that we cherished in each other, in the traditional narcissistic manner of soul mates.

She lived 200 miles away, so our friendship was forced to grow slowly and intermittently. I didn't get to see her at all during her visit in the fall of 1969, when Brian had once again banished me for straying into foreign carnal territory and surrendering without a fight. Angie, being a practical, sympathetic girl with no inflated notions of sex, had done what she could to cheer him up. But soon she was gone; after a few lonely nights at the local beer hall, Brian swallowed his righteous indignation, along with his pride, forgave my strumpet's ways "for the last time!" and invited me back home.

We'd been peacefully rehabilitating for about a week when Angie called to see how Brian was bearing up. He explained that we were back together but suggested she come up for the weekend, anyway, and this time spend it with us. Though nothing was spelled out, we assumed she knew we didn't need a third for bridge.

Please don't think I agreed to such bizarre sleeping arrangements on a moment's notice. It had taken Brian two years to get me this far. And despite a finely honed sense of adventure, I still had a few misgivings about venturing that far out on a sexual limb, especially at a time when Joan Baez had yet to declare herself an Equal Opportunity Lover and articles about group sex were more the province of pulp paperbacks than of slick magazines.

My acquiescence was all the more incongruous in light of the fact that I'd spent my formative years as an unremitting prude.

I began dating at 14, eventually permitting my steady boyfriend—a precocious 16-year-old—the honor of kissing me. But necking was merely a pleasant romantic exercise; it still didn't nudge to life any baser urges. When he finally insisted we touch each other more intimately, I threw his fake diamond ring in his incredulous face. He might have been less broken up had he known that the objects of his greatest interest were a sturdy pair of washable foam-rubber cones.

Despite my poor showing in the breast department, I turned out long-legged and pretty enough to have my share of men sniffing around, most of them older and all of them horny. I was almost 16 when a 23-year-old law student I was necking

with at a drive-in refused to be satisfied with my usual hug-and-kiss routine. Nor, for once, was I. Suddenly, there was a weak tickly feeling below my waist I couldn't quite place. After some breathy mauling, he slid his hand up my sun dress and brushed it lightly between my legs. This indiscretion melted the lower half of my body. All those formerly nauseating things seemed downright marvelous. I was immediately converted from fanatic prude to rabid hedonist. Scarcely a week went by that I didn't permit some enthusiastic guy, or my own fumbling hand, to rummage around down there until that delirious melting point was once again reached. However, I still shied away from letting anyone inside my newly discovered pleasure palace; I was determined to save that precious five or so inches of unexplored space for that still unmaterialized husband my mother promised.

But soon after my 17th birthday, I met a 30-year-old doctor with whom I fell madly in love. And vice versa, or so it seemed. One night, on a feather bed in his parents' ranch house, I went all the way. But even in my new-found wickedness, I was still hopelessly naïve: I thought this premarital-sex thing was as truly sinful as a body could get. Eight or nine men and four years later, when I began living with Brian, I gradually came to realize that "all the way" wasn't the only way.

Sexually, Brian was a self-made degenerate clown. His bedroom door was covered with gold tin foil; there were huge jagged mirrors at the head of his bed, surrounded by satanic black flames painted on the walls. The first time he led me to his lair, I felt as if I'd become the heroine in a Lenny Bruce version of the *Story of O*. He turned me on to grass, which proved to be the mellow aphrodisiac I'd always heard it was. Soon we were indulging in skin-mag fantasizing, baby-oil rubdowns, Polaroid sessions, fancy mirror tricks. I indulged his harmless fetishes gladly, flattered that my compliance was so enchanting to him. My new self-image as wanton woman made me bold; I was convinced there was nothing he could suggest that I wouldn't be willing to dare. But the night he casually mentioned that we should someday have an orgy, he went too far. I let out a howl of protest and burst into terrified tears. *Orgy!* Good God! I envisioned being gang-banged by a procession of sweaty strangers, cackling with glee while Brian leered on the side lines, snapped souvenir photos and shouted unnatural stage directions.

"No, purty," he quickly added, drying my eyes with a bed sheet. "I mean just the two of us—with a girl."

A girl! This was small comfort. "My God, Brian," I huffed, "I'm not quee-er!"

Or was I? Brian wisely dropped the subject temporarily, but as I fell asleep that night, I thought back to childhood mists, searching for clues to substantiate my claim. The evidence wasn't all that conclusive.

Once, when I was about 11, I spent the night with my best girlfriend and we got into a long and giggling discussion of sex and marriage (she was engaged to her fifth-grade sweetheart, I believe); then we decided to take turns being the boy as we snuggled naked in bed together. The "boy" had to tuck between her legs a rolled-up shower cap, which bore little resemblance to a penis but served its general function. There was no inserting on either part, of course—we had no idea how that was actually done—but this was the closest I came to any childhood sexual sensations. It felt good to hold someone I loved that close and it was pleasant to rub my round little-girl belly against hers.

I admitted to myself that, yes, there had been a few homosexual dreams peppering my normally heterosexual fantasies. Still, several times over the years, I'd been approached subtly by women and my instinctive reaction was always negative. One spooky-looking girl had come on to me at a party where I had had a fight with Brian and left the room in tears. She followed me and, though I had just met her, offered to take me in for the night. I refused; she implored. Finally, she reached for my hand, tucked inside the pocket of my peacoat. "Leave me alone!" I shouted, jerking my hand away from hers and running back up the stairs to Brian, who suddenly seemed the lesser of two evils.

It wasn't long after that, though, that I met Angie. There was something about her that always got me hyped up and anxious for her approval. I'd often been that way when meeting a man I was attracted to, but I had never felt—or let myself feel—that way about a woman. So by the night Angie called, I was glad that she was coming to see us—almost as glad as I was terrified.

I spent the two days before her arrival bustling around the house like any middle-American housewife: cooking, cleaning and conscientiously stocking the icebox with beer, wine, Pepsi—and three tabs of five-dollar sunshine acid. Brian and I had taken five or six LSD trips in the past, as part of my comprehensive sex training, and I'd always found LSD wonderfully erotic. I also thought it might be handy for removing any last-minute inhibitions.

Angie arrived on schedule, smelling of Alpha Keri bath oil and looking as great as ever in her short shorts and thong
(continued on page 112)

*the porsche turbo carrera
will make just about
everything else on the
american road look like
it's standing still*

WAVE GOODBYE!

modern living
BY BROCK YATES

Life begins at 3000 rpm. At more modest revs, lumping through traffic with the rest of the proles, your Porsche Turbo Carrera behaves like any one of a million ordinary automobiles; but once that threshold of 3000 revolutions per minute is reached, hang on and pay attention. Suddenly, with a
(text continued on page 90)

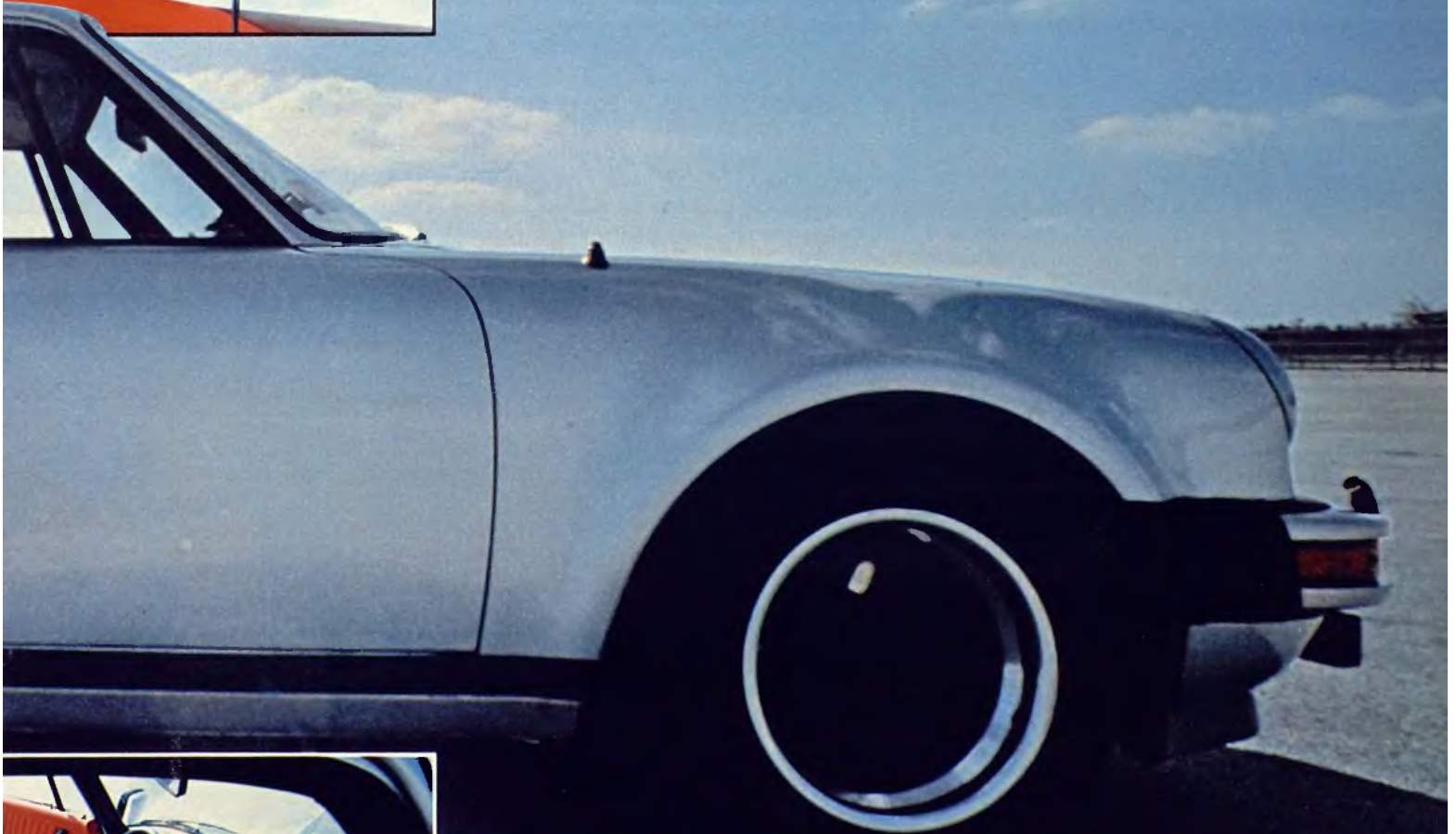


There's a combination of the brutal and the beautiful in the Turbo Carrera's lines. That mean-looking rear spoiler—dubbed the whale tail—provides more than the aerodynamic stability that will keep the car fastened firmly to the road when you're tooling along at 150 per; it also houses the car's air-conditioning condenser. The exhaust-driven turbocharger that gives the car its name boosts the fuel-injected engine's output to 234 horsepower, provides a quieter ride and does away with the necessity of a power-eating catalytic converter. And if you're interested in pushing your eyeballs to the back of your head, it can get you from 0 to 60 in under five seconds. Vroom!





As the inset at the bottom of this spread indicates, the Turbo Carrera may be a tiger on the road, but it doesn't want for the creature comforts. Standard equipment includes leather interior, air conditioning, AM/FM stereo with quad speakers, automatic heater control, electric everything and—to baby your hands when you're playing Stirling Moss—a leather-covered steering wheel. The device coming out of you on the left is definitely not standard equipment. It's a Super Snooper radar detector that our daring young man in the flying machine, Brock Yates, tocked on to give him a little peoce of mind while he was wringing out the Turbo Correira up and down the Eastern Seaboard



turbinelike surge and whine, the Turbo Carrera transforms itself from a docile, friendly puppy into a growling, fuming greyhound packed with enough power to blow all but a handful of the fastest cars on earth clean into the weeds. Here is this regular Porsche coupe—the same rather bulbous, broad-beamed little body that the legendary Stuttgart auto manufacturer has been producing in quantity for over a decade—with the power and speed to make a new Corvette seem like a Checker cab by comparison. Yes, America's sacred sports car, its teeth admittedly filed smooth by a variety of Government regulations, is still perceived as a fast car by most citizens; but against a Turbo Carrera, it is a doddering stumblebum—as these performance figures attest:

	<i>Corvette L82</i>
0-60	6.8 sec.
0-100	19.5 sec.
¼ mile	15 sec. at 92 mph
Top speed	120 mph
	<i>Porsche Turbo Carrera</i>
0-60	4.9 sec.
0-100	12 sec.
¼ mile	13.5 sec. at 102 mph
Top speed	165 mph

This brand of performance qualifies the Turbo Carrera as the fastest automobile presently available on the American market. A few cars, the Ferrari Berlinetta Boxer, the Lamborghini Countach, etc., are capable of higher top speeds, but they are not being imported into the United States. Besides, they are really expensive—somewhere in the neighborhood of \$50,000—whereas the Turbo can be yours for a modest \$26,000 (minus sun roof). Good Lord!—\$26,000 for a steamed-up version of the Porsche 911 that arrived on the market in 1964, costing \$6500. Of course, we've got the re-evaluation of the dollar and the Deutsche mark, rampaging inflation, etc., to account for part of the cost differential, but to non-Porsche freaks, the Turbo price sounds outrageous—which is a correct response. It is outrageous unless you happen to be lusting after the fastest production Porsche ever built and an automobile destined for the legendary status that surrounds such machines as the Type 59 Bugatti, the 1750 Alfa Romeo, the SJ Duesenberg and the 300 SL Gullwing Mercedes-Benz.

After several thousand miles behind the wheel of a Turbo, including a couple of wonderful blasts up and down the East Coast between Miami and New York, I can attest to the car's electric personality. Decked out with radar detector and C.B. radio (handle: Pressure Cooker) as countermeasures against the Smokeys, the Turbo was able to be operated much nearer its potential than one

might otherwise expect in the land of the halt, the lame and the 55-mph speed limit. And that potential is incredible. It is also deceiving. Thanks to the peculiar capabilities of the turbocharger, the automobile starts, idles and scuffles around at low speeds with the tame affability of its distant cousin, the Volkswagen Beetle, getting 19-20 miles per gallon of high-test gasoline along the way. Unlike those of most powerful cars, the Turbo engine needs no radical camshafts, high-compression pistons or hot ignition systems, which eliminates the lumpy idling, plug fouling and overheating that are endemic with such machinery.

The car is silent at all speeds, thanks to its smooth engine and the substantial insulation in its bodywork that isolates road noises. The quiet, coupled with the superb seats and the car's ability to track along as if it were on rails, permits one to gobble up miles without effort. But there are problems, relating primarily to the Turbo's inability to go slowly. Once on the interstate, even quasi-legal speeds like 65 mph seem absurdly slow, and one cannot hold the machine at anything much under 80 mph. In fact, the car is so stable in normal, straight-line situations that 85 mph becomes a nearly mandatory cruising speed—which, of course, can get you into a heap of trouble unless rapt attention is paid to the operations of the highway patrol in the area. This is complicated by the fact that the Turbo is about as inconspicuous as Elton John in Brooks Brothers, which causes heads to swivel wherever the car appears. There is something insidiously spectacular about the Turbo Carrera. At first glance, one is inclined to dismiss it as just another 911 coupe, but then the visual clues begin to dent the brain: the fat radial tires surrounded by the wide, lowered bodywork, complete with bold fender flares and a wonderful "whale tail" spoiler on the rear deck that houses the air-conditioning condenser and gives the machine an incongruously defiant look—like a midget in a storm trooper's uniform. All of this—the high-speed cruising and the spectacular styling—should be enough to ensure complete censure by the puritans and their surrogates who patrol the roads, but there is more. There is the Turbo.

Like those poor dolts in the television commercial who can't resist squeezing the toilet paper, a Turbo driver can't spend more than ten consecutive minutes behind the wheel without punching the throttle. With this simple movement comes a magnificent transformation, a *Götterdämmerung* of power that turns the car from a pleasant, nimble sports machine into a baby rocket sled. This takes place in any of the four gears, once the aforementioned threshold of

3000 rpm is crossed—even in fourth, where mashing the throttle at 90 mph will propel you to 140 mph in eight of the most thrilling seconds imaginable. This I did on repeated occasions during my Florida treks, and each time it was the same: that wonderful thrust of *g* forces in the small of the back, that delightful little whine from the Turbo and the eye-popping sight of the speedometer needle winding into the triple numbers like a runaway second hand.

Because speed comes so easily to a Turbo, certain caution is advised. It is, after all, still a Porsche, which means that its engine is hung off the back of the chassis like a steamer trunk. Porsches are famous for their nasty oversteering habits, and the Turbo will do nothing to diminish that reputation. With most of the weight hung out behind, the car wants to swap ends when really hard throttle applications and slippery surfaces are combined, and it is not as stable as a Ferrari or a Maserati at 150-plus velocities. In fact, it is quite twitchy at such heady speeds, especially in cross winds, which underlines the hard fact that the Turbo Carrera is an expert's automobile and should not be driven at the limit by the untrained. "Frankly, I'm worried that some of these cars are going to get into the hands of flakes and we're going to hurt some people," says one of the nation's largest Porsche dealers.

Of course, one could lay down his 26 grand and not take his Turbo out of the city, thereby never exposing himself to the temptations of really high speed. This is an alternative, because the Turbo is the ultimate urban-guerrilla car—so quick and nimble in the Stoplight Grand Prix circuit that you can blow away all your competitors—zooming through traffic with an alacrity the uninitiated refuse to accept. Yet limiting oneself with such a complete car would be silly. The Turbo does everything well, gaining superb marks in braking, handling, acceleration, comfort, fabrication, etc., which places its owner under a certain obligation to drive it well and use its vast capabilities properly.

The Turbo is something special, even in the lofty and arcane world of exotic cars. Its closest relative, the 911 Carrera, carries the same overhead-camshaft, flat-six, air-cooled engine, with a slightly smaller displacement (2.7 liters *vs.* 3 liters), produces 77 fewer horsepower (157 *vs.* 234) and costs about \$10,000 less. The essential difference is a collection of plumbing on the engine known as a turbocharger, a device that has long been accepted as the simplest—if not the cheapest—way to boost an engine's horsepower. The turbocharger is a relative of the supercharger,

(continued on page 180)



"When I gave your husband the go-ahead to have sex after his heart attack, I didn't expect. . . ."



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LINDA BEATTY

*our august playmate prizes her privacy—
but there are some things
she's willing to share with the world*



NEWCOMERS to Los Angeles soon learn that, in the City of Angels, everybody is somebody, or claims to be. One afternoon, Linda Beatty stopped for a sandwich in a deli on Pico Boulevard. A balding man in beat-up blue jeans started clearing her table, sweeping the crumbs into his hand, then putting them into his mouth. "Whaddaya want? Whaddaya want?" Linda asked to see a menu. "Menu, schmenu." Obviously, the guy was out for a big tip. Finally, a waitress came to Linda's rescue. "Don't let him bother you. That's Mel Brooks." "Sure," replied Linda, "and I'm Cinderella." But it *was* Mel Brooks. Someone has to be Mel Brooks, right? Either that or the group of writers who arrived and began to hold a conference at Linda's table were pretending to be writers working for an ersatz Mel Brooks. "He tried to hustle me for a date, not for himself but for one of his writers. Apparently they needed all the help they

"The greatest luxury in my life is solitude. My phone is disconnected. I come and go as I please. Freedom, to me, is choosing the time I want to be with others."



"I was an artist before I became a model. I still go to museums and movies to study beautiful images.

I just saw 'Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman.' I admired the heroine. She chose her own men and her own experiences. In a way, she was an artist, too."



"That film had a very sensual quality: It made me want to be there, to be doing the same things in the same places.

Since it dealt with sex in Bali and Bangkok, it was sort of a travelog for the body; I would like to see a film that could do the same thing for the other 99 percent of life."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON
GATEFOLO PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



"The days I have to myself I spend on myself: reading, exercising and meditating. On Sundays, I lie in bed, drinking orange juice and champagne, watching old flicks on TV."

could get." It was not the first time that Linda had failed to recognize a favorite celebrity. On a cross-country flight, a white-haired man in the seat next to her introduced himself as Bucky. "I thought he was a lettuce farmer, but it turned out that he was Buckminster Fuller. I had read all of his books, but I had never seen his picture. We spent the whole flight talking about domes and energy." We've all had the same problem; we see a movie but don't know what the director looks like. "Fuller looks like his ideas—basic, alive. He's very convincing." Linda has never stopped reading. She graduated from a small-town high school in western Kentucky when she was 16 and went on to attend the University of Kentucky and New College in Sarasota, Florida, on art scholarships. When she learned she could make a living and support her artistic endeavors as a high-fashion model, she dropped out of college. Now that she lives in L.A., people sometimes mistake *her* for a celebrity. "When my agent sent some of my photographs to the casting director of Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, and a few days later I received a message congratulating me for landing one of the few female roles, I called up and said, 'I'm sorry, but you must have the wrong person.' But they really wanted me." Linda plays, of all things, a Playmate who entertains the troops at a U.S.O. show emceed by Wolfman Jack. Art follows life. If you ever bump into Linda and she tells you she's a Playmate, believe her.

"What are my reasons for becoming a Playmate? Oh, I suppose I want to show my body to the world. To say, 'Hello out there. Enjoy!'"





MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"I have no desire to live exclusively for one person. That would be unhealthy. Right now, I'm dating several people who are into different things—a photographer, a schoolteacher, a mail-room assistant. Working out our differences teaches me about myself. Variety isn't the spice of life—it is life."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

With a few drinks under her belt, the amazon in the tavern was expounding on the women's liberation movement and about how she could get along very nicely without the male sex. After he had listened to her harangue for a while, the quiet sipper a few barstools down suddenly interrupted. "OK, Miss Smartass," he rumbled, "if your vibrator can do anything a man can do, let's see it pay for the next round of drinks!"

Upon being asked by his father if he knew about the birds and the bees, the pubescent boy exploded. "Look, Pop," he exclaimed, "for me there was no Santa Claus at six, no Easter bunny at seven, no tooth fairy at eight and no stork at ten—and now if you're saying that grownups don't really screw, I've had it!"



A novice streetwalker in a small city, still enthusiastic about her profession, was advised by a veteran colleague to pay attention to prospects' feet, since there was a relationship between their size and that of the basic masculine endowment. A few nights later, she spotted a strapping farm youth wearing a formidable pair of clodhoppers. sashayed up and soon had him in a nearby hotel.

Twenty minutes later, as they parted, the girl hesitated in the doorway and then pulled some bills out of her cleavage. "Here, hayseed," she said, "here's your money back. For God's sake, go buy yourself a pair of shoes that fit!"

*While in Brisbane, he happened to blunder
On the reason girls there are fecunder:
They've stock genitalia,
But girls in Australia,
Every day of their lives, are down under!*

You know, Harry made love to me through an entire TV program last night," the housewife told her neighbor and confidante. "The only trouble is, it was *The Bicentennial Minute*."

Conceivably, you've heard about the nun who was two monks behind in her period.

Year after year, the college coach had turned out losing teams, to the point where there were campus demonstrations demanding his removal. One perky little cheerleader remained fiercely loyal to the man, however. "I don't understand you, Cindy," said a friend one day. "How can you defend that futile incompetent?"

Cindy bristled; but then she smiled. "You see, Marge," she answered brightly, "coach Anderson isn't only hung in effigy!"

Although the famous president of the giant corporation kept importuning his stunning secretary, she kept insisting that she loved her husband and consequently just couldn't and wouldn't be unfaithful to him. And then one day, she came back unexpectedly early from lunch, walked into her boss's office—and found him masturbating.

"Mr. Travis!" she gulped. "What are you doing?"

Travis smiled weakly. "My dear," he muttered, "it's sometimes very lonely here at the top."

*In Milan, a young dyke named Orsini
Served her lesbian friend a martini,*

Then suggestively said,

"Let's have pasta in bed!"

Which, of course, meant some cunnilingui.

Following a well-meaning visiting friend's suggestion, an underendowed fellow took to sleeping standing up in a specially rigged harness with a weight attached to his manhood. Some months later, the friend came through town again. "Tell me," he said to the standing sleeper, "how much your dong has lengthened."

"It's really hardly changed," was the reply, "but it does keep perfect time!"

"I have wonderful news, your Majesty!" exclaimed the grand vizier as he entered the sultan's bedchamber. "For your seventy-fifth birthday, your cousin, the caliph, has sent you a pair of exquisite seventeen-year-old virgins!"

"Ah, yes," mused the sultan. "Well, with this disturbing new central air conditioning, I suppose I can always use them as ear muffs."



While examining the young man's lip infection, the doctor asked, "Have you done anything unusual lately, like, say, learning to smoke a pipe or trying a different shaving cream or maybe sucking on a lot of oranges?"

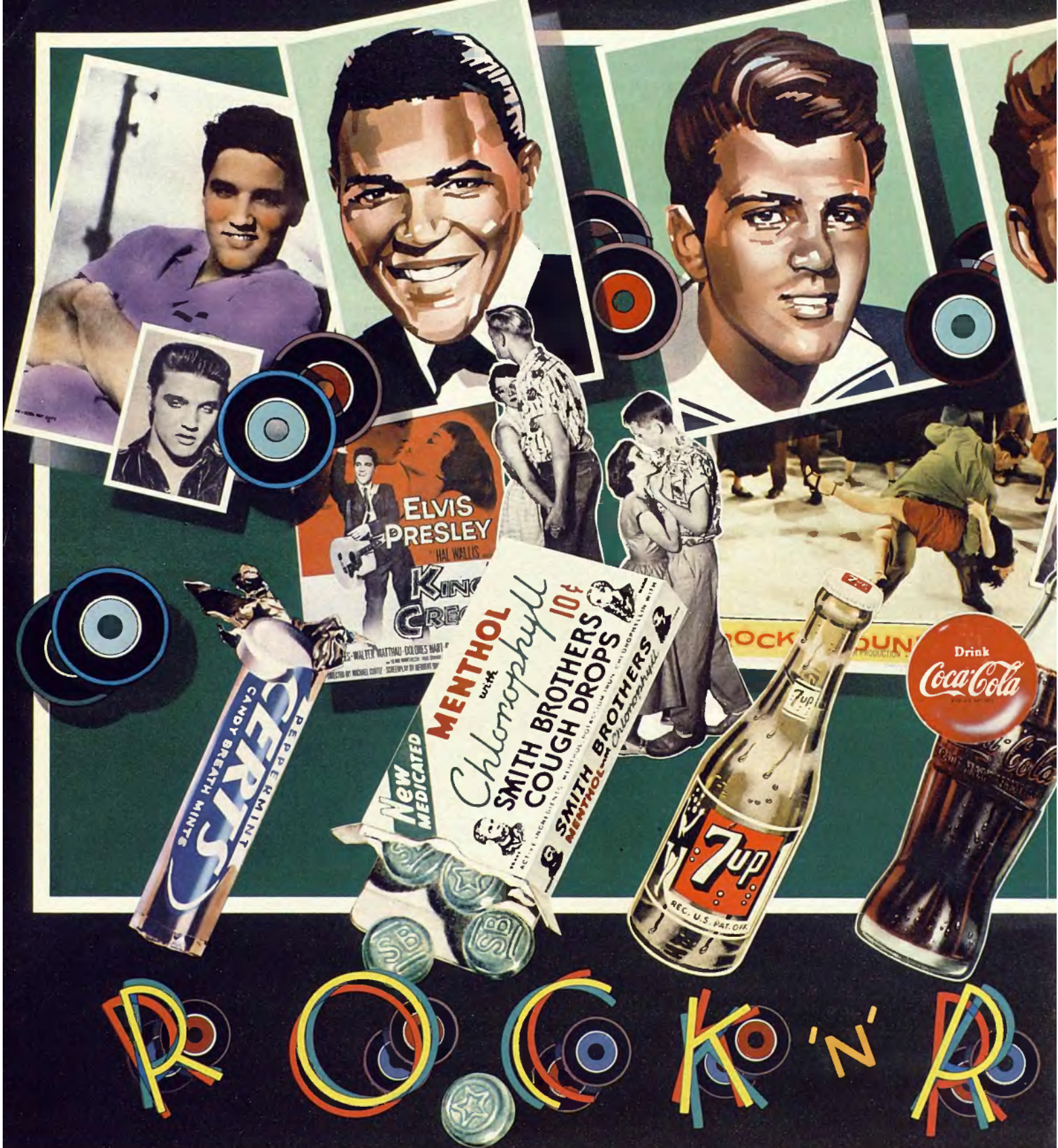
"There was one thing, doctor," answered the patient. "I had a birthday last week and my father took me to a bordello, where he paid an attractive girl to give me some practical experience in the facts of life."

"That explains it," said the medical man. "Tell me, didn't your father warn you never to lick a gift whore in the mouse?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"What a day! First my cake wouldn't rise, and now this..."



who put the bomp in the bomp shoo bomp?

And who put the ram in the rama lama ding dong?

Who cares? You do.

This isn't really trivia we're talking about here—it's life. And it's all up there. In your brain. Your mind is an attic, full of dusty sax breaks, broken doo-wops and cobwebs of teenage wisdom

sung in falsetto. Every one means something—whether you like it or not. Think back. Where were you when you first heard *Rock Around the Clock*? Which night at the teen canteen will *At the Hop* always remind you of? Wasn't *Jailhouse Rock* playing on the radio when the fuzz finally nailed you in that hot-wired

quiz By SCOT MORRIS

Corvette? And doesn't *Lovers Never Say Goodbye* make you ache over what's her name all over again?

So let us not call it trivia. This is a quiz about Your Life, cheaper and more fun than therapy. But can you pass, Daddy-o?

1. Black-denim trousers and motorcycle boots go well with:



Rock 'N' ROLL

1.
 - A. A white sports coat and a pink carnation
 - B. A monogrammed zip gun
 - C. A black-leather jacket with an eagle on the back
 - D. Anything the animal wearing them says they do
 - E. Any good black wine
2. What was made out of 100 pounds of clay?
 - A. The whole wide world
 - B. A woman
 - C. Five 13ths of Muhammad Ali
 - D. 100 pounds of ashtrays
 - E. 50 thou in six weeks
3. Finish this line by The Impalas: "I'm sorry,
 - A. So sorry, that I was such a fool"
 - B. I ran all the way home"
 - C. I spit up on your dress"
 - D. I hit you with my Harley and not my heart"
 - E. I can't understand what's wrong—this has never happened to me before"
4. The Big Bopper's real name was:
 - A. Richard Penniman
 - B. J. P. Richardson
 - C. Lawrence Bopper
 - D. Bob Bopper
 - E. Margaret Truman
5. Who of the following played for The Champs, (continued on page 193)

attire By DAVID PLATT

Putting Up a Good Front



announcing the natty return of the dress shirt and tie

Although they never really faded from the men's fashion scene, shirts and ties have not been the rage in the past few years. But with renewed interest in suits as an elegant alternative to the sporty hang-loose look, it's logical that shirts and ties would stage a comeback, too.

Above: A two-handed grab for the day's selection—a two-tone acetate/nylon number with variable-striped design, by Pascal of Spain, about \$43, and a silk/wool crepe tie, by Missoni for Berkley Cravats, about \$18.

Opposite page, top: Now, here's a tubside tug of war that appears to be dangerously close to getting out of hand. At least that's what the lady thinks; her man, however, keeps his cool in a variable-striped silk shirt with long-pointed collar and barrel cuffs, by Al B. Arden, \$40, and a multicolor-striped silk tie, by Yves St. Laurent for Berkley Cravats, about \$14. (Her nifty outfit, which includes a silk vest, shirt and tie, is by Pulitzer-Her and Bill Kaiserman for Rafael.)

Opposite page, bottom: The morning-after pause that refreshes. She's playing hard to get just around the corner in the shower (ah, ah, ah, don't touch that dial) while he nonchalantly knots up in his own little corner of their both world. His choice: a pinstripe cotton shirt with wide-spread collar and French cuffs, \$40, plus a geometric jacquard silk tie, \$18.50, both by Ralph Lauren for Polo. (Her pinstripe cotton blouse and polka-dot silk tie are both by Pulitzer-Her.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GERT





Above: Pardon me, boy, but you're stepping on that decidedly handsome geometric-print cotton shirt with long-pointed collar, by Gont Shirtmakers, \$27.50. And if that's not enough to leave your blonde friend in a tizzy, the accompanying striped and geometric-patterned silk tie, by Yves St. Laurent for Berkley Cravats, about \$14, is taking a bit of a beating, too. (In case you didn't notice, she's wearing satin tricot tap pants and bra, by Paula Carbone for Papillon.)

Opposite page, top: She eyeballs the object of her affection—without changing his complexion, as the guy's mind is obviously on the multicolor variable-striped cotton/polyester shirt with contrasting curved collar and barrel cuffs, by Tre-re for George Graham, about \$45, and abstract-patterned pongee silk tie, by Bernard Chaix for George Graham, about \$23, hanging near the mirror. (She has on a very huggable satin tricot "teddy" with lace appliqué, by Paula Carbone for Papillon.)

Opposite page, bottom: *Touché*, pussycat, he says. A little dab will do ya. She, in turn, squirts him with the sweet smell of success. Not that he needs it, of course, what with that striped plaid polyester/cotton shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by John Henry, \$20, and an ancient-madder-design silk tie, by Pancaldi & B for Mark Schwartz, about \$30, at the ready for whatever the day will bring. (Little mischievous wears a satin tricot camisole, again by Paula Carbone for Papillon.)







"Frankly, some of those truths aren't so self-evident to me."

(continued from page 86)

sandals. We spent the evening drinking, talking and listening to music at a local hangout before getting down to our real, if unmentioned, business. Though Angie was almost as tall and thin as I was, she had a lovely soft roundness to her. I kept wanting to reach over and run my hand across the slinky dark blouse she wore, which outlined her smallish but perfect breasts. Despite my boyish figure, Angie seemed to be harboring similar tactile urges. After she watched me dance with a mutual male friend, she commented, "I can't decide which of you looked better." It was the sexiest thing anyone had ever said to me.

When last call for alcohol was announced, the three of us feigned sudden, acute exhaustion, abandoning the crest-fallen stags who'd swarmed around Angie all night, assuming she was a third wheel looking for the right axle to come along. If they hadn't been so fixated on Angie, they might have noticed the revealing expression of sultanic conquest on Brian's beaming face.

By the time we'd locked ourselves into our playhouse, the acid we'd washed down with the last pitcher of beer was working its usual wondrous ways with me. Everything looked shimmery; Angie seemed more beautiful than ever and my womb muscles were performing involuntary rumbas. But Brian, always an alcoholic first and a dopehead pervert second, had consumed so much beer he'd fallen asleep on the day bed where we sat making nervous small talk. We panicked. There was no way on earth either of us could make the initial overture without Brian's providing the essential friendly persuasion. As frantically as if giving artificial respiration, we shook him back to consciousness. He awoke to find himself flanked by his two eager companions. Quickly recovering his bearings, he reached out and gave each of us a simultaneous hug, then turned to kiss Angie. (This didn't bother me, company first being an old Southern custom.) She received his attentions by leaning back in a rapturous swoon, closing her Kewpie-doll eyes and tacitly assuming no further responsibility.

Brian necked with her, stroking the inside of her blue-jeaned thighs, as I watched, transported. It was so intimate I felt like a Peeping Thomasina, but I still couldn't keep from staring. Gradually, he unbuttoned her blouse and, taking my hand, gently eased it inside. My hushed and tremulous awe must have been contagious: None of us made a sound. The strange sensation of fondling soft round curves and stroking her baby-soft skin took away what little

breath I had. I realized how totally different women's bodies feel—and how great. *No wonder they love us so much!* By then, Angie was as carried away as I was in my woozy acid delirium.

Then Brian turned to me. "Go get in bed now," he whispered. I obediently withdrew my hand from its warm, comfy nesting place, went into the bedroom, undressed and slipped between the covers, sitting up expectantly in bed, waiting for my feast to be carried in. A few minutes later, Brian appeared at the door wearing nothing but a hard-on, followed by a now-blouseless Angie, a tiny self-conscious smile on her happy flushed face. Brian stood beside me while I buried my head in my favorite salty place, rhythmically moving against him as he guided me with his hands. When I turned my attentions from him, Angie was lying stretched out beside me on the bed, now completely naked. Looking down at her small brown nipples and the slight sprinkle of freckles on the white skin above her breasts, then down to the pale belly and the dark glossy center, I realized I'd never been that close to a nude woman before, certainly not in a horizontal position. It was strange to see sex from a man's viewpoint. After a moment of hesitation, our shyness was overcome by the stronger force of sexual gravity. Angie's tongue and mouth and her short wispy hair seemed to be everywhere at once, her small hands fluttering over me: a flock of birds landing on a still pond, sending forth ripples. Soon we were wrapped around each other, moaning the soft, ecstatic moans of a long repressed desire suddenly satisfied—two little girls with no need for a rolled-up shower cap. Brian, smiling, slowly stroked himself as he watched. He looked serene, happy, vastly pleased: perfectly content to sit back and spectate, occasionally reaching over to put Angie's hand on me or mine on her as we moved and stroked and whimpered. I remember thinking how ironical it was that something so forbidden and supposedly perverse should come so naturally. The narcissism of it was undeniable: It was like making love to my own shadow.

"Kiss her," Brian urged, as I lay resting with my head on Angie's belly, inhaling the musky scent of sex mingled with her lotion. I planted a tentative kiss on the dark mound, almost fearing she'd refuse me. She didn't, but neither of us, I felt, was quite ready for this, and I kissed my way back up into her arms in affectionate retreat. Sensing our trepidation and our need, Brian slipped his hand between my legs and began moving his fingers inside me while finding Angie with his mouth, burrowing into her until she gasped for breath—working on us

so deftly we both began to spin simultaneously. After he'd satisfied us, Brian climbed on top of Angie and pushed his way in with no trouble, though she looked too small and fragile to accommodate him. Apparently my fears were unfounded: She lay quietly beneath him while he moved inside her for a few minutes. Pulling out of her, he thrust himself into me so unexpectedly that I gasped more from surprise than from pleasure. It's difficult to say who was responsible for my final scalding-lava climax, but I realized when I finally opened my eyes that Angie's little cat's tongue had been lapping away at an often overlooked nipple the whole time—which may be why coming felt about twice as good as usual.

By then, we were all exhausted from overspent passion and the simultaneous comedown from the acid. Brian left us, to sleep in the other room, and Angie and I fell asleep in seconds, holding each other, kissing and purring but never exchanging a word. Once, early in the morning, we awoke at the same time, instinctively reached for and caressed each other, were quickly and thoroughly satisfied and fell into an even sounder sleep—that long-elusive goal of simultaneous orgasm reached under rather offbeat circumstances.

Brian woke us about midmorning and took us out to breakfast. My fear that things would be awkward after the fact was dissipated. We laughed and talked in a way that made it clear none of us was self-conscious, though all were aware of the pleasant difference. I felt more tender toward Angie than ever before and knew she felt the same about me. Brian seemed so proud and happy having two pretty girls on his hands he apparently forgot to feel left out when we practically ignored him.

Angie left for home later that day and Brian and I were suddenly left to cope with the letdown of already realized fantasies. Still jangling with residual sexual energy, we found ourselves falling into bed, mauling each other lackadaisically while we avidly recalled every small erotic detail: two doddering remember-whens yearning for the good ole days of the night before. But something was very wrong: Sex without Angie suddenly seemed far less tantalizing than it had before. Seeing a man naked wasn't half so erotic to me; everything Brian did seemed like second-banana thrills. Previously, I had whiled away the hour in a boring Government II course fantasizing about men; now it was Angie who crowded out everything else. I began to worry that maybe I really was queer, after all—that all my years of selective but enthusiastic nymphomania had been nothing but a

(continued on page 184)



SUMMER SPARKLERS

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

IF YOU SWALLOW the party line emanating from Reims and other capitals of the bubbly, you'll be missing out on one of summer's urbane pleasures—the sparkling wine cooler. The *Champenois* would have you believe it's sacrilegious to mix or modify their precious effervescent in any way! The fact is, sparkling long drinks, cocktails and punches are particular favorites in regions that produce these exhilarating beverages. Privately, not even the image-conscious champagne growers are such absolute sticklers. There is, for example, the neat trick of

swirling a tulip glass with ¼ oz. fragrant raspberry brandy, then adding chilled champagne and a plump, ripe berry. Smashing!

Burgundians are much easier about these things. A drink mating two local specialties, white *vin mousseux* and black-currant liqueur, has become widely popular as the Kir Royale. French restaurateur Paul Bocuse borrows from both of the foregoing, combining framboise (raspberry brandy), crème de cassis and champagne for his Bocuse Original.

A tilt toward (continued on page 116)

fizzy first aid for those frying-eggs-on-the-sidewalk days

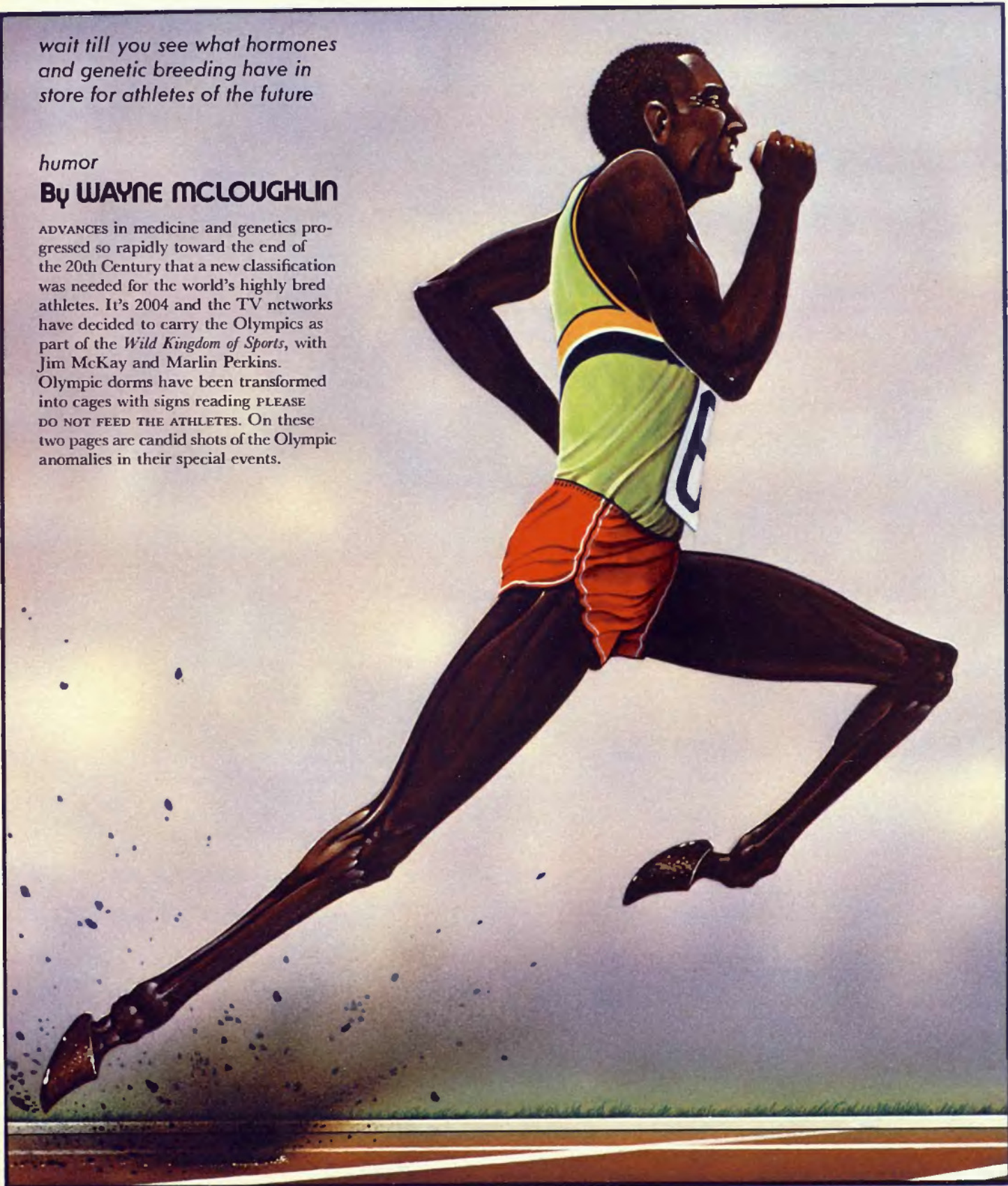
THE OLYMPICS OF 2004

wait till you see what hormones and genetic breeding have in store for athletes of the future

humor

By WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

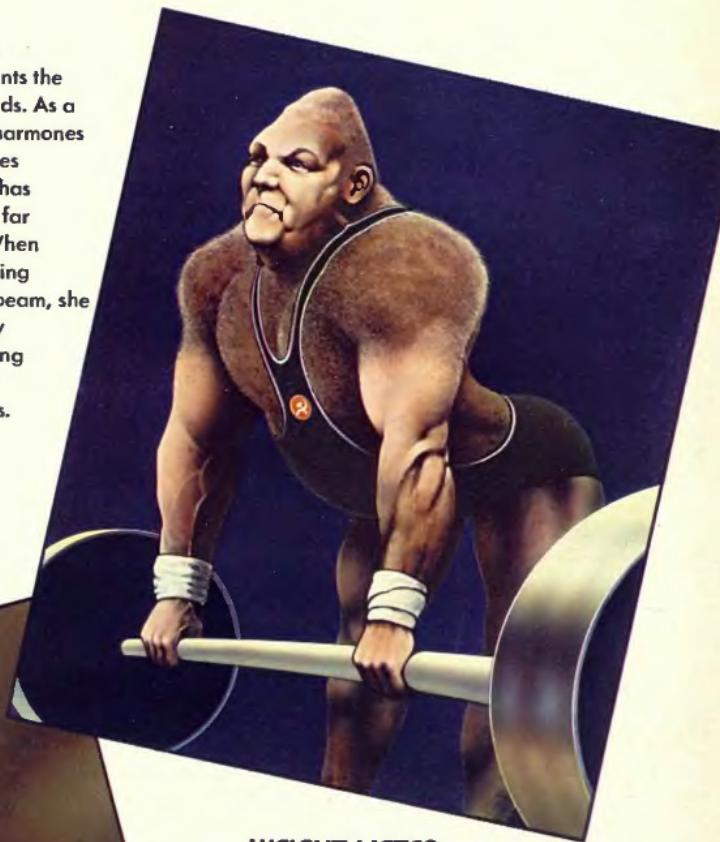
ADVANCES in medicine and genetics progressed so rapidly toward the end of the 20th Century that a new classification was needed for the world's highly bred athletes. It's 2004 and the TV networks have decided to carry the Olympics as part of the *Wild Kingdom of Sports*, with Jim McKay and Marlin Perkins. Olympic dorms have been transformed into cages with signs reading PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE ATHLETES. On these two pages are candid shots of the Olympic anomalies in their special events.



SPRINTER This runner's event is the 440 high furlongs, and he was the big winner in 1998 at Aqueduct. He earned his berth on the Olympic squad by working part time pulling a milk wagon and is rewarded after each sprint with a sugar cube. He bridled at the fact that his teammates refused to walk behind him during the Olympic Parade.

GYMNAST

Left: This female gymnast represents the Galápagas Islands. As a result of taking hormones for years, her eyes revolve and she has acquired a taste for used fly strips. When she is not practicing on the balance beam, she amuses her party guests by changing her skin color to match the drapes.



BROAD JUMPER

Right: The broad jumper, who performs best after a rainstorm, was nearly disqualified for laitering around the Olympic Torch catching bugs on her tongue. She relaxes by soaking in a Jacuzzi with only her eyes showing.



WEIGHT LIFTER

Above: The Soviets have long bred their weight lifters in captivity, and this gentleman is the current champ. In Omsk, he lifted the bleachers along with the bar bell for a new record. On a recent tour of the U.S., he had to be coaxed down off the Empire State Building.

WRESTLERS

Below: These two wrestlers took different hormones for their event. The one on the bottom reads Ionesca and gares referees. The athlete on top sheds his arms once a year; he enjoys going to Central Park and hypnotizing the pigeons.



SWIMMER

Above: The new breed of Olympic swimmer sports fashionable gills and is trained by old Jacques Cousteau at Marineland. A tragic note: The free-style champion was recently caught off Key West and is now mounted for display at Abercrambie & Fitch. 115

SUMMER SPARKLERS (continued from page 113)

sparkling coolers is by no means restricted to the French *bon bouche*. Several long drinks featuring *Asti spumante* were among the winners in a recent bartenders' contest, held in Milan. German *Herren* dote on *Bowlen*, combinations of summer fruits and *Sekt*, the *Deutsche* effervescent. The young studs favor a *Schuss* of *Sekt* in their beer after a romp on the soccer field—or in the hay!

Happily for us, American champagnes and sparkling wines make beguiling summer coolers. They're fruity and carefully made—and the price is right. Even the low-end California champagnes are clean and remarkably free of off flavors. In this historic year, West Coast vintners are urging patriots to salute the Bicentennial with a California '76, an updated version of the classic French '75. The Mimosa, combining the native orange juice and the native bubbly, is a perennial choice at poolside, dockside and other summer scenes. An interesting variant substitutes grapefruit for the orange.

In the opinion of Charles Fournier, dean of New York vintners, "pineapple is the juice that respects the flavor of the champagne most." The man is, as they say, entitled—since he's been making champagne for well over half a century. M. Fournier's special sparkling punch, heretofore reserved for wine-industry get-togethers, is given below—along with a clutch of other ebullient summer sips.

CHARLES FOURNIER'S CHAMPAGNE PUNCH (Serves 25)

1 bottle Chablis Nature
3 cups pineapple juice
3 ozs. brandy
2 bottles Charles Fournier Blanc de Blancs Champagne

Lemon, orange, strawberries

"All ingredients must be thoroughly refrigerated before use," says *le grand Charles*; "otherwise, the ice will melt too fast, diluting the punch."

Pour Chablis Nature, pineapple juice and brandy over large block of "very cold ice." Stir. Add champagne very slowly to conserve bubbles. Stir once. Decorate with a few orange and lemon slices and halved strawberries.

Replenish as necessary, but in proportions given in recipe: 1 bottle champagne to 1/2 bottle wine, 1 1/2 cups pineapple juice and a jigger of brandy. Chilled!

CALIFORNIA '76

1/2 oz. California brandy
1/2 oz. lemon juice
1 oz. grapefruit juice
1 teaspoon superfine sugar
California champagne, chilled
Orange slice

Shake first four ingredients briskly, with ice. Strain into 8-oz. highball glass

with 1 ice cube. Fill with champagne. Garnish with orange slice. Stir once.

Note: You'll get 6 tall drinks from each bottle of champagne.

MELODY

One of the winners in the Italian barmen's contest. As the name suggests, it's a harmonious blend.

1 oz. rum
1/2 oz. triple sec
1/2 oz. lemon juice
Asti spumante, chilled
Orange or lemon slice

Shake first three ingredients with ice. Strain into tulip champagne glass. Add a good splash of *Asti spumante*—an ounce or two. Stir once. Garnish with fruit slice.

KIR ROYALE

Before it became a fashionable "new drink," this was known as a Cardinal Cocktail.

Crème de cassis
White sparkling burgundy, chilled

Place 1 to 2 teaspoons crème de cassis in chilled tulip champagne glass; swirl to coat sides of glass. Add about 4 ozs. sparkling wine.

THE BICYCLE

La Bicyclette was a favorite at the Riviera Bar of the late, lamented S.S. France. And this is how Raymond, the ship's First Bartender, prepared it.

2 ozs. dry vermouth
2 teaspoons crème de cassis
Champagne or sparkling wine, chilled
Orange slice, if desired

Pour vermouth and liqueur over ice in highball glass; stir. Fill with champagne or sparkling wine. Garnish with orange slice, if you like.

BOCUSE ORIGINAL

A similar drink is offered at Chicago's Le Perroquet restaurant as Bollinger à la Framboise—made with Bollinger Extra Dry Champagne.

1 tablespoon crème de cassis
1 tablespoon framboise
3 ozs. champagne, chilled
Raspberry or strawberry, if desired

Place crème de cassis and framboise in chilled tulip champagne glass; swirl to coat sides of glass. Add champagne and garnish with ripe raspberry or strawberry, if desired.

Another version: 1 teaspoon each cherry cordial and kirschwasser in chilled wineglass. Add 3 ozs. chilled sparkling wine. Garnish with pitted cherry.

KULLERPFIRSICH

This recipe comes from Peter Sichel, producer of Sparkling Blue Nun. He says that in Germany, the drink is properly served in a special, chimney-style

glass. Any large glass, such as a balloon burgundy, will do nicely. Just be sure it has at least a 12-oz. capacity—16-oz. is preferable. *Kullerpfirsich*, incidentally, means tumbling peach.

1 ripe peach for each glass
Sparkling Blue Nun or other sparkling wine, chilled

Wash and dry peaches. Pierce flesh all over with tines of fork and place in chilled large wineglass. Pour in sparkling wine to cover fruit. The peach puts on a show, spinning around in the glass, while adding a subtle fragrance to the wine. Replenish glass with cold bubbly when it runs down. At the end, you get to eat the luscious, winy peach.

CALIFORNIA ROSE BOWL (Serves 20 to 25)

1 lb. ripe freestone peaches, peeled and sliced
1/4 cup vanilla sugar or superfine sugar
1/2 bottle California chenin blanc
3 bottles California pink champagne or crackling rosé

Sprinkle peaches with sugar, then pour chenin blanc or other fragrant California white wine over them; stir. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Transfer to chilled punch bowl. Add champagne or crackling rosé, pouring down side of bowl to conserve bubbles; stir once. Dip a slice of fruit into each portion. A float of sliced ripe strawberries is nice but not mandatory.

KEUKA COOLER (Serves 8 to 10)

This is a favorite around Keuka Lake, home of the fine New York State champagnes. Quick and good.

1 can (6 ozs.) frozen lemonade concentrate
1 bottle Taylor or Great Western champagne
Cucumber slices, chilled

Mint sprigs
Reconstitute lemonade as directed on can and chill. To serve, pour equal parts lemonade and champagne into chilled goblets. Garnish each drink with cucumber slice and mint sprig.

MAHARAJA'S BURRA PEG

Cube sugar
Angostura or orange bitters
1 1/2 ozs. cognac
Champagne or sparkling wine, chilled
Peel of 1/2 lime, in spiral
Frosted goblet (directions below)

Place sugar cube in large frosted goblet; add 2 or 3 dashes bitters. (The original recipe calls for Angostura, but our preference is for orange bitters. Add cognac and muddle to dissolve sugar. Add 1 ice cube and fill with champagne or sparkling wine. Decorate glass with lime spiral.

Frosted goblet: Rub rim of goblet with cut lime. Invert and swirl in granulated
(concluded on page 192)

SEX IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER

if you're going to do some heavy breathing, why not take in some fresh air?

The battle of the bedroom has been won, the territory secured. Now the sexual revolution moves to another front, the American wilderness. Make love on the edge of time, high above the Colorado River along the north rim of the Grand Canyon. Or . . .



... discover the stillness of the desert in Death Valley, California. The world is reduced to simple elements. Sky and sand. Man and Woman. The desert yields its secret: It is not still but in motion. The wind shapes the sand into curves, one grain at a time. You caress her body, one cell at a time. In the arid, ageless landscape, she is an oasis. Henry David Thoreau once observed, "The finest workers in stone are not copper or steel tools but the gentle touches of air and water, working at their leisure, with a liberal allowance of time." Here you have all the time in the world. Unconfined, her cries reach out toward the horizon. The moment evaporates.



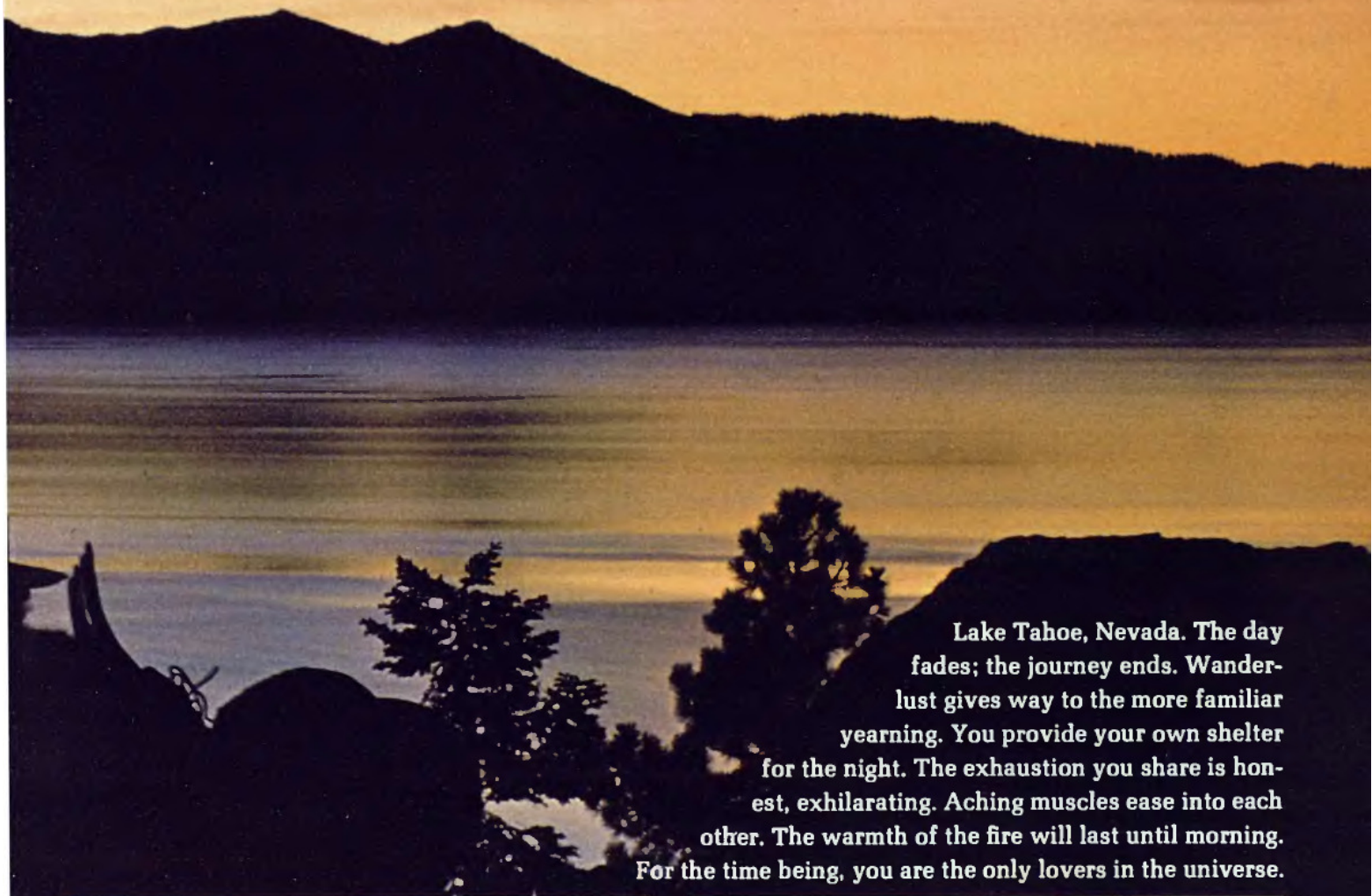




Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona. Your lover feels weightless, held in place against the torrent of water by the strength of your embrace. The rush of liquid creates a subtle inescapable friction, as if the water were performing oral sex on her entire body. She is on the verge of being swept away. You release her now.







Lake Tahoe, Nevada. The day fades; the journey ends. Wanderlust gives way to the more familiar yearning. You provide your own shelter for the night. The exhaustion you share is honest, exhilarating. Aching muscles ease into each other. The warmth of the fire will last until morning. For the time being, you are the only lovers in the universe.





Expedition. A mile or so away, a highway cuts through the redwood forest north of Eureka, California. You have left your car on the road. You have left your clothes somewhere else. You need go no farther. The ancient trees reach toward the sun; the sun reaches toward the earth. Caught between, you have gone Eden one better.



THE VARGAS GIRL



*"I could describe
it better if my
arms were longer."*

Vargas

IF YOU WERE a young buck of the 1830s—a guardsman, a barrister, a medical student or even a peer—after the theater, you might end the evening at the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane or the Fielding's Head near Covent Garden. Along with your deviled turkey and punch, you would get entertainment in the form of

bawdy ballads roared out by a singer accompanied on a battered piano. It might be *Oh, Miss Tabitha Ticklecock!* or *Peggy and the Ball Cock* or *The Essence of Lanky-Doodle* or *My Woman Is a Rummy Whore!* The end of this jovial song tradition came when the music halls began to admit women and

the entertainment had to be modified for female ears.

The songs were preserved, however, in sixpenny or shilling songbooks printed by John Duncombe, William West or H. Smith under such titles as *The Cockalorum Songster* and *The Coal Hole Companion*—all of which are now very rare.

**THERE'S NO SHOVE
LIKE THE FIRST SHOVE**

(An entire new amorous parody on *There Is No Love Like the First Love*)

Though randy coves may bluster,
And talk a precious lot
Of the pleasures they experience
Every night with some old mot,
Let them grind them if they like it,
But my belief is this,
There is no shove like the first shove
For ecstasy and bliss.

When a girl's just turned sixteen
And of beauty she does smack,
Oh, is it not a pleasure then
Her little notch to crack,
To lay her on her duff then
And her belly white to kiss?
At the first shove, if 'tis a good shove,
Won't she swoon away with bliss?

Oh, the transport of that moment,
I can't describe. I'm sure
It must be such a joy to her
Who ne'er has seen a jock before.
But when she sees its large nose
And trembles out, "What's this?"
Oh, there's no shove like the first shove
For ecstasy and bliss.

Then give to me a maiden
Whose door is tight as air.
With my master key so tempting,
I'll soon make entry there.
I'll go to work in transport,
For my belief is this:
There is no shove like the first shove
For ecstasy and bliss!



THE MAID AND THE FISHMONGER

Oh, listen awhile and I'll not keep you long.
I've a comical tale for a comical song.
To the ladies I give it, I'll tell you for why—
I know they're all fond of a tail on the sly.

As fish is my theme, of a maid I will sing,
Who was sent out one day for to purchase some ling.
But when she got to the shop, she looked sad and demure,
For she could not remember what she was sent for.

In vain she endeavored to think of the name,
While the fishmonger sought for to do the same.
At first he had got it, he thought, egod!
So he asked her, quite bold, if she didn't want cod.

"Oh, no," said the girl, "you haven't yet hit it.
"For I'm so used to cod I could never forget it."

Then the fishmonger named all the fish he thought would
Be the right; but in vain—neither guess it they could.

At last, quite impatient, the girl said, "My swell,
"Do you think you could guess the right fish by the smell?"
"Oh, yes! That I could," said the man, "my sweet maid,
"Cause I know all the arts and the rigs of my trade."

Then the girl shoved her hand 'neath her clothes in a shot
And rubbed it about on a certain sweet spot;
Then, blushing so sweetly as you may suppose,
She put her hand up to the fishmonger's nose.

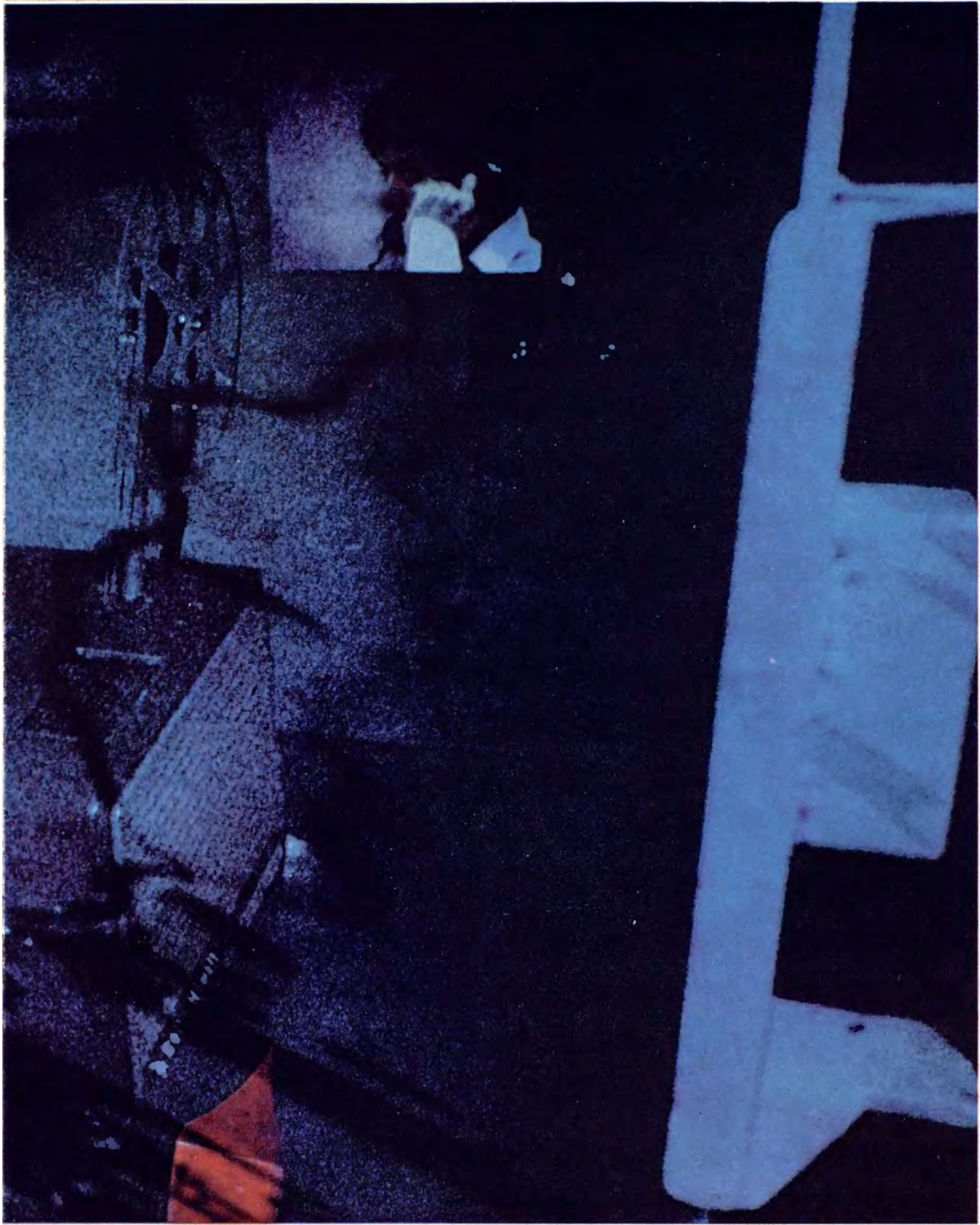
The fishmonger smelt it and cried with delight,
"I know what you want, by the smell, now all right!
"Twas a good thought of yours, recollection to bring;
"I'll tell you directly—you wanted some ling!"



DOG DAY AFTERMATH

taking up where "dog day afternoon" left off—the true story of the real bank robber who went to prison, was gang-raped, forgotten and fleeced by hollywood

article **By CLIFF JAHN** Tuesday, August 22, 1972. . . . As historical footnotes go, it was the summer night America watched Sammy Davis Jr. plant a kiss on Richard Nixon, the most spontaneous moment all evening on the telecast of the G.O.P. renominating convention in Miami. Up in New York, however, folks were getting cops-'n'-robbers suspense when reports of a stick-up in progress at a Chase Manhattan Bank periodically



flashed on the tube, even in the middle of the President's acceptance speech.

There he was, a swaggering, boyish gunman who could easily pass for Al Pacino, lecturing reporters on the death penalty, then pacing the sidewalk, screaming, "*Back off!*" at the cops, while calling the FBI into bargaining chats concluded with a handshake, while his partner, Sal, held a gun on hostages inside the bank.

Meanwhile, in Miami: "And I say to you, my fellow Americans. . ."

They had a thing in common, those two, Nixon and the crook at the bank, a young out-of-work teller named John Wojtowicz (Wot-o-wits). Both were destined to pay dearly for their crimes as a result of extra efforts on the part of the media.

In Wojtowicz' case, it was inadvertent overkill. Not counting the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald,

this was the first crime to be played out on television, both because it went on for 14 hours and because the robber's style was so friendly, his motive so original—he needed the money, he announced, to pay for a sex-change operation for Ernie, his male “wife.” For viewers, it had everything, crime, sex, money, love—and death. Within a few days, there was a nationwide media burnout on “the gay bank robber”; and a month later, *Life* ran a seven-page article that then inspired hard- and softcover books and the hit movie *Dog Day Afternoon*, which went on to win an Academy Award for best screenplay.

Although screenwriter Frank Pierson followed the facts rather closely, some events in the movie were fictionalized, such as John's conversation with his mother in the street (he told her on the phone, “Ma, I don't know what I'm doing”), fistfights at the barricades between hardhats and gay activists (gays scoffed at John as any kind of hero), John's sending up shouts to the crowd of “Attical Attica!” (“That,” he assured me, “would have scared the hostages shitless.”)

It's true that the bank employees began to fall for the manic charm of Wojtowicz. “We were having a party,” one said. “We never really thought we'd be harmed; the gunmen treated us so nicely.”

Not every act of bravery—or lack of it—could be shown. For example, in the movie, the first hostage released is an elderly bank guard in poor health. In real life, he was a strapping, 24-year-old dude who begged on his knees, “Please, man, don't shoot me,” and made everybody so nervous they were glad to get rid of him. By contrast, when they had a chance to get away, both Robert Barrett, the bank manager, and Shirley Ball, a teller, chose not to do so.

Finally, wrapped in hostages, the gunmen were driven to Kennedy airport, where, under the wing of a waiting jet, the FBI rushed them. Bang!—a gun crack—and suddenly, the hostages were safe, John was in custody and Sal was dead, with a bullet through his heart. It's not nice to fool with the FBI.

I have a light over my little cell. . . . When I lie down, I think of you constantly and I make believe the light is the moon. Just let me know what time you go to sleep and I will make believe I'm lying next to you and we are together at last and happy and in love.

—JOHN WOJTOWICZ, in a letter to Ernie from West Street jail

Legally insane—acting under compulsion—was the obvious line of defense. John was a first offender with a family history of mental illness who had recently been under psychiatric care, and whose

behavior gave strong suggestions of schizophrenia. The court-appointed lawyer, Mark A. Landsman, promptly petitioned a psychiatric evaluation.

Kings County Hospital examined John by order of Federal judge Anthony J. Travia, a conservative Democrat with a reputation for very tough sentencing. John was kept under sedated observation for a month and after a one-hour chat with a psychiatrist—no tests—the hospital pronounced him legally sane. He stood indicted on four counts: bank robbery, armed robbery, kidnaping and conspiracy. Travia would not hear of more exams at state expense and John had no money for psychiatrists, which seemed to rule out any bargain-basement version of the type of defense later amassed for Patty Hearst.

One day Landsman got a phone call from Martin Elphand, a film producer (*Kansas City Bomber*), who said *Life's* story called “The Boys in the Bank” suggested to him a movie script. Would Wojtowicz, his wife, his mother and Ernie be willing to sign releases for the rights to their stories? Oh, maybe \$7500 to Wojtowicz and one or two percent of the net profits if a film were made—provided everybody signed. With John facing life in prison, nobody dickered much about numbers and points, least of all Landsman. “To be perfectly frank, I didn't want to get involved,” he said recently. “I was just a letter carrier. How should I know what it takes to pay off a criminal for his story?” (Though he did say in court, “I negotiated on behalf of this defendant with people who are producing a movie.”)

A bit of checking would have shown Landsman that the going rate was much more than Elphand was offering. For example, Lenny Bruce's heirs will receive from \$250,000 to \$400,000 for *Lenny*, and even 14 years ago, Robert Stroud, the *Birdman of Alcatraz*, shared \$25,000 and ten percent of that movie's net.

Everyone signed releases without a thought and a \$7500 check promptly arrived, payable to Landsman. John had \$2500 of it sent to Ernie for his sex-change operation and the rest was set aside for psychiatrists' fees.

As it turned out, Landsman's fee was \$3500. Psychiatrists weren't necessary, it seemed, if John took his advice: A long and involved jury trial, pleading not guilty by reason of insanity, could mean a life behind bars if he lost, and Landsman recommended the safer, easier course of plea bargaining, confessing guilt to one of the four counts to get the others dropped. Landsman must have wondered how he would line up 12 jurors who held no feelings one way or the other about homosexuals, transsexuals or drag queens and who had no knowledge of “the gay bank robber”

case. However, journalist Randy Wicker claims Landsman didn't want to bother.

Certainly, John would have been any attorney's nightmare—naïve, arrogant, erratic. As terrified as he was of being declared insane, he was as opposed to plea bargaining, because he felt no guilt. To help make his mind up, Landsman enlisted Ernie's enigmatic charms, arranging an unprecedented visit for him alone with John in a private room at the jail. On February 16, 1973, John pleabargained one count of armed robbery, which carries a maximum penalty of 25 years and \$25,000, and he had assurances that that normally meant a ten-to-fifteen-year sentence.

Meanwhile, competition for John's favor was heating up among his wife Carmen, Ernie and John's mother, Terry, especially when they all collided in the visitors' waiting room.

“Oh, Carmen,” said Ernie, “how do you ever sit in skirts? I'll never learn.”

“Ernie, I don't have to learn nothin’,” said Carmen. “I'm a real woman.”

“Wanna see my tits?” snapped Ernie.

On the sidelines, Terry grumbled, “Ernie sure is getting better looking than that fat thing John married.”

Despite resolutions and diet pills, Carmen's weight had climbed to 255, a result of her unhappiness. “Some mother-in-law she is,” Carmen said later about Terry's preference for Ernie. “What does she expect Ernie to do—shit out grandchildren?”

Flashback: One weekend in 1966, on a ski trip run by his employer, the Chase Manhattan Bank, John met a cute typist named Carmen Bifulco, a jolly, Kewpie-doll blonde who worried about her weight (155 pounds at 5'1”), especially when standing next to John (127 at 5'4”).

While John was no swinger, he liked women to look up to him, lean on him, obey him, especially a girl like Carmen, who also tended to undervalue herself.

Drafted by the Army a week later, he dated Carmen steadily that summer on weekend passes from Georgia, until one dog day in August, as they cuddled under the boardwalk at Far Rockaway, he slipped a beer-can ring on her engagement finger.

The following year, when John returned from his tour of duty in Vietnam as an artillery instructor, they were married in a \$6000 Italian wedding. Then, while he was moved around to teach at Army bases on the East Coast, Carmen stayed close by in rooming houses, where they enjoyed noisy quarrels and an Olympic sex life. Whether on sway-backed Murphy beds, bathroom floors or back seats of moving convertibles with the top down, their lovemaking stopped for

(continued on page 142)

PLAYBOY PAD: ON THE BEACH

*this plush playpen by the sea rises organically
from the water's edge like a giant dune*



The rough texture of William Morgan's Florida beach house helps protect it from corrosive winds. Above: The sea is always on display from the living room. Below: The landward side of the house features built-in car space.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT that William Morgan lives in a wildly original, highly functional and inescapably beautiful house. None of that was left to chance; he designed it himself. Not that we recommend that course of action indiscriminately: Morgan happens to be a much-honored architect—Harvard grad, former Fulbright scholar—who also teaches in a university and serves as a consultant to an urban-planning firm. It wasn't an easy task; the house spent two years on the drawing board, and Morgan admits that he almost turned the job over to someone else. After trying ten different approaches, however, he came up with this multilevel edifice that blends admirably into its rugged setting on the Florida coast, just minutes from Morgan's office in downtown Jacksonville, and does an equally fine job of catering to his many interests, which include sailing, surfing, hunting and fishing—and giving parties ("Impromptu festivities seem to take place



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL MARIS



Above: The dining area and living room—partitioned but not blocked off—and the stairway to the sea.

all the time," says a PLAYBOY staffer who spent several days as Morgan's guest). The shape of the house was determined by its site, a long sand dune sloping down to the sea; to Morgan, this suggested a descending staircase with platforms on either side. The roof is tilted at a 45-degree angle to protect against gale-force winds (which also inspired the diagonally laid siding and the predominant use of rough wood). The part of the house that you enter from the land side—which is one of four levels—contains the kitchen, dining and



The kitchen (above left) features the latest gadgets and includes a refrigerator paneled in wood and Morgan-designed aluminum table and chairs. Left: The hi-fi is built into a cozy spot by the fireplace in the living room (above), which manages to look sunlit even when it's not, thanks to Morgan's use of blond wood panels and warm carpeting. He designed both of the light cubes that you see.

living-room areas and is remarkably open, thanks to its no-wall design, its sliding doors that open onto the sea and the overhead expanse afforded by the 30-foot-high ceiling, which gives the visitor a sense of being in something akin to a cathedral (and provides nice acoustics for Morgan's classical records). Bedrooms and study areas are located on the balcony above and also on the lower levels, where boats and other maritime accouterments are stored (the idea comes from the ancient Roman (concluded on page 149)



The view from the upstairs bedroom, which is cantilevered over the living and dining areas.



Above: A couple relaxes in a bedroom. The furnishings enhance the house's dazzling geometrics; wood paneling is used inside and out. Right: The lower levels of the building, on its seaward side, open onto a terraced oasis leading to the water. They are also used to store a pair of Hobie Cats, a few surfboards and other water gear. Getting into the swim involves little more than rolling out of bed.



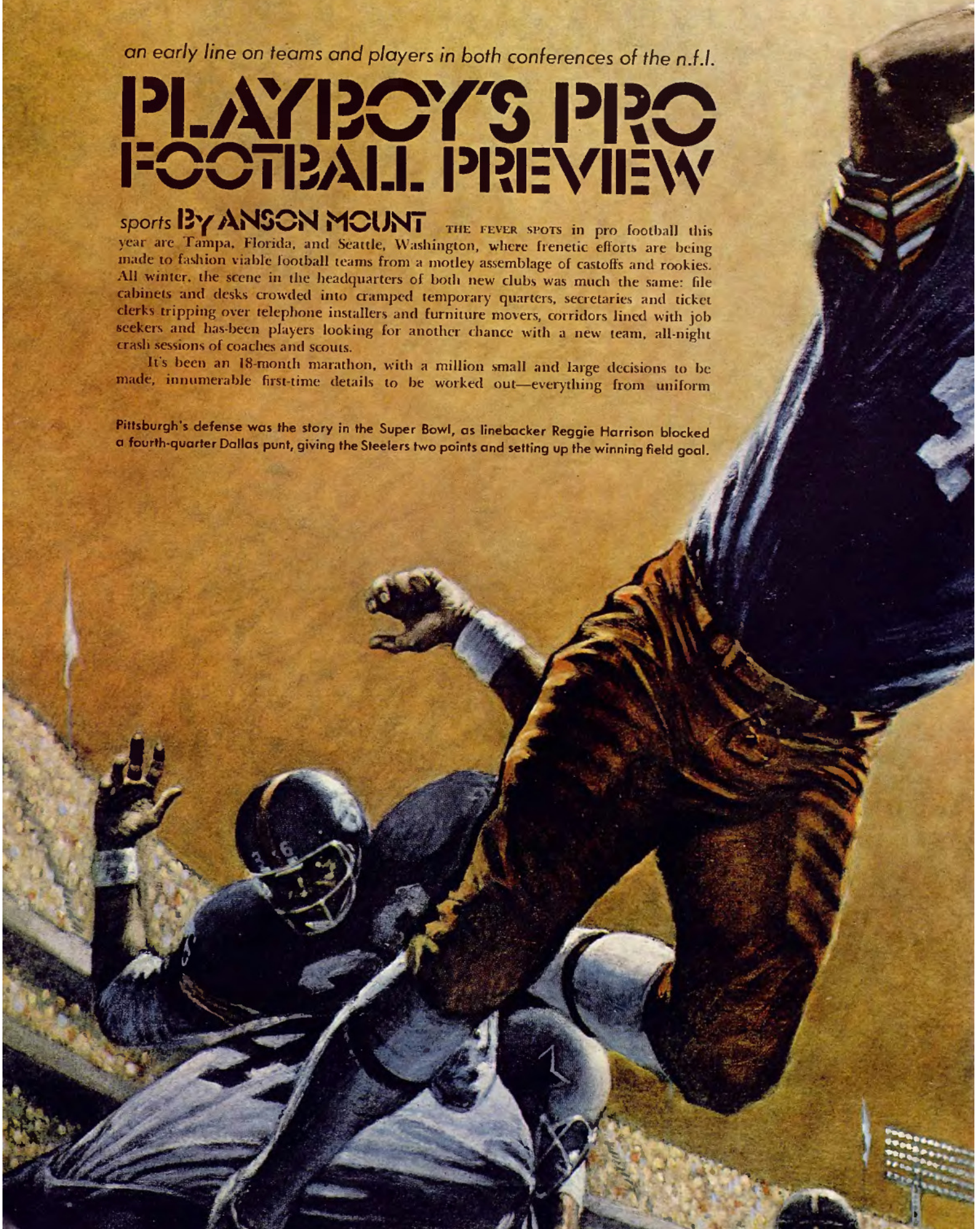
an early line on teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.

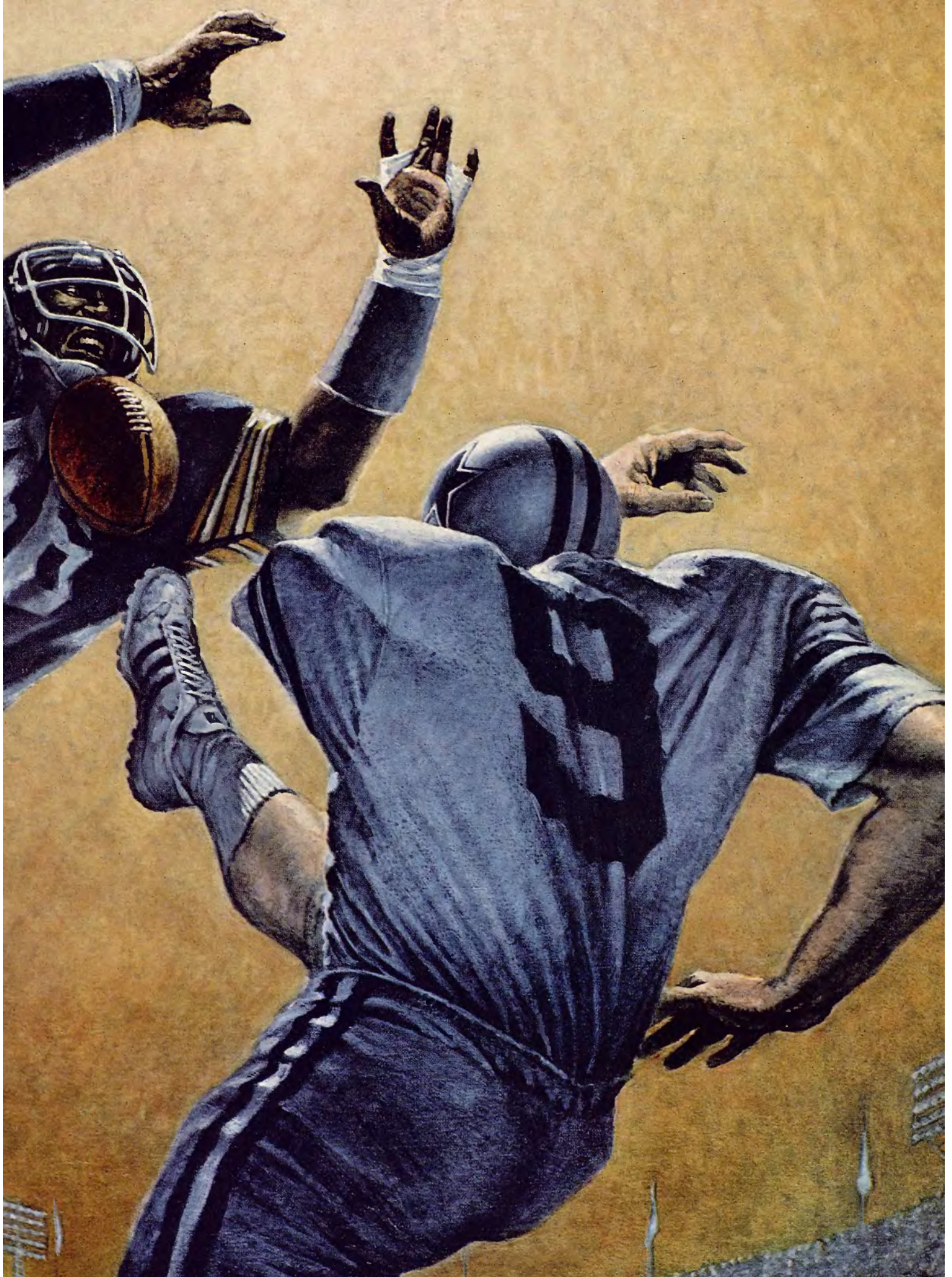
PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

sports **By ANSON MOUNT** THE FEVER SPOTS in pro football this year are Tampa, Florida, and Seattle, Washington, where frenetic efforts are being made to fashion viable football teams from a motley assemblage of castoffs and rookies. All winter, the scene in the headquarters of both new clubs was much the same: file cabinets and desks crowded into cramped temporary quarters, secretaries and ticket clerks tripping over telephone installers and furniture movers, corridors lined with job seekers and has-been players looking for another chance with a new team, all-night crash sessions of coaches and scouts.

It's been an 18-month marathon, with a million small and large decisions to be made, innumerable first-time details to be worked out—everything from uniform

Pittsburgh's defense was the story in the Super Bowl, as linebacker Reggie Harrison blocked a fourth-quarter Dallas punt, giving the Steelers two points and setting up the winning field goal.





THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

AFC Eastern Division: BALTIMORE COLTS
 AFC Central Division: PITTSBURGH STEELERS
 AFC Western Division: OAKLAND RAIDERS

AFC Play-offs: OAKLAND RAIDERS

NFC Eastern Division: DALLAS COWBOYS
 NFC Central Division: MINNESOTA VIKINGS
 NFC Western Division: LOS ANGELES RAMS

NFC Play-offs: DALLAS COWBOYS

SUPER BOWL: DALLAS COWBOYS

THIS SEASON'S TOP ROOKIES

(In approximate order of immediate value to their teams)

Joe Washington	Running Back	San Diego Chargers
Chuck Muncie	Running Back	New Orleans Saints
LeRoy Selmon	Defensive Tackle	Tampa Bay Buccaneers
Steve Niehaus	Defensive Tackle	Seattle Seahawks
Mike Haynes	Defensive Back	New England Patriots
Sonny Collins	Running Back	Atlanta Falcons
Mike Dawson	Defensive Tackle	St. Louis Cardinals
Mark Koncar	Offensive Tackle	Green Bay Packers
Mike Pruitt	Running Back	Cleveland Browns
Mario Clark	Defensive Back	Buffalo Bills
Sammy Green	Linebacker	Seattle Seahawks
Brian Baschnagel	Running Back	Chicago Bears
Rod Walters	Offensive Guard	Kansas City Chiefs
Bubba Bean	Running Back	Atlanta Falcons
Ken Novak	Defensive Tackle	Baltimore Colts
Tim Fox	Defensive Back	New England Patriots
Dave Logan	Wide Receiver	Cleveland Browns
Troy Archer	Defensive End	New York Giants
Ed Simonini	Linebacker	Baltimore Colts
Dennis Lick	Offensive Tackle	Chicago Bears
Tony Galbreath	Running Back	New Orleans Saints
Mike McCoy	Defensive Back	Green Bay Packers
Pete Brock	Center	New England Patriots
James Hunter	Defensive Back	Detroit Lions
Archie Griffin	Running Back	Cincinnati Bengals
Mike Smith	Defensive End	Philadelphia Eagles
Aaron Kyle	Defensive Back	Dallas Cowboys

design to ticket distribution to scouting reports.

In both cities, the emotional high at club headquarters has been fueled by a public enthusiasm that is sometimes frightening. When the Seattle Seahawks announced a ten-dollar-per-head public kickoff luncheon last August (a full year before the on-field kickoff), 1700 people stampeded the restaurant. After nearly 10,000 job applications had flooded the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, a local newspaper columnist came to the rescue by publishing the news that all front-office job openings had been filled. The Seahawks put their season tickets on sale in July '75 (months before they had a coach, players or even a finished stadium). When sales were stopped less than a month later, 59,000 were gone. Of those, only 143 were lower-priced tickets.

The N.F.L. fathers, exercising refreshing wisdom in granting the expansion franchises, chose not only optimum locations but shrewd and solid owners, in an obvious effort to avoid the hot-shot promoters and ego-laden suddenly rich types who make up the bulk of would-be football impresarios. In Seattle, 72-year-old Elmer Nordstrom (of the super-rich department-store family) is more interested in bringing pride and prestige to his city than in further stuffing his coffers. Buccaneers owner Hugh Culverhouse, a real-estate mogul, is more interested in watching the cash flow than in nitpicking coaching decisions. Both owners have shown a refreshing willingness to avoid the limelight.

The two head coaches come from widely disparate backgrounds, though their careers crossed once before; cons ago, when Tampa's John McKay was an assistant coach at Oregon, he recruited Seattle's Jack Patera, then a high school tackle. Patera, a celebrated defensive line coach, is credited with fashioning Minnesota's Purple People Eaters and the Rams' Fearsome Foursome. McKay, a white-haired patriarch who ran the Southern California athletic department like a private fiefdom before deciding to conquer pro football, will expect (and probably get) the same adulation in Tampa that Vince Lombardi once enjoyed in Green Bay.

And here's the bad news: The talent pools from which Patera and McKay must construct functioning football machines in only two months of pre-season drills are shallow, indeed. Each club got a few dozen of the least wanted reserves from established teams, plus a lion's share of an unusually lean college draft. Each got a superb rookie defensive lineman (LeRoy Selmon in Tampa, and Steve Niehaus in Seattle), around whom to construct a hopefully respectable defense. The Seahawks will have two excellent linebackers (veteran Mike

(continued on page 151)



By ffolk

AMERICA

seen through fforeign eyes



"Even if we don't discover America, we've found each other."



"Tabatha, you were never like this in the Old World!"



"How about mentioning me?"



*"I can tell you one thing:
It wasn't any tea party."*



*"Now, what was it I was saying?
Oh, yes, the redcoats are coming!"*



"So that's why we're crossing the Delaware!"



"Say, what kind of a democracy are we building here?"



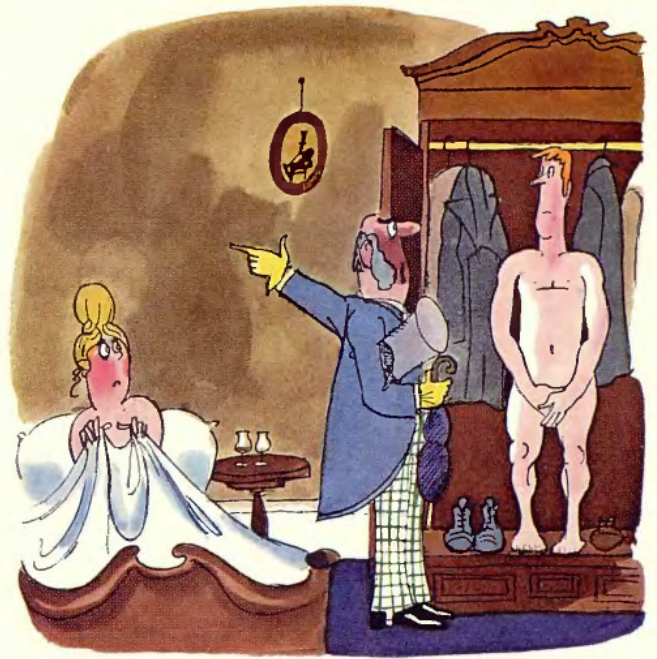
"We are tempted, but think we'd be better-advised to have General Washington on the one-dollar bill."



"Remember the Alamo?"



"Gee, I guess all men are created equal, but some are more equal than others."



"Go West, young man!"



"Tell me honestly, Brigham, is there anyone else?"



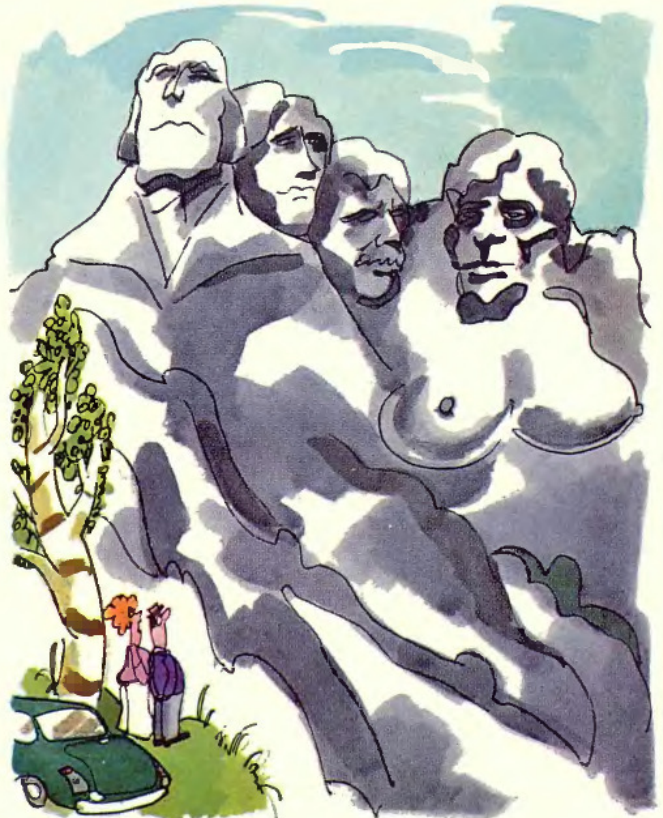
"This was virgin territory a couple of weeks ago."



"San Francisco's OK to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."



"This is Mr. Henry Ford, who has just invented the back-seat romance."



"Well, it doesn't look like natural erosion to me!"

DOG DAY AFTERMATH

(continued from page 130)

nothing, including her periods and the early labor of childbirth. The first baby, a girl, arrived after 11 months. "I never could breast-feed," Carmen remembers with pride and wonder. "Johnny took it all."

After an honorable discharge, John returned to the bank and they set up a honeymoon apartment in Brooklyn. Like all romantics, he liked to remember their wedding anniversary, as frequently as possible, sending her a yellow rose on the 21st day of the month. Since John didn't mind, Carmen put on weight, reaching more than 200 pounds. By the 21st month, the marriage cooled, however, and they separated to move back with their parents.

Although he still spent weekends with Carmen, John, at 24, was free for the first time to explore the homosexual part of his nature. Never secretive or apologetic, he had often tried to explain, but Carmen refused to believe it until a year later, when a reconciliation went sour in six weeks and she guessed why.

"Hey, who's this girl you got?" she asked one day.

"It's no girl," John said.

"Don't tell me you're messing with another guy?"

"Uh-huh. . ."

"We're even," she said triumphantly. "So am I."

John was deeply hurt. When they had married, he had vowed never to step out with another woman. That night, he drowned himself in bitter lovemaking with a girl somewhere and after that, things between them were never the same.

John met Ernie at a street fair in Little Italy that summer. Tall and fey, with a nasally languid way about him, Ernest "Curley" Aron made a startling, big-faced amazon when he wore women's clothes. In some other life he had a wife and children, too, but had decided in the final analysis he was "a woman trapped in a man's body" and had taken to full-time "cross-dressing" until he could make up his mind whether to ride the lightning of a sex-change operation. When he was not a dishwasher or a cocktail waitress, he lived on welfare, a tortured soul caught in the persecuted half life of transvestites. He preferred the name Liz Eden (for Taylor and the Garden of). As different as Ernie was from Carmen, John sensed they had a similar need. Ernie lacked a manly protector against a world that could be cruel and soon John was sending a dozen red roses every week.

That was 1971, two summers after the gay liberation movement was launched, and John got drunk on the new freedoms. Taking the alias Littlejohn Basso (his mother's maiden name), he joined the Gay Activists Alliance in Manhattan,

which prided itself on a policy of encouraging the freest range of self-expression at its clubhouse. A member who knew John in those days recalls "a tenderhearted little guy who played the clown." Another describes "a jerk who was into role playing." Both, however, agree his flamboyance and overactive libido were a bit much, even for the G.A.A.

In December of that year, John rented a night club and married Ernie in a big splashy affair that had the bride in a \$650 white-lace gown, backed by three bridesmaids in maroon. More than 500 strangers wandered in and out of the reception, partaking of food, booze and a giant four-layer cake. John's mother came. So did Ernie's father. (Al Pacino studied a video tape of the wedding to develop his portrayal of John for *Dog Day Afternoon*, a performance John calls "flawless." They never did meet. Warner Bros. could not get through the prison politburo—never mind all those Bogey, Cagney, Robinson crime-busting films the studio made.)

The wedding made up Ernie's mind. "I finally decided," he recalls, "we gotta have the cunt." It took \$2500 to start the ball rolling, but John's ready cash had gone for the wedding. He had been unemployed for months, fired from his last teller's job when they discovered he was homosexual. His health was shaky, too, after a bad case of hepatitis and cancerous cysts in the throat, which, after surgery, reappeared as intestinal lumps and for which he refused more surgery, believing he was dying. When he had to go on welfare, he flushed with shame and tried to hide it. Asked how he paid for the wedding, he hinted at running errands for the Mafia, but Ernie laughs at the idea. "It was loan sharks," he says. "John was all mouth."

From the start, nothing went right for the Bassos. Ernie sank deeper into depression as John drifted from the G.A.A. and began to grow inexplicably violent. One quarrel ended with his smashing down a door, another with his holding a gun to Ernie's head, then to his own. Ernie persuaded him to get help at St. Vincent's Hospital in Manhattan, where a psychiatrist recommended commitment; but John would not return after the second visit. His older brother has been in a mental institution since the age of four and it has made a deep impression on him. "Once they get you in," he says, "how do you get out?"

Ernie decided John was "more nuts than I was" and fled their Village apartment to hide in Queens, determined to change his gender or end his life.

Packing a .38, John chased rumors of Ernie's whereabouts to Hyannis Port and

Upstate New York. He found him working in a midtown Manhattan disco and terrorized him into a tense reconciliation; but it was useless, because Ernie was sinking into despair about the operation. Finally, John promised Ernie \$2500 for his birthday on August 19, 1972. How? By robbing a bank.

Accounts vary of that fateful spring, so it's hard to say with any certainty what turned the outcast into the criminal. A smart defense attorney might have asked: Did John look at himself and see a man who was broke, on welfare, dying, unemployable, losing his marbles, separated, hated by his father, rejected by his friends and up against a lover's suicide ultimatum? Did his mind snap? Did he act out of "irresistible impulse"? But no one ever asked.

At four A.M. on the morning of his sentencing, John was found on the floor of his cell, unconscious from swallowing an unknown number of Doridens and slashing his wrists and forearms. Relations with his attorney had broken down altogether and he had become despondent when Ernie's (now Liz Eden's) letters and visits stopped a month after the sex change.

Just the same, John was patched up by ten A.M. and delivered to the courtroom cleared of spectators other than press and family, a sad little figure in handcuffs, leg shackles and blood-spattered clothes. Groggy from drugs, he managed to speak in a low, even tone:

"Your Honor, love is a very strange thing and some people feel it more deeply than others do. I love my wife, Carmen, very much; I love my daughter; I love my son and I love Ernie and I need all of them."

He spoke of Ernie's suicide tries, of how he "couldn't watch him 24 hours a day" and of how he had looked in vain for work to pay for the operation. He felt he'd saved the hostages from Sal's itchy trigger finger and claimed the FBI had shot his accomplice after he was fully disarmed.

"My love for [Ernie] is more important than anything else in the whole world. . . . That's why I did what I did. You can't condemn love; love is a gift from God, your Honor."

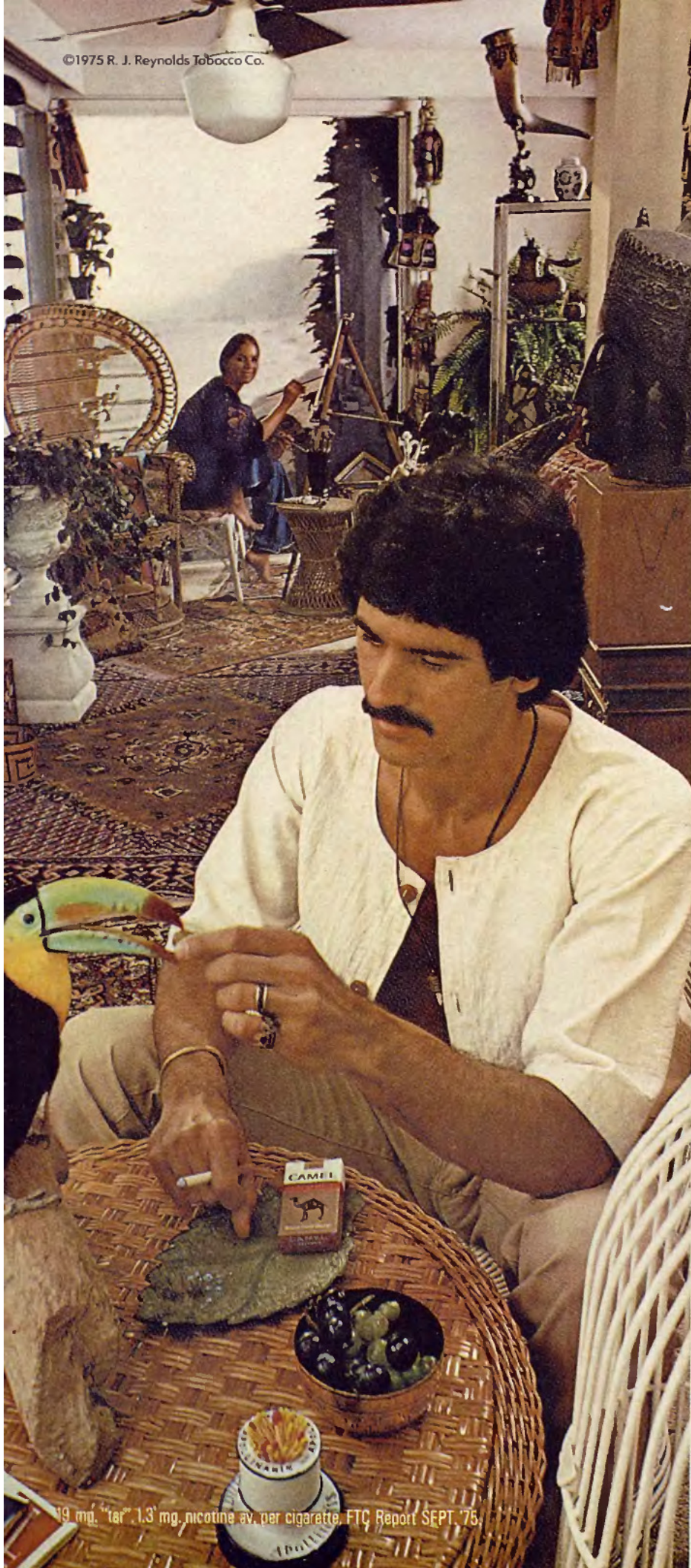
Unmoved by any of this, Travia gave him 20 years and left as though he had a plane to catch.

John Wojtowicz #76456
Terre Haute Penitentiary

July 9, 1973

Dear John,

I met a new guy named Ralph and he feels that it's bad if I write



One of a kind.

He does more
than inhabit. He lives.
Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.
He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.
Do you?



Turkish and
Domestic Blend

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

to you and so from now on I'm not going to. Hope all works out well for you.

Love,
Liz

P.S. Please don't bother me anymore.

After three months in Indiana, John was moved to Lewisburg Penitentiary in central Pennsylvania. Unlike Allenwood prison, the "country-club farm" of Watergate fame three miles away, Lewisburg stands on a gentle rise, edged by a moat of creeks and piny woods, asserting its maximum security like a Norman fortress with 22-foot walls and gun towers. Until Nixon pardoned him the prior Christmas, Jimmy Hoffa was there; but it held no celebrities now, certainly none like Littlejohn, *The Gay Bank Robber*.

Shortly after arrival, John was knocked unconscious and gang-raped by three men in the laundry. Though he did not identify them, he displayed the bad form of reporting the attack, which pained inmates and authorities alike. Prison officials tend to publicly deplore and privately wink at homosexual activity, a sensible compromise in light of new Kinsey findings, recently published in C. A. Tripp's *The Homosexual Matrix*, that 71 percent of men in prison engage in it. In any case, John was off to a bad start. At the time, he wrote to screenwriter Pierson, "I have Ernie and Carmen and my children and that is all I will ever need." But to avoid rape, he needed, in fact, to "marry" again: Attractive newcomers to prison are wise to get hooked up with an "old man" or an "old lady," an inmate lover who will help fend off sexual assault.

Enter Joe, a soft-spoken, 29-year-old father of three, oddly enough, himself serving time (eight years) for a robbery-kidnap attempt on another Chase Manhattan branch in Brooklyn. The way his nappy hair, slim, angular frame and vulnerable manner resemble Ernie's says something about the persistence of dreams.

Safe with Joe, his old lady, John could have kept a low profile and worked for parole in 1979; but nine months after he was raped, he insisted to officials he was pregnant. Then he tried to become Lewisburg's first streaker. There were other incidents. Compulsive behavior was keeping him a target for assault as well as a hot gay potato for officials—and the movie wasn't even out yet.

Dog Day Afternoon opened in 14 cities on September 21, 1975, with lines down the block even before the rave reviews were out. Its audience last winter ranked about third in size after *Jaws* and *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, with estimates for its eventual world-wide net running over \$20,000,000. It might seem as if Landsman's low deal would be compensated for by the film's jackpot

success. Even one percent works out to \$200,000, enough to pay back welfare, work for a sentence reduction and buy a lot of roses. At last, Littlejohn's first break.

But wait. Asked to show the contract, Warner Bros. revealed that none had been drawn up and that what Landsman had accepted was a brief memo from Elphand to himself, listing "items we spoke about regarding John Woodowitz' [sic] release." No commitment. Period.

Martin Bregman, senior producer of the film and Pacino's manager, admits to feeling guilty about it. "If we get fat," he says expansively, "some of the fat will flow in his direction. A job, an apartment, something."

In the fast game of movie-deal making, while Littlejohn got buggered and Liz got castrated, Carmen managed to get \$50. A Warner Bros. agent left it one day when he went to the house to tape-record her recollections, the basis for the most unflattering portrayal in the film. "I got a little red raincoat for my daughter," she says of the money, "and some new kitchen curtains."

Recently, Carmen filed suit for \$12,000,000 against Warner Bros., Dell Publishing Company and three other parties, claiming invasion of civil rights, defamation and libel. She's also acting for her children, who are briefly portrayed in the film without permission or payment. Terry has joined Carmen's suit and there is another suit to test the implied intent of the one percent memo; but none of the Wojtowiczes have a very strong case, because they signed those releases.

I thought the movie was a piece of GARBAGE & didn't like it one bit. I must admit I did laugh sometimes but, otherwise, I didn't think it was so funny. . . . I've taken a lot of harassment over it, especially the part they hinted I sold Sal to the FBI. . . .

—JOHN, writing to Carmen from Lewisburg Penitentiary

The film was shown privately to John on October 2, 1975. Except for two guards leaning on the back wall, he sat alone in the prison's big third-floor auditorium, its soiled green curtains shutting out the midday light. As did Carmen when she saw it incognito at a swanky preview in New York, John cried during the moment when Pacino dictates his last will, saying, "My darling wife, you are the only woman I have ever loved."

Unwisely, all of Lewisburg's 1000 inmates were shown the film at two performances that followed. Afterward, some said John was a rat, because the film implies he made a deal to deliver the accomplice to the FBI; and, in the prison pecking order, not even a child molester is considered lower than a rat. Some inmates who prefer to feel guilty about

being homosexual resented his liberated feelings or saw in them an enticement. Other inmates smoldered with envy for his celebrity status and the expected fortune he'd reap.

On November 29, as he was taking a shower, John's cell was set afire with a kerosene bomb. It happened again with a burglary on January 12 and once more a week later. At Lewisburg, where homicides average one a month, the message was clear. John was placed under protective custody while arrangements could be made to move him speedily to another prison. At last report, one in California might accept him for its solitary-confinement section, after five other prisons said no.

"The hole" is a lonely hamster hutch beyond Lewisburg's hospital, where John's 6' x 9' cell has a bunk, a basin and a toilet. There's a small high window and a steel door with a peek-through. Except for pairs of unfriendly eyes that look in and meals that are slid in on a tray, life here has no change and no sound. Once a week John is let out for a private run in the gym and a shower, but it's dangerous. There have been threats.

His only friend, Joe, has left as a result of sentence-reduction proceedings. Meantime, PLAYBOY's September 1975 Playmate is taped to the wall over John's bed and he clips pictures of yellow roses out of magazines to mail to Carmen. On the ceiling there is a 60-watt light bulb, his make-believe moon, but really, who is there to dream of anymore?

A statuesque 40-27-39 redhead, Liz Eden at 30 is legally married to a man named Tony. Through the combined wonders of plastic surgery, silicone injection, implantation, dermabrasion, electrolysis and Nice 'n Easy light auburn—\$20,000 worth in all—she is at last a real woman.

She frankly discusses the difficulties of sexual reassignment. She says that due to some vaginal malfunction during her first sexual intercourse, the man's penis punctured her bladder. And recently, she's had to give up go-go dancing at a Manhattan disco because a lump appeared under one breast that required surgery. As long as the doctor was in there, she says, she traded in the 38-inch breast implants for 40s, double-D cup. But now the lump has returned.

Liz and Tony live on a tidy out-of-court settlement she made with Warner Bros. while she dictates her autobiography. Tony is 18 and goes to air-conditioning-repair school. What does she like about him? "Well, he's kinda short and dark and cute and hot and Italian looking. But *don't say it.*" Liz warns, holding up a hand of red Dragon Lady nails stuck on with Crazy Glue. "I know who *that* sounds like."

QUALITY.

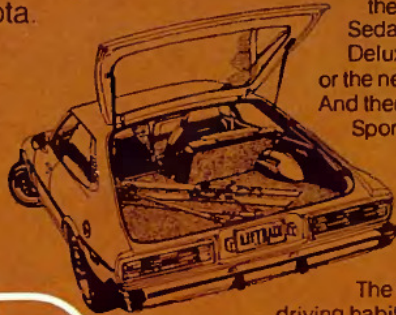
Quality in a small car. What does this mean to you? To Toyota it means an automobile that's inexpensive, not cheap. The new generation of Toyota Corollas are built with quality. The proof? 9 out of 10 Toyota cars sold in this country since 1958 are still on the road today. Quality. You asked for it. You got it. Toyota.

Quality is durability and how a car handles the road. Power assisted front disc brakes help you maintain control. MacPherson strut front suspension helps keep the ride smooth and unit body welded construction helps keep the Corolla tight and virtually rattle free.



Toyota's quality is in a line, not one car. No matter what your space needs you'll find it in one of ten Corollas:

the Hardtop, 2-Door Sedan, 2- or 4-Door Deluxe Sedan, 5-Door Wagon, the new Sport Coupe or the new Liftback™ with a split, fold down rear seat. And there's a sporty equipped SR-5 model of the Hardtop, Sport Coupe and Liftback.



A quality car can be economical. The Toyota Corolla gets great gas mileage. Note: 1976 EPA tests, with 5-speed overdrive transmission, 39 mpg on highway, 24 city. These EPA results are estimates.

The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California EPA ratings will differ. An automatic transmission is available on Deluxe models.

Quality. You asked for it. You got it at nearly 1,000 authorized dealers across the U.S. These same dealers comprise a network of service departments with Toyota trained mechanics. The new generation of Toyota Corollas. If you can find a better built small car than a Toyota... buy it.



YOU ASKED FOR IT.

YOU GOT IT.



Corolla SR-5 Liftback.

Corolla SR-5 Sport Coupe

A NEW GENERATION OF **TOYOTA** COROLLAS

concerted effort to conserve the species as successful, and therefore interesting, survivors of 300,000,000 years on earth. The concerted effort to save the large whales may have failed already in respect to the right whale: it's difficult for a few concerned people to fight the joint efforts of Japanese and Russian whaling fleets. The sperm whale may soon be reduced to a population too small to continue propagation.

The dolphin, or porpoise, smallest of the whales, is also an endangered species. This most amenable, charming and entertaining member of the species is now being taken in large numbers in the nets of West Coast tuna boats. This is an animal whose capacity for learning and communication may exceed that of humans. On a recent visit to the Los Angeles area, I found that the better seafood restaurants list Mahi-Mahi on their menus; the same succulent dish is advertised on the radio by a Chicago-area restaurant. This dish, with its inviting Hawaiian name, is porpoise. I haven't tried it. I'd as soon eat dog, cat or my third cousin Herman.

John B. Davenport
Northbrook, Illinois

SEAL SLAUGHTER

How much longer must we witness the brutal and senseless killing of baby harp

seals by Canadian and Norwegian hunters? This slaughter continues with the authorization and approval of the Canadian government. The killing of these defenseless animals merely to provide fur coats for the affluent is sickening. To witness the hunters club the seals to death and then slice them open to peel away their pelts fills me with disgust and contempt for both the hunters and the Canadian government, which permits this barbarity.

Since emotional and compassionate pleas to the Canadians have been futile in stopping this massacre, I propose economic retaliation. Last year's Jewish boycott of Mexico for its vote labeling Zionism a form of racism put enough of an economic crunch on Mexican resort areas to force the government to reconsider and to modify its stand. I submit that similar pressure could be applied to Canada, whose hotels, restaurants, hunting lodges and ski resorts depend on American tourism for much of their success. By canceling vacation plans, and thereby withholding our much-desired dollars, we have the opportunity to rectify a disgusting situation.

David E. Wald
San Diego, California

Last March, a Vancouver-based protest group called Greenpeace (whose activities are described in "The Great Whale

Battle," PLAYBOY, June) set out in helicopters to obstruct the slaughter of baby seals. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police impounded their helicopters and the Ministry of Fisheries accused the protesters—get this—of endangering the seals!

A GRIM FAIRY TALE

Peter Davies' black fairy tale in the March *Playboy Forum* is one of the saddest stories I've ever read. It's almost incredible that the families of the dead and wounded Kent State students not only lost their case seeking damages from the governor, generals and some of the soldiers but that the defendants' lawyers were told they could seek reimbursement of their expenses from the plaintiffs.

I subsequently came across a very moving column by Richard M. Cohen in *The Washington Post* that put the whole tragedy into personal perspective for me. After the shootings at Kent State in 1970, Cohen went to the campus to do a story on one of the victims, Allison Krause. He talked to her teachers, who went beyond the usual things you say about the dead. They told him that she was not only well liked, bright and pretty but also "beautiful in a way you could not see in the yearbook picture. They called her . . . a woman—a rare and beautiful woman. They came close to crying." She died protesting the secret B-52 bombings of Cambodia. The price Allison and others

Seagram's, the perfect martini gin

Season after season, Seagram's Extra Dry is the perfect martini gin.
Seagram's Gin. The perfect martini gin.



paid for disagreeing with the bombings seems extraordinarily high. Apparently, the Kent State jury had forgotten that. Cohen hasn't and, thanks to him, neither will I.

John F. Brennan
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CENSORSHIP OF STUDENTS

PLAYBOY's readers are concerned about freedom of expression, but they may not be aware that there is one area in which censorship is the rule rather than the exception. The violation of First Amendment rights on high school and college campuses is a little-noticed exercise in national lawlessness. At a time when studies of reading levels demonstrate an increasing trend toward illiteracy, it is difficult to understand why anyone would want to censor a student. Yet the better student writing and reporting becomes, the greater the chance it will be subjected to censorship by administrators. The high school paper's sex-information supplement is more apt to be censored than the traditional story on the prom queen. The college reporter who exposes discrepancies in the college's budget risks pressures from administrators that would be absent had the reporter chosen a less controversial subject, like the college basketball team.

The Student Press Law Center, a joint

project of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press and the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial, is now in its second year of operation. It serves as a national clearinghouse for collecting and distributing information on the state of First Amendment rights in the nation's high schools and colleges. It also provides legal assistance to students experiencing censorship problems.

Students learn democracy by experiencing it. This is the basis for numerous Federal court decisions emphasizing the importance of students' First Amendment rights. Today's student journalists will become tomorrow's press. We appreciate the support of the Playboy Foundation in our efforts to promote freedom of expression for students.

Christopher B. Fager, Esq., Director
Student Press Law Center
Washington, D.C.

THE BATTLE OF HOLTVILLE

The affair of Holtville High School *vs.* the Pliscou family (*The Playboy Forum*, May) goes on and on. The community leaders have made up their minds that my daughter, Lisa, is not to be allowed near a printing press. The school's student council has revoked the charter of the Quill and Scroll Club, under whose auspices my daughter and her friends had been publishing their news-

paper. The student council refused to recognize another organization created to continue publication of the paper. This blocks publication of an on-campus second newspaper and thwarts the clear intent of a Federal judge's order that the students be permitted to publish. At the same time, the Holtville Unified School District Board of Trustees voted to appeal the judge's decision. The county counsel, representing the school district in the matter, is billing the school district for his services; so tax dollars earmarked for the education of Holtville children are being spent in the district's fight against the children's First Amendment rights.

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

The story so far: Norm Pliscou's son, Lee (see May "Forum," page 50), had to go to court to establish his right to play on the school tennis team while wearing his hair long. After that, school authorities prevented Lee's sister, Lisa, from holding an editorial job on the paper. When Lisa and friends attempted to publish a second school paper—supported by advertising and not using school funds—they were forbidden to do so and had to sue. Now it seems they'll have to go to court again. It's amazing the amount of time, energy and public funds these officials are expending to thwart this little group of students. We wonder what

Summerized.

As summer follows spring, it also follows that Seagram's Extra Dry is the perfect gin for tonics and all your summer drinks. Seagram's Gin. The perfect martini gin. Perfect all ways.



THE HIGH COST OF CUSSING

Believe it or not, the state of Florida is still hassling a Vietnam-war protester who said "goddamn" at a peace rally over six years ago. He is 47-year-old Robert Benjamin Canney, a former University of Florida instructor and political activist. His case provides a good Bicentennial reminder that even a government founded on the principles of free speech and due process of law too often equates dissent with disloyalty and uses its police powers to deny the very rights it was created to protect.

Bob Canney was one of several speakers at Florida's first state-wide antiwar rally, held in St. Petersburg's Straub Park on April 18, 1970. Toward the end of his speech, he told the crowd of almost 1000 people, "Let's bring the goddamn war home and begin dealing seriously with the problems that confront us here."

Though hardly an act of treason or an incitement to bloody revolt, his words supposedly violated a two-day-old St. Petersburg city ordinance against swearing in public. After Canney took his seat, he was grabbed from behind by police officers. He struggled and tried to pull himself free. The crowd raised shouts of protest. Someone yelled, "Get the pigs!" Rocks and bottles began to fly. Instantly, more than 100 policemen in full riot gear swarmed into the park, spraying Mace and swinging night sticks. When the melee was over, 11 people had been arrested and about a dozen others injured.

By one interpretation of events, hundreds of long-haired hippies and anti-American rabble rousers invaded the peaceful city of St. Petersburg and started a riot that was swiftly quelled by police. By another interpretation, the city of St. Petersburg abused its lawmaking powers and used Gestapo tactics to deprive citizens of their basic constitutional right to peaceably assemble and criticize government policy. There is, in fact, circumstantial evidence that undercover agents sparked the crowd violence, and documents released by the U. S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence disclose that at least one of the organizations that sponsored the rally had been targeted for harassment under the FBI's Counterintelligence Program (Cointelpro).

In any case, Canney found himself in jail that afternoon, charged with both public profanity and resisting arrest. He says that assistant state's attorney Richard Mensh came to his cell and told him, "Mister, I heard what you said out there today and you have some bad ideas. I think you'd better get your head straightened out, if you know what's good for you."

The profanity charge was subsequently dropped: the prosecution apparently decided that the hastily enacted ordinance was too broad and too vague to stand up even in a local court. But Canney was tried on the far more serious charge of violently resisting arrest, a felony carrying a prison term of up to two years. Because of a legal technicality involving the defense-witness list, no witnesses were permitted to testify on his behalf. In court, the prosecution emphasized Canney's antiwar and civil rights activities as though these were criminal or treasonous and concluded its argument by exhorting the jury: "Wake up, America! Wake up, you six Americans . . . !" The six Americans deliberated for 15 minutes and returned a verdict of guilty; Canney was sentenced to six months to two years. As several Florida newspapers observed in columns



and editorials, Canney was convicted of resisting arrest, but his real crimes were to publicly exercise freedom of speech and to disagree with government policy.

From court, Canney was taken to jail and quickly given a prison-style haircut before his wife, Connie, could post \$2500 bond; then he began the tedious and costly process of appeal. The University of Florida fired him "for the welfare of the university," and he and his family, including sons Michael and Brett and his daughter, Taryn, moved to Alfred, Maine.

There, the Canneys retired from political activism and opened a small art gallery that gradually evolved into a book-and-antique shop and, after three years, started showing a profit. Last November, Canney returned to Florida for a court hearing that he thought would result in a probated sentence. But prosecutor Mensh objected to any such coddling or even to a 60-day stay of sentence pending further appeal, and Pinellas County judge Robert Williams, who had tried Canney originally, ordered him to begin serving his sentence.

Canney's lawyer, Gardner W. Beckett, Jr., an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, secured his release before U. S. Magistrate Paul Game, Jr., who decided, "There is a high probability that the petitioner [Canney] will prevail on one or more of his claims," and, therefore, why not let him stay free on bond while the wheels of justice turned?

This action made Florida officials even more defensive, and the best defense, as they say, is a good offense. Assistant state's attorney general Charles Corces, Jr., appealed to U. S. District Court Judge William Hodges, who overruled the magistrate and allowed Florida to keep its troublemaker in the slammer until "important issues of law [receive] further consideration by the court." In other words, since history had vindicated Canney and other war protesters, Florida would try to vindicate itself by treating him as an ordinary violent criminal. So Canney was kept in jail while his lawyer struggled to comply with every detail of state law simply to get his case into Federal courts.

The Canney case eventually raised so many legal issues and caused various judges, prosecutors, cops and the city of St. Petersburg enough embarrassment and adverse publicity that the state of Florida recently decided to parole Canney to Maine—no doubt hoping that after almost five months behind bars he would be happy to get back to his family and his antique shop and out of politics and the newspapers. The record would then show that Florida officials not only had acted lawfully, had successfully rehabilitated a convicted felon and then had tempered justice with mercy but had continued to protect the public from this ex-con (as though his crime were murder, rape or armed robbery) by requiring two years of parole supervision.

Goodness knows, Canney does appear to be a real hard case who could very well run amuck and again someday utter a public profanity (the recidivism rate for this offense is known to be very high). Meanwhile, though, he will return to Maine and appeal his felony conviction. The A.C.L.U. will represent him in Federal court and the Playboy Foundation has offered its assistance, in the hope of exonerating Canney and preserving the traditional right of American citizens to express anger at government policy without being seized by police.

lessons in citizenship Holtville's children will draw from this.

CHASTENING THE POLITICIANS

At election time, some politicians like to bemoan voter apathy and similar social disorders. They can't understand why people get tired of choosing the lesser of two evils. Remember 1972? We had to vote for either Richard Nixon and his White House snoopers or George McGovern and his \$1000-a-year giveaway programs. Some choice!

There has to be a better way. And there is. In an appropriate election, we can reject all of the would-be public servants. All we have to do is insert a little lever on our voting machines that reads NONE OF THE ABOVE. Sounds appealing, doesn't it?

The members of the Nevada state legislature think it's practical, too, because they have passed a bill to place NONE OF THE ABOVE on the ballot for President and for all state-wide offices, beginning this November. Here in Louisiana, state representative Frank Simoneaux and I plan to do the same thing. However, we want to include all public offices under the plan, whether state or local, as well as proposed state constitutional amendments and local bond and tax elections. Under our plan, if NONE OF THE ABOVE gets the most votes, the election will go to the candidate who gets the next-highest number of votes. The presence of the N.O.T.A. line will affect the outcome of the election, since each candidate will lose some votes to it. So the public's general dissatisfaction will become a factor to be reckoned with.

Right now, all a politician has to do to win an election is show the voters that he's not quite as bad as his opponents. Imagine his change in attitude if he had to show the people they would be better off electing him than electing nobody at all. That would be a difficult task for some candidates.

At a time when millions of our citizens are frustrated with the things government and politicians do to them, they ought to have a way to protest. I can't think of a better means than the chance to vote for NONE OF THE ABOVE.

Representative Louis "Woody" Jenkins
Louisiana House of Representatives
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Very progressive and sensible, but why not leave the office empty for a term if N.O.T.A. wins the election? That way, we could find out whether we really needed it.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



ON THE BEACH

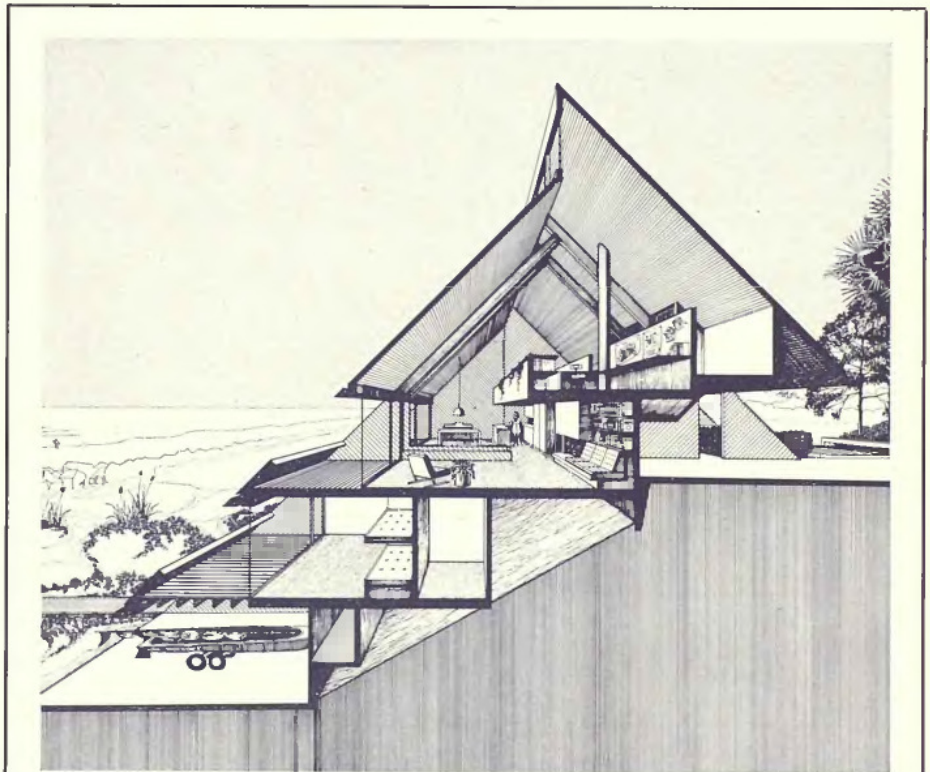
(continued from page 133)

city of Herculaneum, which had upper and lower levels relating to urban and maritime activities, respectively). The key to the house, in fact, is the way it interacts with its marine setting—not fighting it but not giving in to it, either. Of course, there's no denying the ocean. You can feel its presence when you're driving up to the house. It dominates your sensibility when you're in the living room. And the capriciousness of the weather there suggests a flexibility of lifestyle that is, in fact, provided for by the house. For instance, Morgan and his guests can dine in any

"Nothing ever seems to be complicated."

The sea is also a rough neighbor and its abrasive side is reflected in piles up to 35 feet high on which the house rests and the rugged materials used throughout. Natural cedar forms the exterior walls, the roof shingles and the panels of the main interior walls. The ceilings are Idaho white pine. Morgan appreciates the beauty of wood in its natural state; he has managed to use it in unexpected places: on the refrigerator door, for instance.

The interior is sparsely furnished and simply decorated, with the accent on the geometrics implicit in the construction. Morgan designed the aluminum tables and chairs and the light fixtures. There are no frills—"There's no way he could



If anybody ever had a great idea for a house on a hill, this is it. Our cutaway view shows the wide expanse under the roof, the sliding windows opening onto the seaward side and the boat-storage space below, with bedrooms on the terrace in between. Another bedroom and a study are supported by the balcony that hangs over the living and dining areas.

of several places—on the balconies that are reached through the sliding doors, on the terraced oasis between the house and the sea, or, when the weather's inclement or the meal requires more complicated facilities, in the dining area adjacent to the kitchen. There's also the option of enjoying the semicomunal life of the third terrace—there are no walls separating the kitchen, dining and living-room areas—or the privacy afforded by the other rooms. As a result, a lot of spontaneity is possible—and, as a guest of Morgan's put it after an impromptu beach party at which the host served quail (of his own shooting) and a neighbor brought a salmon that he'd caught:

have used a lot of electronic gimmicks," opines our colleague, "because salt air is so unkind to metal transistors"—though the kitchen does boast a few of the latest laborsaving devices. Storage and seating are built in at various points. All of which serves to flesh out Morgan's opposition to the tendency among many architects to employ "too much technology and not enough humanity." Morgan's house, like the constructions of ancient Rome, achieves maximum serviceability with a minimum of science. But, as we said before, that's just what you might expect from a master builder when he starts building for his personal needs.





"I understand the ad read, 'Kinky, voluptuous, sex-hungry chick seeks funky, far-out, incredibly hung, superhorny Episcopalian.'"

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 136)

Curtis and draftee Sammy Green). The Buccaneers have the ingredients of a good passing attack (Steve Spurrier throwing to Barry Smith and Bob Moore). After that, the prospects are bleak. Both clubs will have weak offensive lines and—except, possibly, Jimmy DuBose in Tampa—there isn't a promising runner on either squad.

Most interesting—and possibly confusing—aspect of all is the curious scheduling arrangement. This year, Tampa will compete in the A.F.C. Western Division and Seattle will join the Western Division of the N.F.C. Each team will play one game against each of the 13 other clubs in their conference, plus one game with each other. In 1977, Tampa will move to the N.F.C. Central Division and Seattle will switch to the A.F.C. Central, each again playing round-robin schedules in their new conferences.

If all this seems curious and confusing, there are two explanations, one official and the other real. The announced purpose of these kaleidoscopic schedules is to give fans in the two expansion cities a chance to see their team in action against every other club in the league. The real reason is to spread the easy pickings among the established teams as evenly as possible.

With that in mind, let's take a look at the other franchises around the country.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Dallas Cowboys	10-4
Washington Redskins	10-4
St. Louis Cardinals	9-5
New York Giants	6-8
Philadelphia Eagles	6-8

As summer training camps convene around the country, Dallas begins preparations with more assets than any other team. The Cowboys have a good mix of excellent youngsters and seasoned vets, providing an over-all blend of enthusiasm and experience. The Pokes made the Super Bowl last year with 12 rookies, probably an unprecedented feat, so they should be stronger this year. Also, quarterback Roger Staubach—as recently noted by coach Tom Landry—seems to get better every year. However, there will be a few changes in the Dallas line-up. Randy White will start somewhere, probably at a linebacker position. The Pokes need depth at running back, which will likely be provided by one or more of three rookies, Jim Jensen, John Smith or David Williams (who was a quarterback at Colorado). Returning prodigal Duane Thomas could provide the answer, if he abandons his penchant for flaky behavior. Jensen, at 230 pounds, also looks good

enough to fill the Cowboys' need for a king-sized runner. Landry is also high on rookie defensive back Aaron Kyle (one of Dallas' usual batch of "Who's he?" draft choices), who should become a starter this year.

The Washington Redskins (as usual) will be virtually unchanged, because (as usual) the draft pickings were slim and (as always) coach George Allen trusts wheezy experience more than callow youth. The only source of suspense as training camp opens is whether or not defensive end Verlon Biggs and receiver Roy Jefferson, both dry-docked with injuries last fall, can regain their starting berths from Dennis Johnson and Frank Grant. Calvin Hill, of onetime Dallas fame and more recently a refugee from the unlamented World Football League, seems a likely answer to the Redskins' obvious need for a bruising runner. Though newcomers to the Redskin squad are rare, Allen makes the most of his too-late-and-too-few draft choices. Last year, he used a remote choice to grab diminutive runner Mike Thomas, who became Rookie of the Year and virtually the entire Redskin ground attack.

The rest of the league is befuddled by the uncanny good luck that has put the St. Louis team into the play-offs two years in a row. "There's no way that bunch has the talent to make the play-offs," says the general manager of a rival team. "Their defensive line operates on one lung and a prayer, and if anything happened to Terry Metcalf, their offense would collapse. But they always seem to luck out somehow."

The Cardinals' luck isn't just the close calls that go their way on the field; it's also the remarkable absence of crucial injuries. The key to the latter phenomenon is flexibility coach Jim Curzi's unique training program, a stretching and limbering process that seems to make the Cardinal players nearly impervious to injury. Also, coach Don Coryell's assistants probably spend more time teaching fundamentals than any other coaching staff in the league, thus minimizing game mistakes. The need for help in the Cardinal defensive line could be fairly well filled by three newcomers, Mike Dawson (a rookie tackle from Arizona), Walt Patulski and Marvin Upshaw (veteran linemen acquired during the off season), and Willie Zapalac (hired from the University of Texas, where he was considered the best defensive-line coach in the country). If Zapalac can figure out a way to stimulate the usually lethargic Patulski, the Cardinals' defensive-line problems will be solved.

The New York Giants' dismal showing in '75 is simply explained: no offense. The solution is equally obvious: Get a

big horse at fullback and some consistent blocking in the line. The signing of Larry Csonka seems to have taken care of the first need and an added year of maturity should bring more stability to a young offensive line that was in constant flux last fall. Another reason for hope is that this is coach Bill Arnsparger's third year with the Giants; it usually takes about that long for a coach to put together all the pieces of a winning team. Arnsparger has stayed with his young players through their mistakes, rather than trade them away in panic, as so many other coaches have done in similar situations. As a result, the divisive cliquishness of the early Seventies is gone. Quarterback Craig Morton, offensive lineman John Hicks and linebacker Pat Hughes have emerged as strong team leaders. Hughes, a brainy sort, is like a coach on the field. If Csonka's overpayment and undercontribution don't kindle crippling resentment among the players who do the blocking while he gets the money and the glory, the Giants will be a much better team this year. But don't bet any money on it.

New coach Dick Vermeil has two top-priority tasks in Philadelphia: He must rebuild team confidence that never recovered from losing last season's first two games to the inept Giants and Bears and he must find some way to bolster a pitiful defensive line. The latter job seems hopeless; the draft brought only two possible helps, Floridians Mike Smith and Greg Johnson, and defensive linemen are currently the scarcest commodity on the trade market. Fortunately, quarterback Roman Gabriel's knee seems fully healed, so he should recover his starting berth. Gabriel remains the Eagles' principal asset; he's the hardest-working player on the squad and, with linebacker Bill Bergey, serves as emotional leader and on-field ass kicker. Withal, it looks like a tough first year for Vermeil.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Minnesota Vikings	11-3
Detroit Lions	9-5
Chicago Bears	4-10
Green Bay Packers	3-11

The Minnesota squad that takes the field this fall will be nearly identical to the one that played the final game last winter. Contrary to popular opinion, there is an occasional new face in the Viking line-up, but the changes come about so gradually that fans don't notice. The only threat to squad stability this year is the accumulating age of the defensive line (Carl Eller, Jim Marshall and Alan Page carry over 100 years among them). Still, one newcomer seems

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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.
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to have a shot at winning a starting berth: Huge (6'3", 240 pounds) running back Willie Spencer, who played for the World Football League in Memphis last year, could be the Vikings' first good big running back since Bill Brown's prime. Whatever develops in training camp, the Vikings' main strengths will be the same: Chuck Foreman's running and Francis Tarkenton's passing and thinking.

Look for Detroit to be the sleeper team of the league. Consider: The Lions sustained incredible injuries last fall (13 players went under the knife), the top two quarterbacks were lost in the sixth game, against Houston, and yet the Lions managed a 7-7 season. The medical disaster didn't become a psychological one, because coach Rick Forzano carried the team emotionally. Squad cohesiveness, born of weathering misfortune together, should be stronger than ever. All injuries seem to have healed, the likelihood of a recurrence is remote and the Lions' major talent need, a powerful runner, will be filled by the return of Steve Owens, who, after being out with injuries all of last year, looks as malevolent as ever. Add it all up and the Lions should give Minnesota a strong run for the division title.

For Chicago, the prospects aren't as bleak as in recent years, but any hopes for a winning season are still premature. General manager Jim Finks and coach Jack Pardee did a near miraculous job of reorganizing and refining the Bear squad last season, but many of the first-stringers wouldn't even be reserves on many other squads. So it will take a few more clever drafts to fill the ranks before the Bears will be contenders for anything. At least two rookies, offensive lineman Dennis Lick and running back Brian Baschnagel (who could wind up playing almost anywhere), are good bets to become instant starters.

The outlook in Green Bay is grim. In '73 and '74, the Packers squandered six future first- and second-round draft choices on two quarterbacks (John Hadl and Jim Del Gaizo), who have since flunked out. The result is a severe shortage of personnel, with minimal help from the draft. Coach Bart Starr will again spend the pre-season sifting through the castoffs from other training camps. New quarterback Lynn Dickey, obtained during the off season from Houston, gives the Packers their first deep passing threat since Starr was healthy in the late Sixties. Fortunately, Dickey will have four swift receivers, Steve Odom, Gerald Tinker, Ken Payne and Willard Harrell. The ground attack will be improved if rookie tackle Mark Koncar and guard Gale Gillingham (coming out of retirement) can help a limp offensive line and if fullback John Brockington gets moving. Brock was slowed by a

heavy wallet last fall, but this is the final year of his contract, so presumably he will have incentive.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Los Angeles Rams	9-5
Atlanta Falcons	7-7
San Francisco 49ers	7-7
New Orleans Saints	5-9
Seattle Seahawks	2-12

Los Angeles is again a shoo-in for the division championship. The Ram squad has no apparent weaknesses. The only discernible future problem is the advancing age of offensive linemen Charlie Cowan and Joe Scibelli. A couple of second-year prodigies, Dennis Harrah and Doug France, are waiting in the wings to replace them. The Rams are so talent-laden, in fact, that the only rookie who seems certain to survive the final pre-season cuts is defensive back Pat Thomas. One of the Rams' least obvious—but most important—assets is the fact that Carroll Rosenbloom has mastered the art of owning a football team. The organizational ambience he creates is invaluable, as is the quality of his personal relationships with his players. He spent last Christmas and New Year's Day prowling the side lines of the practice field in Long Beach while his team prepared for play-off games; he says he would have felt guilty about staying home with his family.

The performance gap between the Rams and other teams in their division won't be as big as last year's. Atlanta has the best chance of taking second place, because the Falcons are a year ahead of San Francisco and New Orleans in the rebuilding process, and the new Seattle franchise will have its hands full just fielding a functional team.

Atlanta needs to beef up both lines, as well as unlearn its skill at losing games in the last seconds—in '75, the Falcons lost five games in a total of three minutes and 33 seconds of final play. The return of defensive end Claude Humphrey, out all of last season with an injury, will stabilize the rush crew; and two rookie offensive linemen, Dave Scott and Walt Brett, will be of much help on the other side of the scrimmage line. Quarterback Steve Bartkowski, who had the most impressive debut since George Blanda broke in with the Bears during the last ice age, should continue to improve. For one thing, he'll have full use of receiver Alfred Jenkins, who didn't start until midseason of '75 but still led the team in receiving. Bart's performance undoubtedly will also be helped by the presence of two superb rookie runners, Bubba Bean and Sonny Collins.

San Francisco has a new head coach (Monte Clark), a new quarterback (Jim Plunkett), new offensive and defensive

systems (still being designed) and a new training camp (at the University of Santa Clara). All of this could add up to an instant turnaround of the 49ers' field fortunes; but the odds are against it. Clark, a 39-year-old, 6'6", 260-pound bass-fiddle player, is the youngest, biggest and most musically gifted head coach in the N.F.L. A more pertinent attribute is his proven skill as an offensive-line coach (Don Shula credits him with building Miami's superb front wall with a crew of other teams' castoffs), because the 49er blocking crew was unwaveringly crappy last year. Despite a horde of good young running backs, the ground game was out to lunch all season. Best hope for solving that problem is quick maturity for three young line reserves, Keith Fahnhorst, Jeff Hart and Jean Barrett. Two other needs, depth in the secondary and receiving corps, seem to have been met with the drafting of defensive back Ed Lewis and wide receiver Steve Rivera. The main catalyst in San Francisco's changed fortunes, if any, could be new quarterback Plunkett. Both his personality and his craftsmanship are of the sort that could quickly weld a disjointed squad into a winner. Let's hope it happens; the North Beach flakes need a new kind of high.

If a head coach and a city were ever made for each other, they're Hank Stram and New Orleans. Stram, with his luminescent attire and gaudy personality, will add color even to the French Quarter. More important, he'll bring several tons of pizzazz to the Saints' offense, which last year consisted almost totally of two off-tackle runs, a pass and a punt. Incredibly, former coach John North allowed quarterback Archie Manning (one of the smartest field generals in the game) to call few offensive plays. Manning wasn't even allowed to use checkoff audibles. All that will change. Manning has the tools to be the best quarterback in the league and Stram is the premier quarterback coach of the country. Better yet, the Saints' draft was wonderfully productive (a somewhat astonishing development, since both the Saints and Kansas City, where Stram heretofore made all draft decisions, had the most miserable drafts in the country the past five years). At least four Saint rookies have all-pro potential and should be immediate offensive starters. Chuck Muncie, the most coveted runner to come out of college in a decade, could be another Jim Brown. Runner Tony Galbreath has only a little less class. Offensive tackle Bob Simmons is the best lineman ever to graduate from the University of Texas; and Tinker Owens would have been an all-Everything receiver if he had played anywhere but at Oklahoma, where they threw a pass once

every other week. Before this season is out, Saints fans will think P. T. Barnum is the offensive coordinator. The defense, unhappily, is likely to be as mediocre as ever.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Baltimore Colts	9-5
Miami Dolphins	9-5
New York Jets	7-7
Buffalo Bills	6-8
New England Patriots	4-10

There's joy in Baltimore as the dog days of summer settle in. Since the Colts' '75 midseason turnaround, one of the most dramatic in anyone's memory, all of Clam City has been up for grabs. Player morale is sky-high, fans are ecstatic (nearly 100 percent of last year's season tickets had been renewed by April first), the local press corps has dropped its caustic sarcasm and—most amazing of all—Colts general manager Joe Thomas is openly accused of being a nice guy who had the good sense a couple of years ago to weed aging malcontents from the Baltimore squad, thus making room for promising youngsters. Thomas, unburdened with false modesty, admits that his past choices have been so wise that this year he went into the draft looking only for quality reserves. He got a couple of goodies, too, in defensive tackle Ken Novak and linebacker Ed Simonini. The Colts' major need is a bruising fullback. That order should be filled by either Roosevelt Leaks, whose three sore toes have healed, or Kim Jones, who has returned from the injured reserve list. If the other Jones, Bert, continues his remarkable maturation, Baltimore will have a good shot at the division, conference and Super Bowl championships.

Such a suggestion seems ludicrous to Miami partisans, who point out—correctly—that only a slew of injuries kept their team out of last fall's play-offs. Although all wounds are now healed, the Dolphins have other problems that aren't so obvious. Linebacker depth is much needed, a problem that may (or may not) have been solved by the Dolphins' two first-round draft choices, Larry Gordon and Kim Bokamper. Also, replacements must eventually be found for free safety Jake Scott and runner Mercury Morris, both of whom had personality conflicts with coach Don Shula last season. Scott is an unbridled individualist who retreats to a Colorado mountaintop each winter, eschewing Miami's balmy weather, and Shula doesn't mix well with free spirits. Morris, on the other hand, bitched long and loud about not playing enough during last fall's late-season title drive, much to his teammates' chagrin. Shula

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doesn't take to unenlightened self-interest, either. Scott will be almost impossible to adequately replace, but Benny Malone, if healthy, could be a better runner than Morris. All of this adds an element of flux and turmoil to a squad that has been remarkably stable the past few years. Contrary to popular opinion, however, the Dolphins are not hurting at fullback, despite the loss of Csonka. Don Nottingham, sharing the position with Norm Bulaich last fall, tied the team touchdown record (72 points), and he's probably the best blocking fullback in the league.

When the New York Jets' new coach Lou Holtz took a look at last season's game films, he was stunned by the sloppy play and mental errors. For the past few years, the Jets have been a cohesive team only when they're winning. When luck goes against them and they lose, bickering sets in and some players quit trying. Thus, last year's dismal showing. The Jets are in for a rude awakening in training camp. Holtz is a walking whirlwind who will bring more energy, organization and professionalism to the team than New Yorkers have ever witnessed. He'll also do a lot of ass kicking. "The Jets will be no refuge for weak-willed players this year," Holtz told us. "The fair-weather types will weed themselves out—like in about two days. I won't put up with any off-the-field nonsense, either. Professional football players have an obligation to be the kind of people fans admire, to set good examples of public behavior." Thus, Glitter Gulch is likely to lose some of its gaudiest denizens. The Jets, however, need more than discipline. Such as over-all depth—a perennial problem. The linebacking, last year's major weakness, will likely be helped by Richard

Wood's added maturity and the arrival of rookie Greg Buttle. The defenders' morale will also be helped by the re-hiring of defensive coordinator Walt Michaels. If quarterback Joe Namath can avoid last season's many interceptions, the offense will also improve. Rookie Richard Todd will be groomed to be Namath's eventual replacement.

The Buffalo offense should be as awesome as it was in '75, when the Bills led the N.F.L. in rushing, scoring and total offense. The main goal of summer camp is to keep the defenders from also doing a repeat performance—they were 24th in total defense and dead last against the pass. A few of the worst offenders have been shipped out, but more dependable replacements still have to be found. That likelihood is slim, because the draft produced only two gem-quality defenders (back Mario Clark and lineman Ben Williams), plus one garden-variety linebacker (Dan Jilek). About four more of each kind might have made a difference. Unless coach Lou Saban trades off some offensive stars for fresh defenders (and it's a seller's market), every game will be a scoring spree. Last fall, the Bills managed to outscore their opponents eight of fourteen times, but this fall they may not be so lucky.

The emotional atmosphere in the New England offices has been rather grim during the off season. It's the inevitable result of dashed hopes, dissension and disenchantment. Squad morale has never fully recovered from the players' strike that caused the cancellation of last year's pre-season game against the Jets. It's still a fragmented squad and, with Jim Plunkett's departure for San Francisco, no obvious team leader is present to bring unity. Tight end Russ Francis, though

only a second-year player, seems the likeliest candidate to fill the leadership void. The Patriots need help almost everywhere. Fortunately, coach Chuck Fairbanks conducted another productive draft, picking off four superstars at positions that most needed help: Mike Haynes will be the top rookie defensive back in the country and Tim Fox may be the second-best; Pete Brock is the best center to come out of college in years and Ike Forte is the breakaway runner they so badly need. A lot more beef is needed in both lines, though. The quarterbacking may not suffer as much from Plunkett's loss as most fans fear; Tom Owen showed flashes of brilliance in San Francisco, causing many observers to speculate that he might be the biggest find since Baltimore got John Unitas for the price of a phone call. If the Patriot blockers can give him adequate protection, Owen could be the happiest surprise of the season.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	10-4
Houston Oilers	9-5
Cincinnati Bengals	8-6
Cleveland Browns	6-8

The Pittsburgh coaching staff, assembled in August session, was asked by a visitor to enumerate its personnel needs for the coming season. A short conference brought the answer: depth at offensive tackle. Which gives you an idea of how hard up the Steelers are for talent. The reason for this enviable situation is that coach Chuck Noll is a canny judge of college talent; he never wastes a high draft choice on a loser. This year's draft produced at least three nuggets: tight end Bennie Cunningham, center Ray Pinney and wide receiver Theopolis Bell. Noll's main problem will be finding a place for them on the Pittsburgh roster. The Steelers, after winning two Super Bowl championships in a row, now have that most important asset, the confidence of an established winner. Nothing short of disastrous luck will keep them from making the play-offs again.

Houston fans are still stunned by their team's turnaround from consecutive 1-13 seasons in '72 and '73. Last fall, the Oilers lost only four games, two each to Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, the teams that finished ahead of them in their division. Main reason for the improved showing was the arrival of both defensive tackle Curley Culp and head coach Bum Phillips. Culp solidified the defense and Phillips, with his country-and-western honest approach, has won the intense loyalty of a squad that is no longer fragmented by internal dissension. Credit also goes to center Carl Mauck, a blood-'n'-guts type whose arrival last season



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From the mountains



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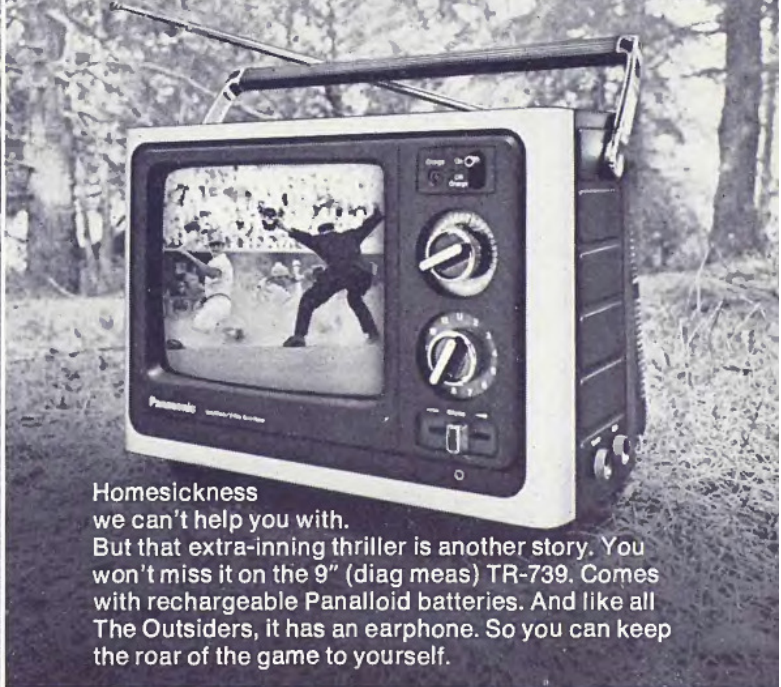
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from San Diego converted a mediocre offensive line into a good one. Owner Bud Adams is rarely seen anymore, which also helps the team morale. It all adds up to the best situation in Houston in 15 years. The Oilers are a young team that will improve just by aging, so look for them to give Pittsburgh a run for the division title this fall.

The coaching change-over at Cincinnati, with Bill Johnson taking over from Paul Brown, seems to have been a smooth one. Johnson has been with the Bengals since 1968 and Brown will still serve as general manager. Still, Johnson inherits some problems; namely, a limp pass rush and a weak running game. The former will presumably be helped by the arrival of defensive lineman Coy Bacon from San Diego and the ground attack will be perked up by rookie runner Archie Griffin. The Bengals' main strengths, however, will remain the passing of Ken Anderson and an alert secondary headed by Ken Riley.

Although Cleveland got an invigorating transfusion of new blood from the draft, it isn't as desperately needed as last season's 3-11 record would seem to indicate. After losing nine straight games at the beginning of last season, the Browns won three of their last five. That momentum will likely carry over into this

season, because all the many squad weaknesses seem to be healing themselves as the young players mature and grow more familiar with the new systems installed by coach Forrest Gregg last summer. One major need—a big running back—was filled with the drafting of Mike Pruitt, who will team with diminutive runner Greg Pruitt (no kin) to give the Browns a sizzling running attack (and cause havoc among Cleveland sports announcers). They'll undoubtedly be called Big P and Little P. The Browns' passing attack will be much improved, because Mike Phipps will be throwing to the best group of receivers in the Browns' history—Reggie Rucker and Oscar Roan have been joined by veteran Paul Warfield and rookie Dave Logan, the premier receiver of last year's college crop. The defense, bolstered by two off-season trades (linebacker Gerald Irons from Oakland and defensive back Ron Bolton from New England), could become one of the toughest in the league.

Oakland, as usual, will be little changed. The Raiders' stability comes from the same course as their success: Managing general partner Al Davis and coach John Madden have a masterful knack for drafting players with modest collegiate reputations but much potential,

then bringing them along slowly and methodically until they're among the best. A vivid case in point is linebacker Monte Johnson, who didn't start a game during

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Oakland Raiders	10-4
Denver Broncos	7-7
San Diego Chargers	7-7
Kansas City Chiefs	4-10
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	2-12

his undergraduate years at Nebraska. The Raiders' only apparent needs are fresh reserves in the defensive line and linebacker corps. Both problems seem to have been solved with the drafting of defensive lineman Charles Philyaw and linebackers Rik Bonness (converted from center) and Herb McMath. Only a couple of fumbles kept the Raiders out of the Super Bowl last year. Look for them to make it—at last—in '76.

"This," a disgruntled Denver fan told us, "is the put-up-or-shut-up year." The John Ralston mystique, it seems, has worn thin in a city heretofore patiently tolerant of coaches who promise great things for next year. Ralston, a celebrated power-of-positive-thinking freak, got carried away last summer and promised Denver fans a trip to the Super Bowl.

Decisions...decisions

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What he delivered was a 6-8 season and a crock of excuses. "At least our fans are pissed off instead of being apathetic like the people in San Diego," says a Denver newsman. "By May first, the Broncos had already sold out season tickets. Every one of those cats will be on Ralston's back. He'd better deliver a good team this year or they'll have to call out the 101st Airborne to get him out of the stadium alive." Ralston's problem is exacerbated by the retirement of quarterback Charley Johnson and runner Floyd Little (and possibly other disgruntled veterans before the season opens). Otis Armstrong's healed hamstring will solve the running problem and Steve Ramsey seems the likely replacement for Johnson. If Ramsey flunks out, soph Mike Franckowiak, a special-teams man last year, will be given a crash course in signal calling along with rookie Craig Penrose. The latter seems destined—after a couple of grooming years—to be Denver's future quarterback.

This time last year, San Diego looked like it was going to be the most improved team in the country. But the offense, which had been superb in '74, fell apart (injuries) and the defense, with five rookie starters, was inept (youthful mistakes). This year, the Chargers again look like they could be the surprise team of the country. Don Woods and rookie

Joe Washington will be a breath-taking pair of runners, wide receiver Charlie Joiner (obtained from Cincinnati) will be the long-needed speedy receiver and new offensive coordinator Bill Walsh (formerly the quarterback coach in Cincinnati) will presumably teach his new charges that winning requires finesse as well as brawn. The Chargers' main weakness is the linebacking corps, where only Don Goode is dependable. The quarterback position, where Dan Fouts and Jesse Freitas have exhibited only unrealized potential, will also have to solidify if the Chargers are to make much improvement over last year's 2-12 record. At least the schedule is easier this fall.

After Kansas City owner Lamar Hunt sacked coach Hank Stram and replaced him with Paul Wiggin a year ago, his next priority was to do something about the Chiefs' miserable draft record. For the past five years, the gleanings from the college crops had been pitiful, largely because Stram had insisted on managing the entire research-and-selection process all by himself—as if a head coach had that much time. During the past year, the Chiefs have joined the Blesto scouting combine and Hunt has hired player personnel director Les Miller, a cagey talent sleuth who helped assemble Miami's storehouse of bone and sinew. Miller did a superb job at the draft tables

this past spring—at least five of his selections are good enough to win starting jobs by season's end. It couldn't have happened to a needier team. The Chiefs have grown long of tooth and slow of foot in recent seasons and last year's injury rash nearly wiped them out. The defensive platoon is especially critical, so rookie defensive tackles Cliff Frazier and Keith Simons will be groomed as starters during summer camp. Another newcomer, Gary Barbaro, will provide immediate help in the secondary. Better yet, the lean years have produced a new mental toughness in the squad and the players adore Wiggin. The Chiefs are still about three years away from a winning season, but at least—and at last—they're on their way.

And so how is it all going to turn out? Oakland and Dallas seem to me to have the best chances of going to the Super Bowl. A more certain—but equally problematical—prediction is offered by Dallas vice-president Gil Brandt: "I'll tell you who's going to make it to Pasadena next January—the two teams with the fewest injuries. The top ten or twelve teams in this league are so evenly matched that a couple of broken bones and pulled ligaments will probably be the deciding factors."



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MAKEUP MAN

(continued from page 76)

in days when there were families, hourly wages, ball games, anthems and car-buretors.

Feeling not at all fabulous, Byron stared into the depths of his television set one whole afternoon and evening, witnessing more than he could assess.

One team had won, another lost.

The number-one hit song of the season was the one about the exciting adventures of The Rovers.

A strange disturbance at a remote edge of the galaxy had been recorded on instruments but not fully identified.

Tattoos were the coming fashion.

Light scattered earthquakes were predicted from the West Coast to the Rockies.

Sylvia's horrid face was part of an award-winning advertisement for handguns.

Food supplies, analysts insisted, had dwindled only slightly.

In some parts of the South Pacific and in the middle jungles of the African continent, palm trees still thrived.

At the Palm Springs Emporium, a shiny laboratory awaited the master's touch. When Sylvia became one of the all-time great movie monsters, ranking with Dracula, the Creeper and the Beast with Five Fingers, she became too busy for Byron, so he began to play around in his lab.

He went back to an old experiment: devising a youth cream.

The base compound of Byron's Fabulous Youth Cream over the years had always been sulphomethane—which produced a hypnotic effect. But Byron, by his own admission, wasn't a scientist, just

an artist, so his test tubes and flasks were always filled with fluids that looked good but did little.

His new effort was less a cream than a handsome milk.

In despair, he poured it over his oatmeal and ate it.

Not much taste, but his eyes fastened on the bright spoon in his bowl and he sat there in a trance for 60 hours.

Byron went to a party hoping to see Sylvia.

For the floorshow, the hosts presented a philosopher who was reluctant to speak. After a brief and futile interrogation, the master of ceremonies put the philosopher's feet into a vise. The philosopher, an old bearded man who looked wise, writhed in pain as the m.c. tightened the vise but confessed no secrets.

After a buffet supper, some men beat on a 1976 Chevrolet with old pole lamps. They banged out an effective rhythm and everyone except Byron danced.

Later, the m.c. announced in a panic that Rovers had surrounded the estate, so the guests fled in every direction. They dived through windows, hid in pantries and sprinted off into the night toward the beaches, but it all turned out to be a hilarious practical joke.

When Sylvia finally came to visit again, she still wore her famous tentacled face.

The air sang with nervousness that night. The restless ocean pulsed into the shore below the beach house, far off in the darkness the Dobermans were beginning to bark and Sylvia's laughter was false, a performance. She was happy about The Fad's passing, she told Byron, tossing her head and laughing, ha-ha, because the required makeup, ha-ha, was beginning to irritate her skin. She seemed desperate and unnatural.

Soon she began to shed her clothes in the old way. Her fingers—silvered, Byron noticed—trailed over his new couches, the brass telescope aimed out at the ocean and his warm television set as she moved through his rooms.

"What do you want?" he asked, following her.

Byron felt both annoyed with her and sorry for her because she had lost that magnificent indifference.

She wore a tattooed wildflower below her navel.

She danced through his place, dropping her gossamer blouse here, a shoe there, touching things; she draped her clothes over his furniture and knocked over jeweled bottles of cosmetics on his mirrored worktable, trying with all her might to bewitch his rooms and his life again, the crude charm of her brown body against all his powers.



Handeltman

"So far, they haven't objected to my using their name, and you'd be amazed how much insurance I'm selling."

Her wretched face distracted him. He couldn't help it, but she just wasn't the same as that first time she came to him.

"You'll make me beautiful and splendid now!" she sang to him, dancing away.

"I can't do it!" he called, his breath growing short as he clumped upstairs after her.

"Oh, yes you can! You can do anything!" she reassured him, whirling. She moved out onto the deck under the stars, back into his bedroom, across the hallway, her arms beating like wings.

Byron also wanted to say that she didn't love him or appreciate his achievement but knew that would sound child-like. She was still doing her pathetic dance.

"Only our art and the industry matter!" she called to him, spinning out of reach. "You'll find me another fad, then another!"

"No, you don't understand," he wheezed.

"Trick after trick, Byron, you're a genius!"

"The fads kill us!" he yelled at her. "They're real! You just don't know!"

"You're going to make me lovely now! You're going to!" she insisted, and she let him catch her. He grabbed her and they wrestled each other down on the thick, creamy rug before his hearth. The flames crackled beside their faces as she began her desperate seduction, pulling his scrawny weight on top of her, laughing in his ear, opening herself to him.

"You don't know what you've done!" he said breathlessly, but she laughed and nuzzled, entwining him. Her hands caressed him as he reached for her face and began to tear her latex mask away.

He was the master, the supreme artist, destroyer and creator, but his talent sickened him now, for it made all passing fashion real, as always, and every fad part of the true texture of the soul.

The sea and the dogs were howling as he pushed his fingers into her makeup. He felt her body relax as she let him work. But then she suspected what she saw in his eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, and she tried to crawl out from under him. They struggled, rolling and falling, until she saw herself in the broken mirror of his worktable, which lay tipped on its side at the far end of the room.

Her faces were coming off one after another, caked artifice and flesh, each more wrinkled and horrid than the one before. He dug into the sockets of her eyes and peeled back another fistful.

Her screams and cries grew louder and darker than the night surrounding them.

Beneath it all, deep down, like the makeup man himself, the famous Sylvia was only a skull.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 68)

find out that what they're doing is driving 300 miles a day getting film to the airport.

PLAYBOY: One of the least celebrated chapters of your professional life, before you broke into television, was a period you spent tattooing dogs. Where did you do that?

ALTMAN: Inside the groin of the right front leg. We'd tattoo their state and county license numbers.

PLAYBOY: Fascinating—but we meant where geographically.

ALTMAN: It started here. After the war, in 1947, I bought a bull terrier from a guy named H. Graham Connor. He had this idea for dog tattooing, which he called Identi-Code. I was writing then with a friend, Jim Rickard; we'd decided to become press agents. Then we got the idea of setting up this whole scam on a national basis. We invented our own tattooing machine, developed a numbering system and moved to New York and Washington. I was the tattooer.

PLAYBOY: How did you make out?

ALTMAN: Pretty well, for a while. I tattooed Truman's dog while he was still in the White House. We were lobbying in Washington and on the verge of being bought out by National Dog Week—which is a corporation owned by four major dog-food companies—when we went broke.

PLAYBOY: A couple of years ago, you claimed you were practically broke again. Isn't your financial picture today on an upswing?

ALTMAN: My percentages are bigger, but I seldom see any of the money. I have no wealth of any kind that would allow me to take three months or a year off. It's nice to be able to borrow from the bank now, because they think I can work, but there's never been a time I wasn't in debt. My personal take from *Nashville* will be a few hundred thousand, which is terrific. But the Government grabs half of it right off the bat and the rest goes to support this Lion's Gate operation.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you a pretty big spender?

ALTMAN: I'm not an extravagant person, no. I have to travel quite a bit. I live reasonably well. I buy a lot of whiskey and a lot of dinners.

PLAYBOY: How's your luck at cards? Do you still have a passion for gambling?

ALTMAN: It's not quite a passion, but it's something I really like. I like to play poker, like going to the races, but I can't allocate any time to it. I love betting on football.

PLAYBOY: Are you a heavy bettor?

ALTMAN: Yeah, within limits. I have good years and bad years. Year before last, I won about \$26,000; but I never stop while I'm winning. I may bet \$500 or \$1000 on a game, but you always lose in the long run because of the percentages. I never bet on the Dallas Cowboys. There's just

something about that team I don't like. I'm not sure what it is, though Texas is not my favorite place.

PLAYBOY: Do you suppose there's a connection between your gambling instincts and your career?

ALTMAN: Only in the sense that if you've experienced life as a gambler, you realize you can get along without great security. Consequently, it doesn't bother me when there's no money in the bank. I have this optimistic attitude that nobody's going to starve.

PLAYBOY: Maybe having grown up during the Depression helps. What was your childhood like?

ALTMAN: I probably had the most normal, uneventful upbringing possible. My parents were stricter with me than with my two younger sisters. As a youngster, I was not a good student, but I just loved movies. I saw them all, went all the time. I got into a lot of trouble once because I sat through Wallace Beery's *Viva Villa!* about four times, until my parents came

*"I may bet \$500 or \$1000
on a game, but . . . I never
bet on the Dallas
Cowboys. There's just
something about that
team I don't like."*

looking for me. I went to military school for a couple of years and lost my virginity, neither of which made me unhappy. It was generally just a regular childhood.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't your son Michael written a book about your life and work?

ALTMAN: Oh, yes. It's a slender volume, and he even got some of the facts wrong. He came up to Calgary to talk about it during the filming of *Buffalo Bill*, and I almost threw him off the set, though I sort of admired him for going ahead anyway.

PLAYBOY: What's the title?

ALTMAN: *The World of Robert Altman*. Just a nothing book, with a little synopsis of each picture, quotes, interviews, condensed reviews—oh, God, it was awful. I read the proofs in about four and a half seconds, and I think now it's going to be shelved. If ever I did a service to my son Michael, it was to keep that tome from being published.

PLAYBOY: You mean you've killed it?

ALTMAN: Well, he had some material in there he didn't have rights to, so we just intimated that we might sue Simon & Schuster, who were supposed to release

it. Michael seemed to analyze all my films as being failures in terms that were rather interesting, and they had a whole horoscope in there, with an astrological chart that tried to explain why I am the way I am. There's another unauthorized biography being written by some guy who called and asked if I'd assist him.

PLAYBOY: And did you?

ALTMAN: Jesus, no. Let them wait and write a book about me when I'm dead, if anyone's still interested.

PLAYBOY: You're now on your third marriage, but that has lasted 17 years. What do you think makes it work?

ALTMAN: Well, I suppose it's a matter of growth. And Kathryn is terrific. If I were married to someone who tried to influence me or push her personal feelings into my films, it probably wouldn't last. Yet Kathryn is the one who brought *Breakfast of Champions* to my attention. She'd read it first and just said casually, "You could probably make a movie out of this." She's around, she goes to screenings, she sets up a home with Matthew and Bobby wherever I happen to be shooting, she entertains; but she never intrudes intellectually into what I'm doing. We really live quite separate lives, but we live them together.

PLAYBOY: Before we wind this up, can you tell us which Robert Altman film is your own personal favorite?

ALTMAN: *Brewster McCloud*. I wouldn't say it's my best film; it's flawed, not nearly as finished as some work I've done since, but it's my favorite, because I took more chances then. It was my boldest work, by far my most ambitious. I went way out on a limb to reach for it. After a while, you become more cautious. People keep telling you you've got to be careful, you shouldn't do that. Nevertheless, I don't think there's a question in the world that the films we'll be making and seeing 20 years from now will be films that none of us would understand today. Music's the same way; if you had put a Bob Dylan song on the radio back in 1941, they would have thought you were crazy, closed the station. And I feel it's the obligation of the artist to keep pushing ahead, to stay within range of his audience but to keep pushing and educating them one step at a time.

PLAYBOY: When you look into your own future, what do you want to have accomplished?

ALTMAN: I can't imagine getting up in the morning without the same frustrations, the same fears and the same elation I experience every day. All I want is to do what I'm doing. What else would I do?

PLAYBOY: Then you don't think, as some have claimed, that the ultimate Altman movie has already been made?

ALTMAN: I certainly hope not. I'm just warming up.

DISCOVER WHAT VITAMINS CAN DO FOR YOUR HAIR.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occurs 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my

hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

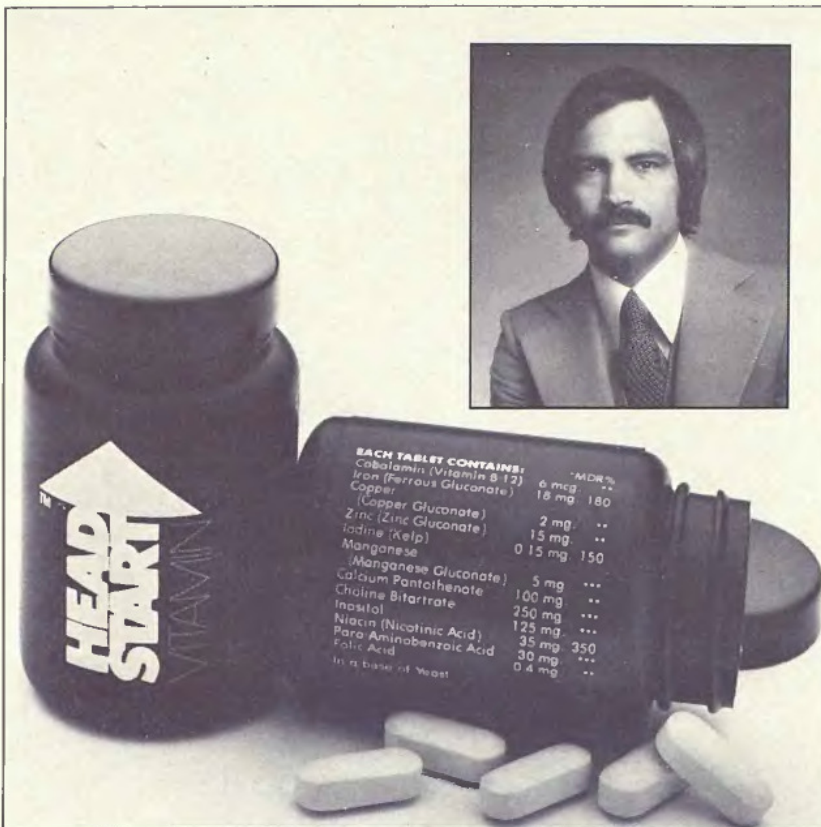
The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

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"The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more!" H.A., Bronx, N.Y.

"Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works!" J.T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair!"

D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work"... Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

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DEFENSE



BUILDING THE BETTER ZAPPER

Not only science-fiction writers love the idea of a good, old-fashioned Death Ray—the kind Flash Gordon always used to fry unruly aliens. These days, the U.S.S.R. is very seriously interested in developing one. Or several. And next year, our Department of Defense will spend \$187,100,000 on its own versions. Nobody's actually calling them Death Rays, of course. In official jargon, they are high-energy laser weapons. But by any name, the international scramble to develop them is on; and it includes such contenders as General Electric and Textron, the nice folks who bring you crock pots and whirlybirds. Otherwise unexplained blasts of infraradiation detected last year in the U.S.S.R. indicate that the Soviets may be working on laser weapons designed to blind and render useless our satellites and/or early-warning radar systems. It's a good bet, anyway, since Our Side is hard at work on closing *their* eyes in much the same way. The Advanced Research Projects Agency of the Pentagon—which is essentially the Flash Gordon wing, specializing in Building the Unthinkable—has made its pursuit of laser weapons one of its hottest and most highly classified items.

The first optical laser—the word is an acronym for light amplification by

THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

stimulated emission of radiation—was built by Hughes Aircraft in 1960. Because laser beams are emitted on a single wave length (unlike the jumble of wave lengths in regular white light), they can maintain focus and high intensity over long distances—if there is nothing in the way. That gives them the theoretical ability to zap anything they can be pointed at, from an eyeball to an ICBM, either by raising the temperature of the target until it sizzles like an ant beneath a reading glass or by pulsing the laser like a jackhammer of light and shock-waving it to shreds—or both.

Among the many bright plans awaiting workable laser weapons, there's one for which the Air Force has great hopes; it could restore B-52 bombers to their former dignity. Equipped with lasers that could pick off enemy missiles with accuracy, B-52s could again fly high and mighty in the skies—instead of hedgehopping as they must now, beneath radar cover, barely above the ground, like Greyhound buses with nuclear capability.

The Army has mounted a laser in an experimental tank and the Navy is thinking about how nice they'd be on carriers to protect a fleet. The most general promise of laser weapons seems to be in the area of antimissile defense, but all three Service branches have been figuring out their own uses and awarding contracts.

Unfortunately for the doomsters, however, lasers so far have been reluctant to play very much—or very well—outdoors. They like it much better in the lab, where, for one thing, there is enough power to keep them going. Two of the three basic high-energy lasers—the so-called gas dynamic laser (GDL) and the electric discharge laser (EDL)—have prodi-

gious power requirements. An EDL installed in an aircraft, for instance, would need a fuel cell weighing several thousand pounds and occupying 30 or 40 cubic feet. The third basic type—the chemical laser—overcomes that power problem, but the interactions involved are more complex and not entirely understood; and fluorine, one of the best reactants, is extremely corrosive and difficult to handle. Certain lasers, too, are happiest in low pressures, which requires bulky machinery. There also seems to be an upper limit on how strong the zap itself can be. The laser actually vaporizes most targets, and this can create a cloud of ionized plasma at the point of impact. The plasma cloud interrupts the beam and can, at outputs above 100 megawatts, bounce the beam back upon itself with a shock-wave effect that completely unglues the laser from its target. But the laser's greatest military flaw is that it can't stand the rain—or fog, water vapor, dust, smoke, turbulence, hot spots or any of the other glop in the air. It's terrific at high altitudes and on a clear day they can kill forever; under any other conditions, however, the beams tend to diffuse, to be absorbed or to be rattled apart—depending on the type of interference.

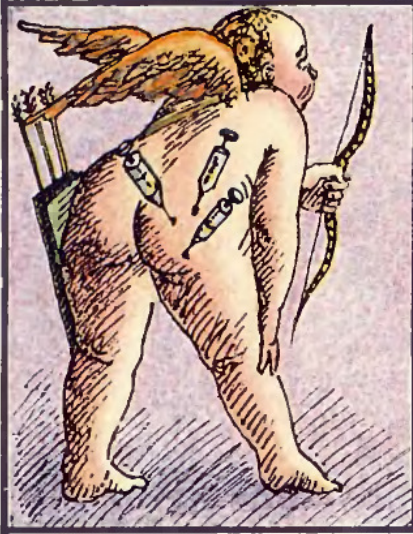
But they're working on that, too, of course, and have already beaten some of the problems.

If the Pentagon wants a Death Ray, odds are that it probably will get one.

CLAP TRAP

We reported last September in *Forum Newsfront* that University of Pittsburgh microbiologist Charles C. Brinton, Jr., was developing a new

SEX



and apparently quite successful gonorrhea vaccine. Under an electron microscope, gonorrhea bacteria look like fuzzy tennis balls; they're covered with tiny hairlike strands called pili. Dr. Brinton discovered that these pili will produce protective antigens (without producing the disease) when they are reduced to a crystalline protein material and administered as a vaccine. Early experiments indicated that it could reduce the risk of getting clap from one in three per exposure to one in 100. The process involves *shaving* bacteria, of course, but whatever works. . . .

We checked in with Brinton recently to find out how things were going. He told us that current experiments are even more encouraging than those we had reported. The eventual vaccine will have to contain several types of pili, since there are a number of virulent gonorrhea strains—and Brinton is now experimenting along those lines with chimps. Retesting his human volunteers showed that they were even more resistant to infection than had been anticipated—nearly 600 times more than unvaccinated controls. The vaccine is effective for only 15 months, so booster shots will be necessary, but that's a lot better than frantic jabs of penicillin when you're sore and dripping after the fact. The only bad news is that the vaccine is still almost two years away from the market place.

SECURITY



We'll keep you posted, but, in the meantime, try to keep it clean, fellas.

ASST. VICE BODYGUARD

The present international popularity of kidnaping and other sorts of terrorism seems certain to continue to boom, if you will pardon the expression. One effect of this terrible fad has been to turn the bodyguard business into a new growth industry. Three of the largest companies that supply bodyguards in the U. S. estimate that their demand has been jumping at a rate of more than ten percent a year for the past three years. The 20,000-plus bodyguards presently in the trade are expected to number 70,000 by the end of the decade.

Politicians, rock stars, nervous Mobsters and rich seedy types with something to hide were until recently the chief patrons of the industry; but as corporate executives continue to be nabbed for ransom or simply killed, increasing numbers of companies are hiring bodyguards to keep their top management alive and well.

Instead of being an obvious ape wearing a striped turtleneck, though, the new breed of bodyguard does his best to fit right in and become invisible, Secret Service style. Some companies, in fact, give executive bodyguards their own offices and middle-management titles in order

DRUGS



better to disguise their presence. Gone are the days of Oddjob and his fatal bowler. Now he's sleek and silver-haired and packs his heat beneath a Gucci suit—and makes between \$15,000 and \$20,000 a year, unlike uniformed security guards, who are usually paid as close to minimum wages as possible.

If you look like a middle-management type and can handle a gun, there may be a future for you in the bodyguard biz.

DRUNK THANKS

A final bit of good news for those of us who sometimes find that after a night on the town we have been dangerously overserved and can't even *find* the car, much less drive it home. Even as we stumble about, wondering what to do next, the FDA is testing several drugs that could sober us up on the spot or block the effects of the alcohol in the first place. The best contender is called L-Dopa. It's already being used to treat Parkinson's disease, which, like alcohol, also affects the central nervous system. In the near future, L-Dopa in combination with certain other drugs may help reduce highway deaths involving alcohol from their present grisly level of 20,000 a year—and we won't have to weave home on foot, singing dirty old college songs off key. ♣

WRATH OF GOD (continued from page 82)

he greatly admired. As a result, the organization's main arms depot in Europe was located in the basement of the Libyan embassy in Bonn. If someone had dropped a match in the place, half of the West German capital would have gone up in smoke. Syrian and South Yemenite diplomatic missions were also ready to supply bogus passports and to vouch for falsified credentials. The Algerian consulate in Geneva was especially important. According to the Israelis, it was the command and communications center for Black September's operation in Europe.

As its top-priority targets, Black September concentrated on Israeli intelligence officers and the double agents they had managed to place in Arab ranks. Several months before Munich, Black September had kidnaped and executed five Jordanian agents in West Germany who were believed to be passing information to the Israelis. About a month after Zwaiter's death, Black September resumed the campaign against double agents by killing a Syrian journalist named Khodr Kannon, who was suspected of being a Mossad "plant."

The Israeli retaliation was swift. In December, Dr. Mahmoud Hamshari, Black September's representative in Paris, answered his telephone. The caller identified himself as "the Italian journalist" who had invited Hamshari for coffee at a nearby café the day before. "Is this really Dr. Hamshari?" the voice inquired. "*Lui-même*," he replied ("This is he"). The next—and last—sound Hamshari heard was the high-pitched whine of an electronic signal transmitted through the telephone that triggered a bomb. A powerful explosive had been planted under his telephone table by Israeli agents while he was out sipping coffee with "the Italian journalist"—who most likely was Mike.

After Hamshari's death, the tempo of kill and counterkill accelerated. In late December, Black September invaded the Israeli embassy in Bangkok, taking several diplomats and their wives hostage. But after 36 nerve-racking hours, the terrorists lost their nerve and accepted a safe-conduct flight to Cairo. Next, the Israelis blew up Black September's chief contact man with Soviet intelligence just after he clicked off the light in a Cyprus hotel room. Two days later, Black September struck back at Baruch Cohen, a Mossad officer in Madrid whose assignment was to recruit Palestinian students as double agents. Cohen was headed for a rendezvous with one of his contacts in a sidewalk café; as he approached it, he sensed he had walked into a trap and reached for his gun. Before he could draw, he was shot and killed.

There was a merciful pause, but on March 1, 1973, Black September gun-

men invaded the Saudi Arabian embassy in Khartoum while a diplomatic-corps party was in progress. Their object seems to have been to scare nonsocialist Arab governments away from associating with Americans. In the ensuing operation, the terrorists inadvertently revealed their links to the Palestinian Liberation Organization, which had piously disavowed any knowledge of Black September. Responding to a radio request by the Black September terrorists for guidance, a P.L.O. leader in Beirut replied: "The organization orders, repeat orders, you to carry out Operation Cold Water on numbers one, two and three." The consequence: Two American and one Belgian diplomats were executed in cold blood. Obviously, the Arabs were ignorant of the fact that their transmissions were being monitored by Western intelligence agencies. According to Israeli insiders, P.L.O. chief Yasir Arafat then came on the circuit: "Brothers," he said in his easily recognizable voice, "I congratulate you and thank you. Long live Arab Palestine!"

Now Black September was on the offensive. In quick succession, Palestinian gunmen carried out three operations on Cyprus, where they killed an Israeli agent, attacked the home of the Israeli ambassador and unsuccessfully attempted to hijack an Israeli plane. In Rome, Black September agents murdered an El Al guard. Resorting to a new form of violence, they mailed—from post offices in Israel and the Netherlands—dozens of letter bombs to Israeli and American officials.

In a grim counterpoint, the Israeli hit teams fought back so effectively that in the space of only three months they dispatched their fifth to eleventh victims, Black September agents in Paris, Cyprus, Beirut and Rome.

Victim number 12 was a man whose role in Black September had puzzled the Mossad for many months. He was a debonair Arab named Mohammed Boudia, who lived in Paris and circulated mostly among artists and theater people. The Israelis suspected that he was important but had not been able to identify his exact function—until they seized secret Black September files during the raid in Beirut. There they collected the equivalent of three file cabinets of papers, some of which were lifted out by helicopter ambulance. Among other things, the papers revealed that Boudia was in charge of enlisting young Europeans as agents for Black September; his sexual prowess, apparently, made him especially adept at recruiting young women.

On the morning of June 28, 1973, as Boudia climbed into his Renault sedan after spending the night with a French girlfriend, an explosion blew his car apart. Sitting less than 100 yards away in

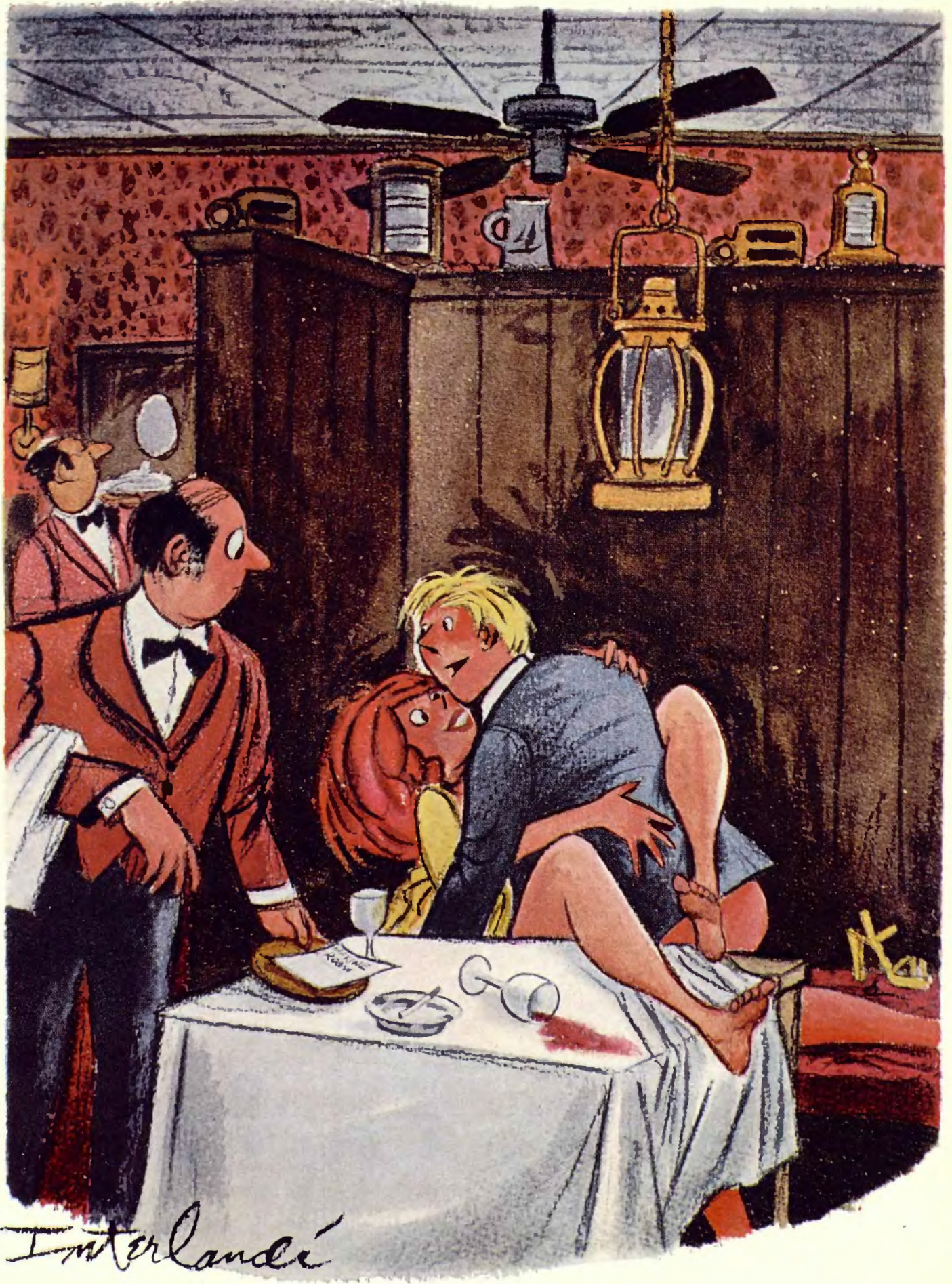
a Volkswagen, peering through slits in the black masking tape on the window, were two very interested parties to Boudia's sudden departure. They were Mike and his boss, General Zvi Zamir.

Two evenings later, the war reached a new continent and an unsuspecting victim. As Colonel Yosef Alon, an air attaché of the Israeli embassy in Washington, stepped from his auto in the garage of his suburban home, he was killed by a volley of pistol fire. Although local police and the FBI failed to solve the murder, he was, in fact, shot by black-power gunmen on a \$20,000 contract placed by a Black September representative in the U. S.

By now, despite their own losses, the Israelis had killed off most of Black September's top men and had driven most of the surviving Arab terrorist leaders into hiding. Still, they had failed to get the one they wanted most: Ali Hassan Salameh, the chief Black September planner and director of its European operations, who had been the mind behind the attack on the Olympic team. If the Mossad had a special reason for exacting revenge from Salameh, he, in turn, had equally persuasive motives, both of blood and of marriage, for carrying on the conflict against the Israelis. Ali Hassan was the son of a Palestinian guerrilla leader, Sheik Salameh, who had fought cruelly and effectively against the Jewish immigrants until the Haganah, the forerunner of the Israeli army, blew up his headquarters in 1948, killing him and many of his followers. His son Ali had married into the Husseini family, whose hatred of the Jews was legendary in the Arab world. His wife was a direct descendant of the mufti of Jerusalem, who during the Forties had been a virulent opponent of opening Palestine to Jewish settlers.

Ali Hassan Salameh was, in addition, handsome, sophisticated and extremely clever. Unlike most other Arab leaders, who had a tendency to run off at the mouth (victims of "the Arab disease," as even other Arabs derisively called it), he knew and treasured the value of secrecy. To guard against leaks, he would plan an operation in his own mind, not confiding the target to his agents until the very last moment—and then only their leader. Ali Hassan also nurtured a number of vices not uncommon to men, especially to those who live continuously in danger: He drank too much champagne, smoked too many Rothman's cigarettes and had a weakness for fast women.

During late 1972 and early 1973, as his fellow Black September leaders were dying of lead poisoning and explosions, Salameh prudently went into hiding in West Germany. At least six Israeli agents were assigned to find him, but he was a difficult man to track. About all they discovered was that he lived part of the



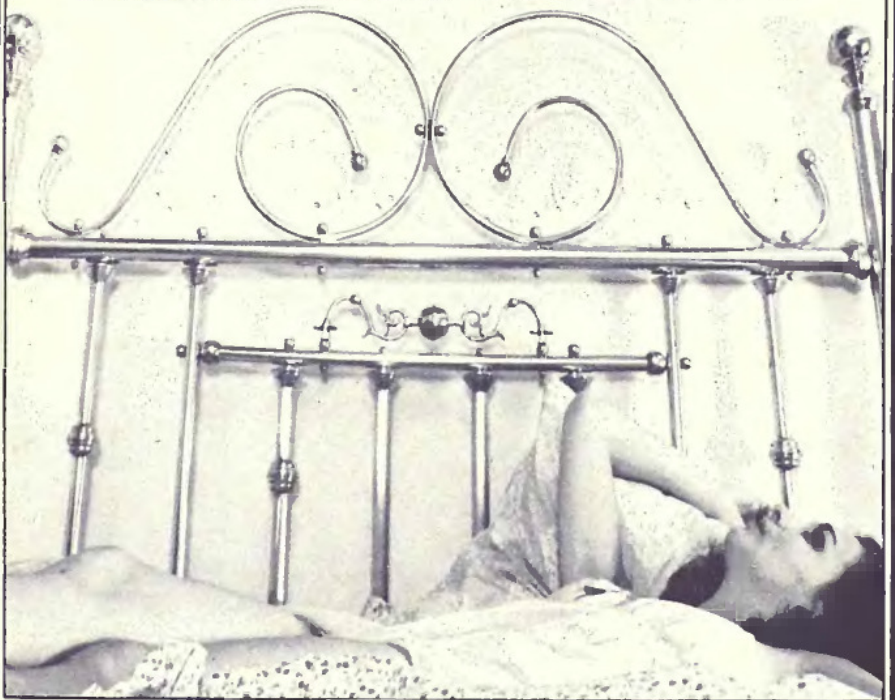
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time in Ulm and made frequent trips to Stuttgart and Frankfurt; in the latter city, he would disappear among the multitude of pimps, whores and drug pushers. He often switched disguises and identities, traveling on at least six different passports, including a French one that listed his birthplace as Corsica to account for his dark skin. To the best of the Israelis' knowledge, Salameh did not risk using the telephone or cables for Black September communications. Unlike his compatriots in the Khartoum episode, he was aware that electronic means were easily tapped by opposing intelligence services; he received information and issued orders almost exclusively through secret couriers who knew how to seek him out.

In early July, his trackers suddenly flashed the news that Salameh had begun to move. Finally, the break had come, and the staff at Mossad headquarters was exultant. They alerted a hit team stationed in Europe to track and kill him, naming the operation that would liquidate their 13th victim The Chase for the Red Prince.

After leaving his Ulm hideaway, where he had a German girlfriend, Salameh traveled to Paris and checked into a small hotel on the Left Bank. By placing a listening device in his room, the Israelis learned that he was planning a new terrorist spectacular—this time involving a skyjacking. But the Red Prince was too fast for them. Perhaps he sensed that he was being trailed, or maybe he was only following his tested survival technique of never remaining in one place for long. In any event, while the hit team was waiting to receive the go-ahead for the kill from Tel Aviv, Salameh suddenly left Paris. The Israelis tried to corner him in the northwest French town of Lille but failed. Still in pursuit, they picked up his tracks in Hamburg; again, he eluded them. As best they could tell, he seemed to be headed north—a direction that spelled trouble to Israeli intelligence. For more than a year, they had been picking up clues that Black September intended to carry out an attack in Scandinavia.

To their utter frustration, the Israelis had to admit that they had lost track of Salameh. For several days, the intelligence chiefs could only guess where he might surface again. Then on July 14, another break came: A message arrived from Geneva saying that Israeli agents had observed an Arab named Kemal Benamane being driven to the airport by a member of the Algerian consulate in a car bearing a CD license plate. The Israelis had always kept a close watch on the consulate. Benamane, who was a handsome, roguish Algerian in his mid-20s, had just married into one of the city's finest families. After wandering for several years in the Near East and eastern Europe, he had somewhat mysteriously

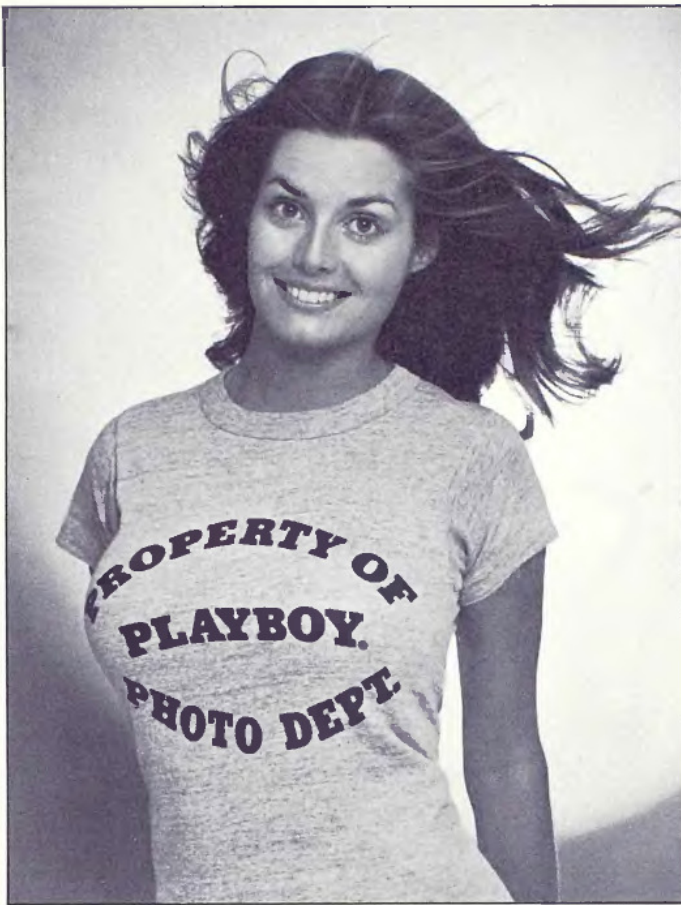


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appeared in Geneva in late 1972. Though he lived a hippielike existence, he managed to move easily among the Arab diplomatic set in Geneva. The Mossad believed that he was a Black September courier, ranking between 12 and 14 in the organization's hierarchy.

The Mossad trackers in Geneva watched Benamane board a plane for Copenhagen. Well and good, thought the chiefs of the Mossad in Tel Aviv. The second piece of the puzzle was falling into place. Benamane was undoubtedly carrying instructions from the Algerian consulate to Salameh. His trail would lead to the Red Prince. Tel Aviv alerted its agents throughout Scandinavia. When word came that Benamane had arrived in Oslo, the Mossad's three men in Stockholm were shifted to the Norwegian capital to trail him.

The Mossad, however, had a tactical problem: The hit team that had been pursuing Salameh through Europe was too dispersed, too exhausted to regroup quickly and resume the chase. Far from being discouraged, the Mossad leadership was secretly delighted. Unlike intelligence agencies and military commands in other countries, where the directors never take part in operations directly, the Israelis have a tradition of, as they put it, "leading from the front." So Mike enthusiastically began to recruit a hit team from among his own staff. Tamar would be one member. His principal deputy, Abraham Gehmer, volunteered to be the number-two man on the team. Virtually the entire staff followed Gehmer's lead; secretaries, desk officers and off-duty killers offered their services. So, too, did one of Israel's most beautiful and effective female agents, who happened to be in Tel Aviv at the time. Her real name was Sylvia Rafael, but she operated under the name Patricia Roxburgh, a Canadian woman whose identity had been usurped without her knowledge by the Mossad. Sylvia lived mostly in Paris, where she had an apartment on the Seine and supposedly worked as a free-lance photographer.

Since the hit teams had never before operated in Scandinavia, Mike urgently needed to find two people for the Heth squad, to establish covers and make the living and travel arrangements for the rest of the team. One likely candidate was among the three men already sent from Stockholm. He was a reserve member of the Mossad and a former Danish citizen called Dan Aerbel, whose family name originally had been Ert. Mike found the other candidate in Marianne Gladnikoff, 25, a plump and earnest Swedish girl who had immigrated to Israel two years earlier. She already had a security clearance, because she worked for the firm that handled the data processing for Israeli intelligence. Better yet, she had just started the evening course run by intelligence that would in a year's time qualify her for a tryout as an agent.

Marianne was embarrassed that she had not gone through the military service required of Israeli young women. Therefore, when she was asked, "Are you willing to perform a service for the state of Israel?" she felt obliged to say yes.

On the evening of July 18, Mike's newly organized hit team, traveling in two groups, arrived in Oslo. One group, which included Marianne and an agent called Jonathan Ingleby, was instructed to check in at the Panorama Summer Hotel, where Kemal Benamane also was a guest. The next morning, Ingleby asked Marianne to help him with some shopping. They took a taxi to central Oslo, where, at different shops, Ingleby bought a package of modeling clay, a metal saw and a small file. Marianne guessed he was buying equipment for making a key but did not dare ask any questions. In fact, Ingleby was preparing to slip into Benamane's room, where he hoped to find papers containing some clue to Black September's intentions.

As the agents returned to the hotel, Abraham Gehmer, who was traveling under the fabricated identity of a supposed British schoolmaster, Leslie Orbaum, met them with bad news. Benamane had left. However, other Israeli agents had tracked the Arab to an Oslo railroad station, where he had bought a ticket for the resort town of Lillehammer, about 85 miles to the north. Now the hunt began in earnest. Within the space of a few hours, three autos carrying ten Mossad agents suddenly descended upon the little town.

The Mossad hardly could have picked a less promising scene for an operation. In the past, its hit teams had worked chiefly in large west European cities, where their presence had blended into the general urban hubbub. But Lillehammer is a clannish provincial town where people take notice of such things as out-of-town license plates. Furthermore, the inhabitants are accustomed to fair-haired and light-skinned Scandinavian tourists. The men of the hit team were predominantly swarthy in complexion, Semitic in feature. Sylvia and Tamar were so beautiful that they would have attracted attention anywhere; in Lillehammer, their Mediterranean coloring made them even more striking. The field of action was almost laughably small—at most, two miles square. Within that area, there were no crowded streets, no congested back alleys, no dark stair wells. Lillehammer was a clean and well-ordered little town of brightly painted clapboard houses, small shops, outdoor cafés and modern apartment buildings on the hillside behind tall fir trees.

Through the simple expedient of inquiring at the tourist-information office, the Israeli agents learned that Benamane had checked in at the Skotte, an inexpensive tourist home. However, he was not in his room and the agents were

unable to find him that afternoon. Actually, their prey, bored with the limited diversions of the small town, had gone to Lillehammer's handsome indoor swimming pool, where, unbeknown to the Israelis, he had had an interesting experience. Just as he stepped from the sauna, he was approached by an Arab-looking man of about his own age.

"Parlez-vous français?" the man asked.

"Yes, I speak French, but why don't we converse in our mother tongue?" Benamane responded in Arabic.

In that manner, Kemal Benamane struck up a conversation with Ahmed Bouchiki, a waiter in a Lillehammer sanatorium.

The two young men, delighted at the chance to speak Arabic, began to talk animatedly. Both, they discovered, were practitioners of karate. They talked excitedly about their skills and their experiences. In the course of the conversation, Bouchiki explained that he was preparing to pass an examination to become a lifeguard and that he also gave swimming lessons. For his part, Benamane said that he was married to the daughter of a wealthy Geneva banker but that he was having quarrels with his father-in-law. For a bit of rest, he had come alone to Norway. Happy to have found a fellow Arab, he asked if they could meet later that evening.

"Yes," responded Bouchiki enthusiastically, "at nine at the Terrace Café," an outdoor restaurant next to the swimming pool. Benamane returned to his hotel for a nap.

Meanwhile, the Mossad was closing in. Marianne and another Israeli agent, who was operating under false French identification, using the name Raoul Cousin, were told by Mike to check in at the Skotte. After placing their suitcases in their room, they took seats in the hotel's small ground-floor television lounge, where they could watch for their quarry.

Benamane slept soundly—too soundly. He woke up with a start about ten o'clock, realizing he'd overslept his appointment with Bouchiki. Hearing the patter of rain outside, he consoled himself: Surely his new friend would not have gone to an outdoor café in that weather. Now wide awake and restless, Benamane went downstairs to the TV room, where he slumped into an easy chair a few feet from the two agents.

The Arab, nervous by temperament, quickly became bored by the film being shown on TV, *Fishery East in the Mountains*—a slow-moving story, told in Swedish, about the trials and tribulations of fishermen in a small Baltic coastal town. As it ended, the other guests went to their rooms, leaving only the three of them in the small lounge. For another 15 minutes, the Arab paged idly through periodicals before he, too, went upstairs. Marianne and Raoul waited awhile to see if he would come down again; then,

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after it appeared that their quarry had gone to bed, the two agents walked to the rendezvous point in the railway-station parking lot, where they made a report to Mike.

Benamane's behavior puzzled the Mossad agents. Why would a courier travel all the way to Norway just to idle his time away? Presumably, he was simply waiting for the right moment to make his move.

The next morning, Marianne and Raoul overheard Benamane apparently asking the Skotte's receptionist about the times of trains to Oslo. They watched the departure of the 10:05 train, but the Arab was not among the passengers. So they returned to the Market Square, the team's meeting point that day, and sat down on some large curbstones. A short time later, they learned from Mike that Benamane had been spotted in the outdoor café of the Kronen Hotel about 500 yards away. But before Marianne and Raoul could reach the Kronen, the Arab disappeared again. About noon, Mike came once more to fetch them. This time he was excited. Benamane had again been located, he said. He was sitting in another outdoor café, this time in front of the police station. And guess with whom he was talking? An Arab!

In the minds of the Mossad agents, this had to be the climactic moment. After a 2000-mile trip and six apparently aimless days in Norway, Benamane evidently had made his contact. As the two Israeli agents approached the outdoor café, called The Caroline, they saw Benamane locked in conversation with a young and capable-looking man of his own race. A veteran Mossad agent, operating under the false identity of a Viennese businessman named Gustav Pistauer, had the two Arabs under surveillance. Marianne and Raoul joined him on a bench about ten yards from the table where Benamane and his new acquaintance were talking. Marianne, fearful that Benamane might remember her from the previous evening, tried to avert her face.

Meanwhile, Pistauer was staring intently at the Arab who sat next to Benamane. In his cupped hand, the Israeli agent held a small picture, and his glance darted continually from the photo to Benamane's companion and back to the photo. "Is that the same man?" he asked in a low voice, turning the picture toward Marianne and Raoul. It was an enlargement of an amateur snapshot, showing a young Arab from his waist up; a white house was in the background. The man in the photo was Ali Hassan Salameh.

Marianne pointed out that the man in the photo did not have a mustache; the Arab sitting with Benamane did. Pistauer shrugged off that objection; mustaches can wax and wane. But Raoul, too, was not convinced the man in the

café and the one in the picture were the same. It was difficult to make a definite judgment. Both men were in roughly the same age group—late 20s or early 30s. Each had a full face, a heavy growth of hair and long sideburns. There was one seeming difference: the shape of the eyes. On the small enlargement, Hassan's eyes appeared to be almond-shaped with a slight downward angle. The eyes of the man here in Lillehammer were olive-shaped with no pronounced downturn. But then, the picture was small and not especially sharp. After 10 or 15 minutes, Pistauer came to a conclusion: This *was* the same man. True to the Mossad's expectations, Benamane had led the agents to Ali Hassan Salameh.

In fact, Benamane's conversation partner was, of course, Ahmed Bouchiki, the aspiring lifeguard. He and Benamane had met again quite by accident. Benamane, after having been spotted by the Mossad in the Kronen's outdoor café, had wandered down the main street until he came to The Caroline. There, he happened to recognize a Frenchman he'd met the previous day, one of Bouchiki's swimming pupils who worked as a dishwasher in Lillehammer. Shortly after Benamane had taken a seat at the Frenchman's table and stuffed his well-used pipe with Dunhill tobacco, Bouchiki rode by on a bicycle. Spotting his friends, he stopped and went over to them.

Excited to see Benamane again, Bouchiki began to talk rapidly in Arabic. After several minutes, the Frenchman, feeling left out, asked him what they were talking about.

"Oh, just nonsense," Bouchiki replied. Out of politeness, the two Arabs then switched to French. Observing the exchange from a distance, the Mossad agents imagined that the animated conversation centered on plans for a terrorist attack.

But what Bouchiki was saying was that he liked the leather jacket that Benamane was wearing; he asked if Benamane would buy him one just like it when he returned to Switzerland. Also, would he send him some records of Arabic music, which he was unable to find in Norway? Benamane replied that he would be delighted to give him a leather jacket and the records as presents, but Bouchiki refused. He would accept them only if he could give Benamane the money in advance. Benamane demurred, saying he would not accept the money before he made the purchases.

So Benamane and Bouchiki wrote down their addresses on scraps of paper and exchanged them. When the Frenchman said he had to leave, Benamane shook his hand and delivered himself of a mysterious farewell: "If you see somebody that's black, that's me!" he said.

Bouchiki also had to leave, but before saying goodbye, he recommended the

Victoria Hotel in Lillehammer as a good place for Benamane to have lunch. Then, climbing onto his bicycle, he pedaled away. Oddly, none of the Mossad team followed him. They did, however, trail Benamane, only to lose him near the Victoria. After lunch, they spotted him again, as he collected his belongings at the Skotte and caught the 2:10 train to Oslo.

On his arrival in Oslo, Benamane took a taxi to the Stefan Hotel, a modest establishment run by a missionary organization. Operating on the assumption that Benamane would return to Oslo that day, Sylvia, Aerbel and Gehmer had driven down earlier from Lillehammer. They followed him as he went out to buy a copy of *Le Monde* at a nearby kiosk and as he ate dinner in a self-service restaurant behind the Parliament building.

After Benamane returned to his room, Gehmer went to make a phone call. He returned to the stakeout in front of the hotel with an urgent message from Mike: Benamane no longer was "interesting." They should return to Lillehammer as quickly as possible; the other Mossad agents had located the man with whom Benamane had made contact.

The next episode remains an unresolved mystery. According to Kemal Benamane, he spent part of the evening at an Oslo night club and the rest in the hotel, trying to telephone his wife in Geneva. She was not at home; Benamane suspected that she was out with a Hungarian artist of whom he was jealous. While waiting to get through to his wife, Benamane chatted with a Moroccan who was night porter at the hotel. Finally, after midnight, his wife answered the telephone. He scolded her for not being at home earlier and then asked her to have some friends in the Algerian consulate pick him up the next afternoon at the Geneva airport, since he did not have enough money to take a cab to their apartment.

The version obtained later from confidential Israeli sources runs quite differently. According to that account, Mike's telephone message to Gehmer, which was relayed through a communications center set up in the Oslo apartment of an Israeli diplomat, was, in fact, a ruse. Mike wanted to get the other agents out of the way so he could talk with Benamane alone. The rest of the Mossad team believed Kemal Benamane was a courier for Black September. Only Mike knew that he was a double agent who had been kidnaped and forcibly recruited by the Mossad in Switzerland. "A bullet or your cooperation," they had told him.

Nobody likes a double agent. You distrust him even when he is apparently playing your game; and when he has exhausted his usefulness, you are not sorry to see him die. Sometimes you kill him

yourself, or you arrange for the other side to learn about his duplicity so it can do the dirty business.

At some time and some place that evening in Oslo, the Israeli insiders say, Benamane met with Mike. Unconvinced that Kemal had fingered the correct man, Mike argued that this Arab with the mustache, whoever he really might be, obviously knew his way about Lillehammer and did not attract undue attention. Could Ali Hassan Salameh so quickly have blended into the Norwegian landscape? But, again according to the Israeli version, Benamane was adamant.

"That man is Hassan Salameh," Benamane supposedly insisted. "He is the one in Black September who gives me my orders."

As he awoke on the morning of July 21, Ahmed Bouchiki had no way of knowing that he had become the target of a killing machine. Bouchiki was far removed from the realities of the Arab-Israeli conflict. He felt very content to have found a pleasant corner of the world in Norway. Few Arabs had ventured so far north, making him something of a rarity. Jobs were easy to find. So, too, were girlfriends, intrigued by his dark looks.

Nothing much ever happened in his life. He had spent most of the past eight years among the pots and pans of Norwegian kitchens. He tended to drift from job to job, usually earning no more than \$3000 a year. His two main interests were karate and conversation. Engaging, open and animated, he brought to Lillehammer's coffeehouses the Arab love of sitting and chatting endlessly with friends about inconsequential topics.

In recent months, Bouchiki had become a more settled person. He liked to confide to friends how happy he was finally to have found the woman with whom he wanted to spend the rest of his life. She was Torill Larsen, a Lillehammer girl who worked as a lab technician in the regional hospital on the hillside. When they had married on February 10, 1973, Torill was already pregnant. Now, in late July, the otherwise slender Torill, seven months along, looked as if she might give birth any moment.

On that particular Saturday morning, Ahmed, who had the day off, was alone. Torill had gotten up early to work the Saturday shift, from 7:30 to 10:30 A.M., in the hospital laboratory. Eager to pass his lifeguard exam, Ahmed decided to get in some practice time and headed toward the swimming-pool building, where his father-in-law was the administrator. On his way, he stopped off for coffee at the Kronen's outdoor café. There the Mossad agents, having been put on full alert by Mike—who had returned from Oslo early that morning with Tamar—spotted him.

After finishing his coffee, Bouchiki strolled southward along the main street

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and his Mossad trailers soon lost him. To soothe their disappointment, Marianne and Raoul, who were among the shadowers, popped into a café for coffee and pastry. They had just taken a table when Raoul suddenly caught a glimpse of Bouchiki on the street outside. Bolting to his feet, he told Marianne to report that the Arab had been seen. Then he dashed off in pursuit. Marianne hurried to Mike's command post in the railroad-station café. A few minutes later, Raoul rushed in. The Arab, he said, had gone into the swimming pool. Mike ordered the team to seal off all exits.

In the minds of the Mossad agents, the diabolical Hassan Salameh undoubtedly was planning to meet a courier or an accomplice in the pool. Only yesterday, they had seen him receiving messages, exchanging pieces of paper with Benamane, the Black September courier. Now the Israelis assumed Salameh would be forwarding instructions to a terrorist squad, probably already hidden somewhere in Norway. If that message got through, a new outrage against Israel would take place.

Mike instructed Marianne to go into the pool as quickly as possible and observe the Arab, see whom he met and try to overhear their conversation. One of the men dashed into a clothing store on the main street and bought her a yellow bikini.

"Indecently small," objected the buxom Marianne, and she used up extra minutes at the swimming-pool office to rent a modest one-piece blue suit. When she finally entered the pool area, she saw the Arab standing in the shallow water, talking with a man who appeared to be a European, about 30, with a full beard.

Marianne dived into the water and began to swim back and forth, each time edging a bit nearer to the two men. She swam so close that she almost splashed water on them, but the pool was filled with noisy children and she could make out only that the conversation was in French. She could not catch the gist of it. Soon the men headed for the locker room, still locked in conversation.

Changing into her street clothes, Marianne went outside to report her findings. When the Arab came out, he was accompanied by the bearded man and his girlfriend, a young Scandinavian woman. Raoul, Dan Aerbel and Sylvia followed the trio down the main street, but Marianne, feeling weary, returned to her hotel and fell asleep.

Bouchiki and his two companions were on their way to the Bergsengs Café, a combination café and store in the center of town, where they met Torill for coffee. Then, at 12:35, Ahmed and Torill boarded a bus for the ride uphill to their apartment. They were followed by at

least one Mossad car. The agents saw the Bouchikis step from the bus at a stop in front of two identical nine-story, red-brick apartment buildings that stood among tall fir trees about two thirds of the way up the hill in a residential area called Furubakken. The nearby hospital, where Torill worked, had built the apartments for its personnel.

Believing they had finally cornered their prey, the Israelis were determined not to let him slip away. Under the direction of Abraham Gehmer, most of the team was summoned to Furubakken, where five lookout stations were established to cover all exit routes. Station one, the closest observation post, was located in a driveway directly across the street from the Bouchikis' apartment house. For communications, walkie-talkies were handed out and each car was assigned a call number. Bored and restless, some of the agents began toying with the walkie-talkies. A passer-by, curious about the strange autos parked in the area, noticed an antenna jutting from one of the car windows.

About two P.M., Raoul drove down the hill to fetch Marianne. The Mossad agents were curious why the people entering and leaving the two buildings were predominantly young women in white uniforms. Since Marianne could speak the language and looked Scandinavian, she should check out the buildings and try to find Arab-sounding names on the doors. The assumption was that Salameh would be hiding under a false identity. Once inside the building, however, Marianne evidently became flustered. In one of the buildings, the name Bouchiki was listed both on the directory in the foyer and upstairs on the door of apartment 86, but she missed it. She did note the large number of women's Christian names on the directory and told her teammates that the buildings must be a nurses' home.

The Mossad agents made no further effort to locate the apartment in which their quarry might be hiding or to discover his cover name. Nor did they make any attempt to check further into his identity to prove beyond doubt that the man whom Pistauer had identified as Hassan Salameh was, in fact, the Black September leader. In the hierarchy of the Mossad, most team members were lowly grunts accustomed to being ordered about—go there, check that, wait here, follow him. It was not their job to question orders.

As the hit-team members yawned and chatted in their cars under the peaceful fir trees of Furubakken, they could not have foreseen the urgency and hysteria building in Tel Aviv. Nor could they have imagined the maelstrom of developments into which they were being drawn.

Less than four hours after Pistauer made the identification of Ahmed Bouchiki as Hassan Salameh, the skyjacking



"I'd like a room for myself and my wife of sixteen years."

that the Black September leader had been plotting actually went into action. At 3:42 that afternoon, a Japan Air Lines 747 carrying 123 passengers lifted off from Amsterdam, bound for Tokyo, with a stopover in Anchorage. The jumbo jet had been airborne only 30 minutes when it suddenly was seized by a band of Arab and Japanese terrorists. True to standard terrorist procedures, the skyjackers told the ground controllers that they were changing the call signal of the flight. From now on, the plane would respond only to "Operation Mount Carmel."

For Israeli intelligence, the new call signal conjured up the ultimate nightmare. Haifa is built at the foot of Mount Carmel, and for months, the Mossad had been picking up indications that Black September was planning a new "spectacular" that would surpass even Munich in horror. The plan called for crashing a skyjacked jetliner onto an Israeli city. Israeli intelligence chiefs chose not to share their alarm with the rest of the world. They were apprehensive that the disclosure of the plan might prompt Black September into putting it into action. As bizarre as the threat might seem, Israeli leaders regarded it as real and immediate.

It was precisely this fear that had led five months earlier to the tragedy over the Sinai. Blinded by a sandstorm, the

French pilot of a Libyan 727 had overflown Cairo airport and blundered into Israeli airspace. Aware of the rumored Black September plot, Israeli authorities suspected that the plane would crash, kamikazelike, onto an Israeli city; they ordered it shot down, causing 106 deaths. After realizing their error, they preferred to keep silent about the true reason for having resorted to such drastic action.

If the Libyan episode had been a mistake, the JAL skyjacking certainly looked like the real thing. As the big plane turned south and headed toward the Middle East, the terrorists of Operation Mount Carmel demanded the release of Kozo Okamoto, the survivor of the trio of Japanese Red Army gunmen who had sprayed their fellow passengers with gunfire in the Lod massacre. As the plane passed over Cyprus, the hijackers broadcast a message to Nicosia control: "We are determined to fight imperialism unto death." Then Operation Mount Carmel winged east—toward Israel.

Armed with air-to-air missiles, Israeli Phantoms streaked upward to intercept the 747. Their orders were to shoot down the jumbo as soon as it reached Israeli airspace. Mercifully, it flew slightly north of the Israeli border and tried to land at Beirut, but permission was refused. It was also unwelcome at Basra and Bahrein but finally was allowed to put

down at the tiny Persian Gulf sheikdom of Dubai.

Why the stopover? To senior Israeli officials, the most logical assumption was that the terrorists would free the passengers and crew at Dubai. Then Mount Carmel would lift off again, this time bound for Israel. The Israelis suspected that among the terrorists was a pilot, recruited most likely by the Japanese Red Army, who at the last moment would take over the controls and place the huge craft in a power dive for Haifa.

Neither the Israelis nor any other outsider had any way of learning what really was happening aboard the 747. The leader of the operation was a woman traveling on a forged Ecuadorian passport who gave her name as Katie George Thomas. Actually, she was an Iraqi, the secretary to a leading Arab terrorist. Salameh, ever secretive, had confided the operation's plans only to her, and she had told none of the other agents about the ultimate goal of the mission. Moments after the 747 was airborne, Katie took a seat in a luxurious armchair in the first-class lounge on the upper deck and put her purse on the floor beside her. As the JAL steward poured champagne, Katie inquired how she could swivel the chair and the steward, seeking to be helpful, depressed the lever that allowed it to turn. As the chair rotated, Katie realized she was leaving behind

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her purse, in which she had secreted a hand grenade. Abruptly reaching back to retrieve it, she accidentally dislodged the grenade's pin. As she put the handbag on her lap, an explosion shredded her body.

Her companions went ahead with the skyjacking, though Salameh's plan died with Katie. But the Israelis, of course, did not know that the threat had been lifted in such an improbable manner. They did not relax their alert until the plane, after waiting aimlessly for three days at Dubai, flew to Benghazi, where the skyjackers blew it up.

It was on the afternoon of the skyjacking that Mike made three crucial calls from the post office in Lillehammer to the team's secret communications headquarters in Oslo, which was manned by Mossad agent Zvi Steinberg. The first two calls took place at 2:50 and three p.m., and most certainly they must have dealt with the alleged discovery of Hassan Salameh in Lillehammer. Steinberg relayed the information to the Israeli embassy in Oslo, where another Mossad agent encoded it and radioed it to Tel Aviv. The message was beamed to the big Mossad electronic receiving facility just north of Tel Aviv.

Hence, just as Israeli intelligence and military chiefs were tensing against the expected attack by "Mount Carmel," a top-secret flash arrived: Hassan Salameh had been found by Mike's team in Lillehammer. It was a moment of incredible drama. At the very height of his greatest threat to Israel, Hassan Salameh had been delivered into the hands of The Wrath of God. This time, decreed the Israeli leaders, there should be no delays. Their order to Mike was curt and clear: Get Hassan Salameh, and get him fast.

As if the orders from Tel Aviv were not explicit enough, there was an even more immediate pressure on Mike in the person of his boss. General Zvi Zamir, who ten months earlier had watched in horror the tragic shoot-out at Fürstentfeldbruck, had come to Norway for the final act. Using the name Tabl, he had checked in Friday evening at the Esso Oldrud Aurorest, a motel on route E-6 about 40 miles south of Lillehammer.

By three p.m. Saturday, the Israeli liquidation operation was moving toward its last phase. At the Oppland Turisten Hotel on the southern edge of Lillehammer, a dark-green Mercedes braked to a stop on the gravel drive. Three purposeful men climbed out; they were Jonathan Ingleby and the two Beth guards, who went under the assumed identities of Gérard Laffond, a Frenchman, and Rolf Bachr, a West German. They told the receptionist that they wanted rooms for two or three days.

Meanwhile, back on Furubakken, the other agents continued to yawn and chat their way through a thoroughly boring day. By late afternoon, they had

become very hungry. Leaving Raoul and Marianne on watch in a white Mazda, the others drove to the café near the railroad station.

They had left too soon, for a few minutes later the object of the hunt stepped from the apartment building. Accompanied by his pregnant blonde wife, the Arab started to walk downhill. Raoul asked Marianne to drive to the café and alert Mike that Hassan Salameh had left his hiding place. Marianne protested that she did not know how to drive the Mazda. Raoul flew into a rage, yelling and shaking his fist. Marianne, face flushed, was on the verge of tears. As they argued, the Arab and his woman strolled past. Talking and laughing, they took no notice of the quarreling couple. Finally, Raoul bolted from the car, slammed the door and stalked off down the hill in pursuit of the man he fully believed was Hassan Salameh.

At just about the same moment, Mike made a call to Oslo and was given the final order from Tel Aviv: Carry out the killing that very evening. It was sooner than the team members had anticipated and they quickly began to check out of their hotels.

At the Oppland, Ingleby approached the reception desk. "Please give me the bill," he said in his best British accent.

"Are you leaving?" asked the woman clerk incredulously. "We thought you were going to be with us for a couple of days."

"No, we have to go," he replied evenly.

When the bill was handed to him, Ingleby barely bothered to look at the sum. Opening a large black case, which undoubtedly also contained his murder weapon, he took out a thick wad of money and peeled off several hundred crown notes.

Meanwhile, Mike and Tamar were checking out of the Victoria, where they were registered as Madame and Monsieur Edouard Laskier. Since Mike was posing as a Frenchman, he felt compelled to put on a Gallic performance to explain the abrupt departure. "Oh, you know these Frenchwomen!" he complained to the receptionist. "They are impossible! I want to stay, but she is restless and wants to move on," he said, throwing up his hands in a gesture of hopelessness. "What can you do with these women?"

All the time he was settling the bill, "M. Laskier" continued to shake his head. "*Ma femme! Ma femme!*" he sighed, as Tamar, wearing a cap against the threat of rain, walked from the lobby and climbed into their car.

After his spat with Marianne, Raoul trailed the Arab and the pregnant woman to Lillehammer's only cinema, which is located just below the main street. The feature that Saturday evening was *Where Eagles Dare*, a mission-ridiculous film about the World War Two exploits of Allied commandos who supposedly free

a captured American general from a Nazi mountaintop castle, committing all sorts of mayhem in the process.

At 10:35, as the movie ended, Ahmed and Torill had no inkling that they were stepping into a plot even more improbable than that of the fiction they had just watched. They left the cinema in a great hurry, because they had only two minutes to catch the bus at the stop in front of the Bergsengs Café. If they missed it, they would have to wait 40 minutes for the next one; Torill, burdened by her big belly, did not feel like making the long climb home on foot. As the Bouchikis rushed diagonally across the Market Square toward the main street, they were trailed by Gehmer, Aerbel and Marianne.

At that moment, Sylvia Rafael, dressed in a white safari suit, drove a white rented Peugeot to the vicinity of the bus stop. As Torill and Ahmed climbed aboard the bus, Sylvia picked up her walkie-talkie.

"He is on the bus," she said.

At 10:48 p.m., the bus reached the Bouchikis' stop. As they crossed the road toward their apartment building, Torill noticed a car about 100 yards uphill, its parking lights glowing in the twilight of the Norwegian summer evening. The car started to glide very slowly downhill as Torill and Ahmed, walking hand in hand on the edge of the road, climbed up toward the apartment building. The approaching car almost grazed Ahmed as it passed. Seconds later, they were startled by the sound of braking wheels crunching gravel as the auto, which had traveled only a few yards past them, came to an abrupt stop. Instinctively, Ahmed and Torill wheeled about. They saw the car doors fly open on both sides and two persons jump out. The man who came out of the right front door was tall, lean, with dark hair brushed forward; he wore a checkered coat. The other person, who sprang from the left rear door and came around the back fender, was smaller, had on dark clothes and some sort of head covering. They raised pistols with strange, long barrels like the silencers one sees in movies. Ahmed saw the weapons trained on him. "No!" he cried. Without saying one word, the killers opened fire.

In moments of incomprehensible horror and anguish, the human mind often records odd things. Standing only one yard from her husband as slugs tore into his body, Torill was impressed that the firing did not make more noise. She heard only a pop-pop sound, no louder than the explosion of small firecrackers. She could tell the pistols were shooting only by the little tongues of flame dancing from the ends of the barrels.

Momentarily frozen by fright, Bouchiki stood facing the killers. The man in the checkered jacket remained by the open car door, firing from a distance of four



"You also have a perverted sense of humor, Marquis de Sade!"

yards. The other killer opened fire from about the same distance. Both were aiming at the largest target—Ahmed's torso. Four slugs, grouped within a six-inch circle, tore into his belly, eating a hole in his cable-knit Danish sweater.

Perhaps it was the burn of the bullets that snapped Bouchiki into action. He turned uphill and tried to run but was too severely wounded. After one or two steps, he fell to the road. Even as he was going down, one bullet grazed his skull and ricocheted into the concrete foundation of the apartment house. Another bullet caught him below the ear, boring to the base of his brain.

As Bouchiki sprawled on the road, the bullets fired by the assassins tattooed his back with distinctive marks. Those from

the gun of Jonathan Ingleby, who continued to stand beside the car, left oval wounds reflecting the slanting angle of fire. Ingleby's shots struck Bouchiki's back, tearing into heart, lungs and kidneys. The other killer was Tamar. She moved forward within two yards of Bouchiki and pumped bullets into his prone body. Her shots made small round punctures, indicating a direct angle of fire. From a coldly professional standpoint, the shooting was pretty fair. The Berettas carried 14 bullets, and 14 bullets had hit Bouchiki. The one that ricocheted off his skull left two holes. Six slugs remained lodged in his body. Seven others, in spite of their light powder loading, ripped through his flesh and exited on the other side. Beneath his

riddled body, three large pools of blood quickly began to form on the gravel road.

Israeli assassins are taught to get their shots off fast, and the trigger action of the Berettas had been adjusted to facilitate quick shooting. The entire execution took no more than 10 or 15 seconds. Then Tamar and Ingleby threw themselves into the auto, the bang of the slamming doors blending into the howl of an overrevving engine. Jamming his foot hard on the accelerator, Rolf Baehr barreled the white Mazda down Furubakken, the wheels kicking up loose gravel.

Torill, cowering on the road, watched the white car disappear. Then she saw a dark auto approaching from the opposite direction. It came to a stop beside her husband's body and the man at the wheel

looked out. It was Mike, making certain that his killers had accomplished their mission. Satisfied, he pulled away. Seconds later, he spoke into his walkie-talkie. "They took him," he said. "All cars go home."

While an ambulance was being called to fetch the mortally wounded Bouchiki, the hit team was making its getaway. At a rendezvous point a few miles south of Lillehammer, the cars halted for Raoul to collect the walkie-talkies. Sylvia, now sitting in the front passenger seat of the white Peugeot, handed her set through the window. At that moment, Jonathan Ingleby strolled over.

"How did things go?" Sylvia inquired.

"A job is a job," he replied.

Throughout the greater part of the world, murder and mayhem have become so commonplace that it is almost impossible for outsiders to comprehend the impact, the indignation Bouchiki's killing caused in Lillehammer. In Rome or Paris, the death of an Arab waiter would have passed unnoticed and unmourned.

But in a small Norwegian town, where there had not been a murder for 40 years, the reaction was different. The townspeople, accustomed for so long to safety and solitude, felt the intrusion of a brutal and alien outside world.

Not surprisingly, Lillehammer was unprepared to cope. The radio in police headquarters had been broken for 11 days and still had not been repaired. The headquarters could neither flash an alert to other police stations in the area nor even communicate with its own cars. In fact, in the minutes following the shooting, a Lillehammer police car was on patrol in the town's southern outskirts and, conceivably, might have been able to stop one or more of the Israeli autos. But, of course, the patrol received no message. The hit team left Lillehammer unnoticed, racing southward toward Oslo along the main highway, route E-6.

It took the Lillehammer police a full hour to reach police in the neighboring towns by telephone with the request that roadblocks be established on all routes

leading from the area. Based on reports by Mrs. Bouchiki and a few other witnesses, the Lillehammer police alerted the other forces to be on the lookout for a white Mazda.

In the town of Hamar, 40 miles to the south, the call was received by a young deputy sheriff, Per Erik Rustad. Blue police light flashing, Per drove as fast as his VW could manage to set up a roadblock at a junction of E-6 located, ironically enough, almost directly in front of the motel where General Zamir had spent Friday night and most of Saturday. As Rustad brought the VW to a screeching stop, he and two companions piled out and sprinted toward the highway.

Standing on the edge of the road, Per signaled the oncoming cars to slow down. The first three drivers flashed by without paying the slightest attention. But the driver of the fourth car—a white Peugeot—hit the brakes. At that instant, Per caught a glimpse of a lovely young woman in the front seat. "What a beautiful girl," he thought. She looked directly at him and must have been favorably impressed, too. For a second, their eyes locked and, as the car passed, she turned her head to maintain the contact. Sylvia Rafael looked at the young sheriff for a bit too long. Rustad's curiosity had been aroused.

"Shouldn't we check that car?" he yelled to his companions.

Abraham Gehmer, at the wheel, accelerated, but not before Rustad had managed to note the license number—DB 15805. A white Peugeot, of course, is not a white Mazda, but Rustad knew that the Peugeot Model 504 and the Mazda Model 616 sedan were very similar in size and shape. Also, the Peugeot was filled with adults, just as the police expected the Mazda would be.

On the ride south that night, the atmosphere in the Peugeot was highly strained. Badly unnerved, Marianne was whimpering softly. Aerbel, trying to conceal his own nervousness, took her hand. Gehmer did not speak at all. Sylvia, who also kept silent, chain-smoked Gitanes and, before shoving the empty bottle under her seat, took nips from a flask of Chivas Regal.

Without further incident, however, they reached their destination, a flat in the Oslo suburb of Baerum, which Aerbel had rented a few days earlier.

About eight the next morning, the telephone rang. Sylvia answered.

"How is everyone?" Mike asked.

"Fine," she replied, sleepily.

"Zvi is on his way," Mike said. "He has a message for you." Then, promising to call again later, he rang off.

When Zvi Steinberg, the communications man, arrived a short time later, the message he carried was hardly momentous. "Mike wants you to turn in the green Volvo," he said. It was an odd

(continued on page 178)



"Is this another one of your get-rich-quick schemes, Cosgrove?"

Playboy Club News



THE BUNNY'S BACK IN NEW YORK!

KEYHOLDERS' SPECIALS, MAGAZINES ADD VALUE TO THE KEY

CHICAGO — Why is the Playboy Club Key more valuable today than ever before? Because now it gets keyholders not only admission to The Playboy Club, but it's your passport to the whole world of Playboy. And it carries a host of valuable additional benefits as well.

First, there are the Keyholders' Specials — time-to-time surprises for keyholders tailored for each Club. In some Club cities this means Playboy Preferred—the unique new dinner society for keyholders only that allows them to dine at two-for-one prices at top restaurants in the Club city. It's already available in New York and Cincinnati and will soon debut in Chicago and Los Angeles.

Specials have included cigars and caricatures and Sheaffer pens; special prices on fun games; even the money-saving COMP-U-CARD for discount shopping by phone. But there's still more. With his Playboy Club Key, the keyholder can pick up a copy of PLAYBOY or OUI, simply by showing his Key at any North American Playboy Club. One each month for a year. That's a more valuable benefit than ever before, for the same magazines will now cost him at least \$18.50 on the newsstand (with the September issues, newsstand prices of these magazines will be raised).

And, of course, the Playboy Club Key is good for a ten-percent saving on room rates at Playboy Hotels.

With all this built-in value, the Playboy Club Key is still just \$25 for the first year.



On hand to celebrate the opening of the New York Club were (from left) entertainers David Steinberg and Barbi Benton; Christie Hefner; and, of course, Playboy Chairman of the Board Hugh M. Hefner.

NEW YORK—It was an event! Klieg lights, balloons spiraling skyward, strobes flashing and TV crews jostling for position. When the Bunny came back to Manhattan, she arrived in style! Hugh M. Hefner welcomed celebrities by the score. It was a fitting debut for the new Playboy Club at 5 East 59th Street. A debut with glitter and flash. After all, the new Playboy Club was about to set the standard for Manhattan night life.

Its six levels each offer a distinctive ambience. Keyholders can spend a night on the town under one roof. There's something for everyone, for every mood. The cozy intimacy of the Playmate Bar. The pulsating beat of the Living Room disco with

its flashing lights and stainless steel floor. The serene elegance of the VIP Room where diners relax and look down on elegant Fifth Avenue. The exciting shows in the Playroom and the Art-Deco Cabaret. The handsome Party Room where keyholders can host business or social affairs.

On every level, there's food and drink galore (at prices which pleasantly surprise inflation-shocked Manhattanites). And, of course, there are the beautiful Bunnies—more than 100—whose job it is to make every keyholder and guest happy.

It took many months and \$3 million to make the New York Playboy Club what it is today, but happy keyholders agree it was worth the wait.

NOW-FIVE WAYS TO CHARGE IT AT PLAYBOY

CHICAGO—The Playboy Club now accepts five major credit cards for purchases at Playboy Clubs and Hotels.

American Express, BankAmericard, Carte Blanche, Diners Club and Master Charge are all as good as gold for anything at The Playboy Club—including the purchase of new Keys.



1976's International Bunny of the Year Barbara Patterson of Phoenix captured both the hearts of the judges and this Datsun 210B at the Bunny of the Year Pageant in Los Angeles.

THE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY-YOUR PASSPORT TO FUN

Now is the time for you to become a part of the exciting world of Playboy. Apply for your Key today. Just complete and mail the coupon on this page or use the post-paid order card attached.

PLAYBOY CLUBS

Baltimore, Playboy of Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Detroit, Lake Geneva, London, Los Angeles, Manchester, McAfee, N.J., Miami, Montreal, New York, Phoenix, Portsmouth, St. Louis, San Francisco

PLAYBOY HOTELS

Playboy Resort at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; Playboy Resort at Ocho Rios, Jamaica; Playboy Towers, Chicago, Illinois; Great Gorge Resort Hotel, McAfee, New Jersey

TO: Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

P.O. Box 2704, Blair, Nebraska 68009

Please send me my Playboy Club International Key. I will pay my \$25 initial Key fee as follows:

- Bill me later
 Charge my American Express; BankAmericard;
 Carte Blanche; Diners Club; or Master Charge.

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Interbank No. (MC only) _____

- My check for \$25 is enclosed. (Make payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc.)

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____ (Please Print) Apt. No. _____

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NOTE: U.S. initial Key fee \$25 U.S. Canadian initial Key fee \$25 Canadian. After the first year, you may renew your Key by payment of the then-effective Annual Key Fee that will be billed to you at the close of each year as a keyholder. (AKF currently \$10.) AA6HA

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

Six days on the road and you're gonna make it home tonight? Just be sure to pack your Truck 'n Buddy, a portable antisnooze alarm that connects your head to a battery power packet on your belt. Should you nod off, your Truck 'n Buddy will sound off, hopefully in time to get you back on the straight and narrow. At \$24.95 from H.E.W. Systems, 1275 Bloomfield Avenue, Fairfield, New Jersey 07006, it's a cheap way to detour that big truck stop in the sky. For sure, good buddies.



MIND BLOWING!

Are you bored with the basic ins and outs of ordinary sex-play? Is taking out the garbage more fun? Despair no more, oh, jaded one. A fellow named Rolf Milonas has written the book for you—*Fantasex: A Book of Erotic Games for the Adult Couple* (\$3.95, Grosset & Dunlap)—that's guaranteed to put some pizzazz in your whoopee. It's basically a do-it-yourself manual, with hints from the author on how to make your own personal fantasies come to life. Using your imagination, you can make love to a nun, a prostitute or a branch librarian, while your partner makes love to a blind genius, a politician, a hired hit man or a delivery boy. Players can enjoy the benefits of infidelity without suffering the consequences. You say you've always dreamed of making love to a book? No problem. It's softcover.



SWIZZLE SHTICK

If some no-good sheepman's been picking up your manhattans and guzzling them every time you head for the john, here's a neat little way to preserve the sanctity of your drink: a genuine barbed-wire swizzle stick from the number-one cattle state. You can get them in sets of eight, hand-crafted and chrome-plated, for \$8.95—\$29.95 for the gold-plated ones—from Texas Parties, P. O. Box 792, Carrollton, Texas 75006. It's one way to make a stir that won't be forgotten, if you get our point, pardner.

KNOW THE ENEMY

C.B. radios may have given drivers a neat way to outfox highway patrolmen, but what can a workingman do to get by the IRS? Here's something that may help: Books for Businessmen (744 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey 07102) is peddling for \$4.45 postpaid the *IRS Tax Audit Guide*—long considered confidential—which tells those nasty Revenue people what to look for in reading your tax return. And for those of you who want to know what other branches of Big G may have your name somewhere in their files, there's *Where's What—Sources of Information for Federal Investigators*, which is available from Warner Books, Dept. PAA, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, for \$4.95 postpaid. Remember when Uncle Sam used to be considered a good guy?



THE WILD BREW YONDER

Old beer cans never die, they just turn into model airplanes. At least that's what will happen to your mound of empties if you send \$5.95 to TW Modelcraft, P. O. Box 8127, Anaheim, California 92802, for a beer-can biplane kit that includes wheels, landing gear, wing braces and complete instructions. Jeez, Louie, when you're out of Schlitz, you're out of half a wing.



SWEAT SMELL OF EXCESS

They're called Locker Room and Jac-Aroma room odorizers and some folks say they leave an area smelling like a moldy sweat sock. Others suggest that the products' main ingredient, butyl nitrite, will leave the inside of your head in a mighty woolly condition. Just \$6.95 sent to The Pink Pussy Cat Boutique, P. O. Box 10, Rego Park, New York 11374, will get you a half-ounce vial of either. Vile is right.



SNAP DECISIONS

A few years ago, that old daguerreotype of your crazy Uncle Festus, the town cooper, was worth a few snickers. Today, who knows? The collecting of antique photos, daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes and other related styles of photography has graduated from kid stuff to connoisseurship. So, for a look at some of the current action, send \$2 to Graphic Antiquity, P. O. Drawer 1234, Arlington Heights, Illinois 60006. You'll get back a 52-page catalog crammed with such 19th Century photographia as a full-length view of a skeleton (\$10) and a rare ambrotype of some scruffy-looking early California forty-niners (\$2500). It's a gold mine.



HENRY MORGAN RIDES AGAIN

In the movie *Morgan the Pirate*, the pirates of Tortuga were represented as just another bunch of rum-drinking yo-ho-hoers. The real pirates weren't quite that jolly—as this set of figures (available from Monarch Miniatures, P. O. Box 4195, Long Island City, New York 11104) attests. You can get an unpainted pewter pirate rapping a woman for \$11.95 (minus base), a pirate tearing a woman's dress for \$9.95, etc. Whatever happened to pillaging?

HAPPY EASTER

According to Erich von Däniken, the first inhabitants of Easter Island may have arrived by spaceship. *Your* arrival will be more conventional but just as exciting when you sign up for Project Easter Island, one of the first organized tourist programs to this incredibly remote 45-square-mile mystery in the mid-Pacific. Sponsored by the Society for the Preservation of Archaeological Monuments (P. O. Box 5564, University Station, Seattle, Washington 98105), the tours, which start at about \$1800, feature 15 days of lectures and explorations among the famous *moai* statues, invested, so they say, with supernatural powers. Say no *moai*!



WRATH OF GOD (continued from page 174)

order. Less than a dozen hours after the killing in Lillehammer, Mike seemed more interested in saving a day's auto-rental fee than in getting his agents out of Norway. After Zvi left, Aerbel said he would drive the Volvo to the Hertz office at Oslo's Fornebu airport; Marianne should follow in the Peugeot to bring him back. The arrangement pleased Sylvia, who wanted to take a long soaking bath. As soon as Gehmer finished washing his socks and underwear, Sylvia, exercising the prerogative of a beautiful woman, appropriated the bathroom and drew a hot bath.

All the while, Mike and the other Mossad agents acted as if they were oblivious to the fact that Norway had police forces that would inevitably search for the Lillehammer killers. By Sunday morning, the elite Norwegian federal investigative squad known as the I-Group had already been at work for several hours in Lillehammer. By interviewing local people and checking Oslo car-rental companies, the inspectors pieced together one significant clue. Two of the out-of-town cars observed in Lillehammer on the day of the killing had been rented by foreigners. The white Mazda, which was found abandoned near the scene of the killing, was an Avis car rented on July 16 by a Gustav Pistauer of Vienna. The white Peugeot, whose license plate had been noted by Sheriff Rustad, belonged to the Scandinavian Rent-A-Car, which had let it to a Canadian woman named Patricia Roxburgh.

The police station near Fornebu airport is called Sandvika, and the duty officer that Sunday morning was a bulky police sergeant, Bjørn Trøan. As he began his watch at eight a.m., he checked the telex transmissions that had come in overnight. He was surprised to see unusually long messages from the I-Group and he made certain that one copy was delivered to the police substation at Fornebu. When the copy arrived at the airport, Inspector Hans Lillejordet told the constables on duty in the passport booths to be on the lookout for suspicious departing foreigners. They should also pass the word to airport workers to be on the watch for a white Peugeot. At 9:15, Constable Sigmund Dyrdal repeated the message to the ticket clerks at the airline counters and gave them the Peugeot's license number.

About 45 minutes later, Asbjørn Størdahl, an SAS ticket officer, happened to glance toward the street outside. There, in the space reserved for unloading taxis on the departure ramp, stood a white Peugeot. Størdahl looked at the license number—and looked again. "Things like this just don't happen," he said to himself. He walked briskly across the

lobby to the booth where Dyrdal was examining passports.

"Tell me that number again, will you?" asked Størdahl.

"DB 15805," replied the policeman.

"It's parked outside," declared Størdahl.

Rushing to the ramp, Dyrdal found Marianne Gladnikoff sitting at the wheel.

"May I check your driver's license?" he asked.

Marianne complied—a bit too quickly. "Why are you stopping here?" the constable asked. "This is a no-parking zone."

"Oh, I didn't know," replied Marianne, feigning chagrin. "I am waiting for a Danish friend who has gone to turn in his car at a rental office."

"Would you please come along with me?" asked the constable.

Dyrdal escorted Marianne to the airport police office, where Inspector Lillejordet noticed that her hands were shaking uncontrollably. He telephoned the Hertz office and learned that a Dan Ert (the earlier version of Aerbel's family name) had just returned a car.

"Find him," the inspector told Dyrdal. The constable located Aerbel as he was walking toward the Peugeot. His arms loaded with two large bags full of food, Aerbel had just spent 100 crowns in the airport cafeteria buying a wide assortment of tea bags, cookies, sandwiches and the like.

"What do you have in those bags?" asked Dyrdal in a friendly manner.

"Groceries," replied Aerbel, smiling.

"You can't eat all that food alone," countered Dyrdal.

"Of course not," responded Aerbel. "I have friends who are waiting for me."

"Come on," said Dyrdal. "We'll drive you to them."

And that is precisely what happened. The police took Marianne and Aerbel in a car to their friends at the Baerum flat. There, Sylvia and Gehmer were requested to accompany the police, in order, they were told, "to clear up some questions about cars that were seen in the vicinity of a killing."

In two autos, the police drove the four agents to Lillehammer for questioning. At that stage of the investigation, the I-Group inspectors had no solid evidence linking the killing of Bouchiki to the presence of the cars rented by foreigners. Nor did the Norwegian authorities have even the faintest clue that they were dealing with agents of one of the world's toughest and most effective intelligence agencies.

On Sunday evening, as the four were interrogated separately in Lillehammer, Sylvia, Gehmer and Aerbel stuck pretty much to the same alibi, maintaining that they were only innocent tourists who had

met by accident in Norway. But Marianne, her nerves shattered, broke down completely. For more than seven hours, she poured forth the whole story of the Israeli operation. Her account struck the Norwegian investigators as so fantastic that they tended not to believe her. The next day, when her interrogation was scheduled to resume, Marianne had recovered her composure and refused to submit to further questioning. "I am sorry I told you as much as I did," she said.

But if Marianne had regained her nerve overnight, Dan Aerbel had lost his. As a Jewish child in Denmark during World War Two, he had escaped the great Nazi roundup in 1942 by being hidden in a school basement, where he was literally walled into a small dark space. Aerbel spent two weeks in that confined area and, as a consequence, ever since, he had suffered from uncontrollable claustrophobia. One night in a locked cell in Lillehammer had been sufficient to undo him.

As the second day of interrogation began, a nervous and distraught Aerbel declared he was now prepared to tell more about his activities in Norway. In his own mind, he cherished the illusion that if the Norwegians only realized who he and his three companions really were, they would set them free. "I do have knowledge about the killing in Lillehammer," he conceded. "One of the reasons for my trip to Norway was to assist in that killing, carried out by the state of Israel against the Black September movement."

Aerbel urged his interrogators to check out his story with Israeli authorities if they did not believe him. "My contact in the Defense Ministry is a man called Mike," Aerbel declared. "Telephone him! He'll tell you the truth."

But the Norwegian police did not need to telephone Tel Aviv to establish the tie between the captured agents and the state of Israel. In Aerbel's passport they found a penciled telephone number, which they traced to an Israeli diplomat in Oslo whose apartment had served as the team's secret communications center. The next evening, a Norwegian raiding squad stormed into the apartment, capturing both Zvi Steinberg and Michael Dorf, the Mossad communications specialist who had been the relay man in the embassy.

Golda Meir's premonition had come true—something had gone wrong and there was nothing Israel could do about it. Despite Norway's deep affection for Israel, the captured members of the hit team were put on trial for criminal charges. In January 1974, Abraham Gehmer and Sylvia Rafael were sentenced to six and a half years in prison. Marianne Gladnikoff, Dan Aerbel and Zvi Steinberg were given lighter sentences. Michael



Chuck Brown

"I still don't do windows."

Dorf was set free, reportedly because the Norwegian government did not wish to pursue the incident all the way to the Israeli embassy.

The other principals escaped. Kemal Benamane lives quietly today in a village in the Italo-Swiss district of Switzerland. Mike remains director of the Mossad's special branch; he even managed to get himself named to the board of inquiry on what had gone wrong at Lillehammer. Gustav Pistauer, who was fired from the Mossad for making the erroneous identification of Bouchiki as Salameh, now works as security supervisor in a large Israeli factory. Two months after her husband's assassination, Torill Bouchiki bore a child, a daughter. She named her Malika.

Ironically, the real Ali Hassan Salameh was in Scandinavia at the time of the Bouchiki killing. When he heard that an Arab had been shot in Norway, he decided his best course was to head for home. He made his way through Europe to Lebanon, where he lives today—in full realization that the Mossad is still dedicated to hunting him down.

The real consequences of the murder by mistake in Lillehammer were not felt in an Oslo courtroom, however, but in Israel, where they played a tragic role in that country's fate.

In the early evening of October 4, 1973, a secret agent of the Mossad arrived in Tel Aviv on an Air France flight. He was a quiet, scholarly man who operated in western Europe under the academic cover of distinguished philologist. He had just accomplished one of the great intelligence coups of all

time: He had penetrated an Arab embassy in western Europe and succeeded in taking photos of the entire war plan for a joint Syrian-Egyptian attack on Israel, Operation Badr, to be launched in only two more days.

But as a result of the Lillehammer blunder, the Mossad no longer commanded the confidence it had once enjoyed in ruling circles. General Zamir requested a meeting with Israel's Premier Golda Meir the same evening. Meir, unconvinced that the information was genuine, sent Zamir and the agent to Moshe Dayan. Dayan, who was then in a strangely melancholic mood, suspected that the Arabs were feeding false information to gullible Mossad agents. Despite other signs of Arab mobilization, the Mossad's information was not acted upon and Israeli forces were not put on full alert.

On the dawn of Yom Kippur, the holiest day in the Hebrew calendar, the Arabs launched their surprise attack on the unprepared Israeli armies. It was not until two weeks later, when the army had finally fought the Arabs to a stand-off, that the leaders of Israel belatedly realized they had been given the truth and had failed to accept it. Israeli soldiers' blood had been needlessly spilled. The Mossad agent who had delivered the war plan was inconsolable. Over and over, he repeated to himself the words of the handwriting on the wall in the book of *Daniel*: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."

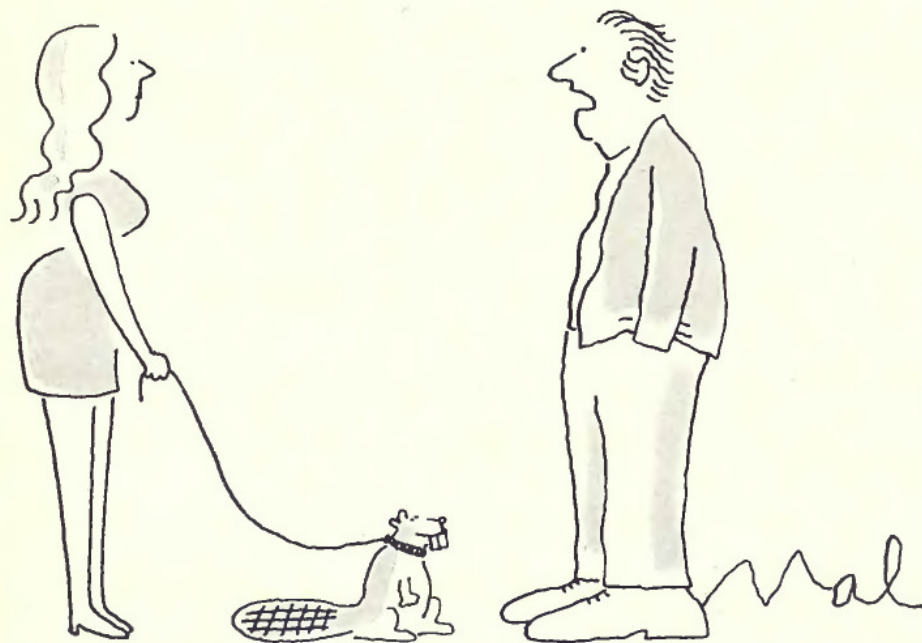
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WAVE GOODBYE!

(continued from page 90)

which has been widely used on reciprocating engines since the Twenties. Both are basically pumps that force the air/fuel mixture into the combustion chambers under high pressure, thereby increasing the density of the fuel charge. The more fuel in the combustion chambers, the bigger the explosions, which results in more horsepower. Normal engines must rely on only atmospheric pressure to push the air/fuel mixture into the combustion chambers, as opposed to turbocharging and supercharging, which can produce any desired pressure (called boost) within the limits of reliability, fuel economy and cost. The results can be dazzling, especially on racing engines. The Drake-Offenhauser engines that dominate Indianapolis-type racing have used turbochargers since the late Sixties. Without the boost from their turbos, the engines develop about 180 hp; with the turbos at full boost, power increases to over 900 hp. The incredible Porsche 917/10 sports racing car that the late Mark Donohue drove to the Can-Am championship in 1973 used a twin-turbocharged engine that developed over 1200 hp on pump gasoline. In fact, it was the technology learned from that flat-12-cylinder racing engine that led Porsche to create the Turbo Carrera for the open road, albeit considerably detuned and less elaborate in both design and output. But the concept was the same—a turbocharger to increase horsepower, driven by the pressure of the engine's exhaust gases. And therein lies the essential difference between turbochargers and superchargers: The latter is driven by belts or gears from the engine's crankshaft, while the former uses the essentially free energy being dispensed in the form of exhaust. Imagine this small turbine, spinning at high speed (in the case of the Turbo, at 90,000 rpm) under pressure from the exhaust and thrusting the air/fuel mixture into the combustion chambers. Even when the boost is quite modest, as in the case of the Porsche, the horsepower increase can be prodigious. An added bonus to turbocharging is the cleanliness of the exhaust; because the combustion is so complete, emissions are low, which eliminates the need for catalytic mufflers.

If the turbos are such a direct avenue to clean and powerful engines, why are they not being used more extensively? One need only gaze at the Turbo Carrera's price tag for the answer. In the present state of technology, reliable, economical turbocharging is bloody expensive. While add-on turbocharger kits are now available for most production cars for under \$1000, the sad fact is that most passenger-car engines do not have



"Actually, Lois, when you said you were going to show me your beaver, I thought. . ."

the beefy bearings, valves, cylinder heads and crankshafts to withstand the excessive internal pressure developed by turbos. Much of the extra \$10,000 cost of the Turbo Carrera lies in engineering and production techniques necessary to make the engine strong, reliable and economical under the added stress and strain. There is no question that other manufacturers are turning toward turbocharging, and we may see the day when turbos come into widespread, relatively cheap use; but they will probably remain on expensive machines like the Porsche for the next few years, at least (although the use of a turbocharged V6 Buick Century pace car at Indianapolis this year may mean an acceleration in the time frame).

All right, then, the Porsche Turbo costs ten grand more for an extra 77 hp, which works out to about \$130 per hp. Of course, that's not all you get; the Turbo is hardly stark. In fact, it's the most sumptuous Porsche ever built, loaded with gadgets that range from a superior AM/FM stereo system to air conditioning, to power windows, to the most lavishly complicated, power-operated, heated side mirror imaginable. The interior is coated with soft, aromatic leather and lush carpeting. Everywhere there is evidence of magnificent craftsmanship. Moreover, the Turbo is equipped with special body and chassis components, including a rear-deck spoiler and flared

fenders to accommodate the wider wheels and fatter radial tires. More subtle but equally important changes have been made on the suspension, including numerous bits that have been fabricated out of cast aluminum rather than the customary stamped steel. The Turbo Carrera is truly the ultimate 911, the final statement concerning a long and honorable Porsche tradition built around rear-engine, air-cooled, high-performance sports and GT cars.

OK, but who is going to unload \$26,000 for a 165-mph supercar in these days of economic hazard and 55-mph speed limits? That is a question that vexed officials of the Porsche-Audi Division of Volkswagen of America (Porsche is part of the giant German automotive conglomerate controlled by VW) when the car was announced. In the face of a shaky economy and voracious highway patrols, would anybody be willing to shell out such a substantial amount of money for a car so seemingly ill suited to the domestic driving environment?

America is the most important Porsche market in the world, accounting for 50 percent of all sales (half of them in California). Moreover, there exists a semicrazed coterie of Porsche aficionados (the Porsche Club of America, with 85 chapters and 19,000 members) and it was their fanatic loyalty to the marque that induced the company to timorously im-

port 300 of the Turbos during 1976. The response has been staggering. "We have increased our import quota to 500 Turbos and demand is so strong that anybody wanting a car will have to wait for the '77s," says a rather dazed Porsche official.

The Turbo arrives at a time when the Porsche image is changing, with the presentation of its front-engine, four-cylinder, water-cooled 924—a stepson that was originally designed as an Audi GT car but labeled a Porsche at the last minute. What's more, a V8, front-engine 928 is on the horizon, giving rise to the rumor that the Turbo is the final expression of the traditional Porsche design and the end of the wonderful 911 series. But that is not so, claim company officials. The 911 will be produced as long as a market exists, which implies at least five more years, perhaps longer. After all, another Porsche design, the Volkswagen Beetle, refuses to die after 40 years, so the 911 may be around longer than anyone imagines. Presuming this to be true, we can only puzzle over the success of the Turbo and what new model that will generate. May we suggest a twin-turbocharged version, the first car capable of an honest 200 mph on the open road, priced at \$50,000?

The line forms on the right.



New Aftate™ for Athlete's Foot is better, much better... it's The Killer.

Aftate contains a special medication proven more effective in killing Athlete's Foot fungus than the medication in the best-selling brand.

To the millions of Athlete's Foot sufferers looking for relief from burning, cracking and itching, we introduce Aftate. Aftate kills all major types of Athlete's Foot fungus and helps prevent reinfection.

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Spray liquid and gel (red label); use for the treatment of even most stubborn cases.

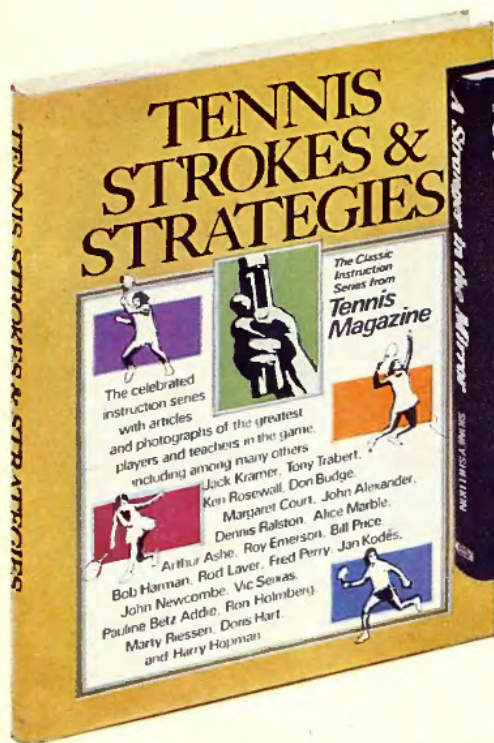
Spray and sprinkle powders (blue label); use for daily foot care and to help prevent reinfection.

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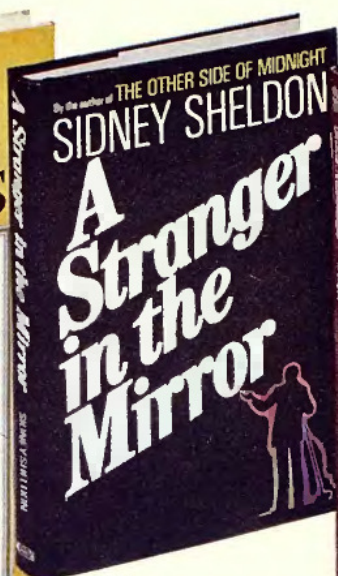


(Aftate is odorless, too.)

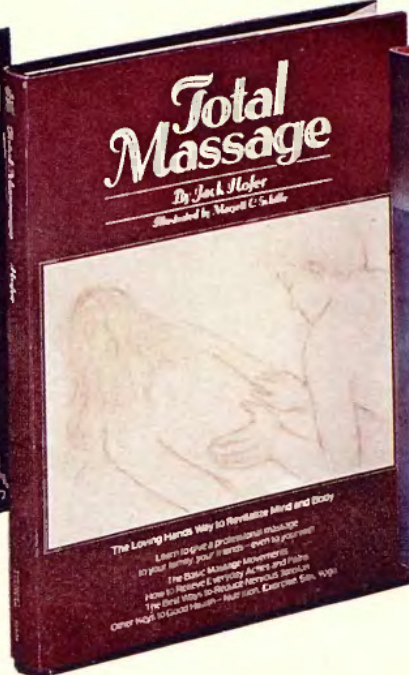
If you enjoy Playboy, you be



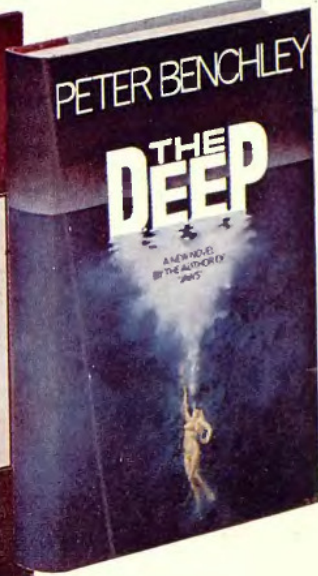
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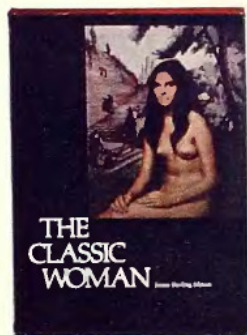
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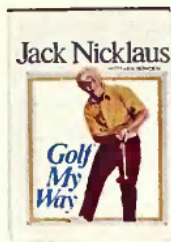
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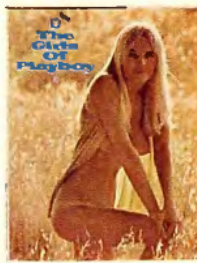
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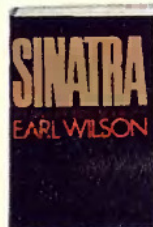
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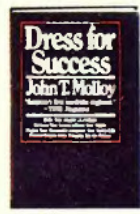
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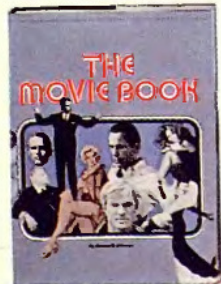
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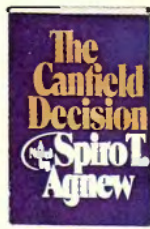
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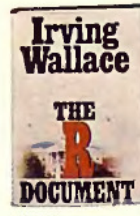
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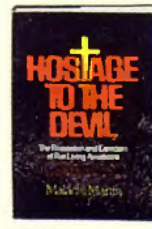
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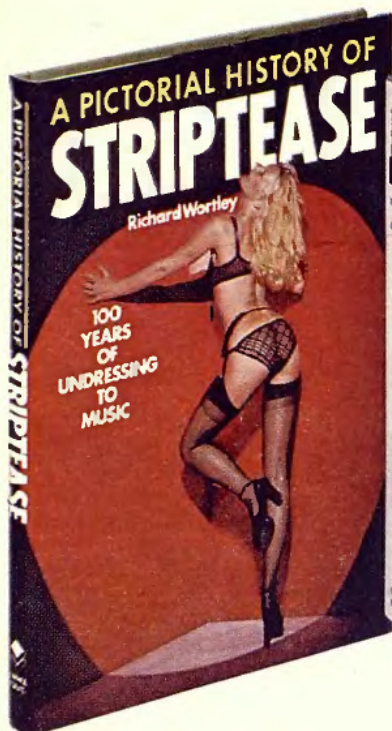


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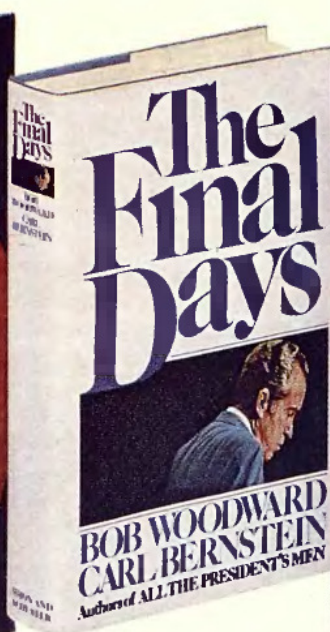


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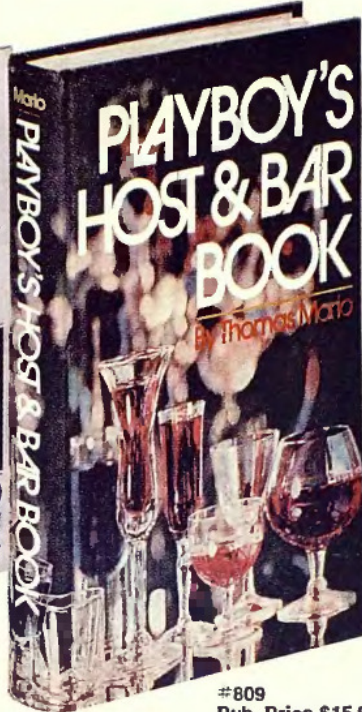
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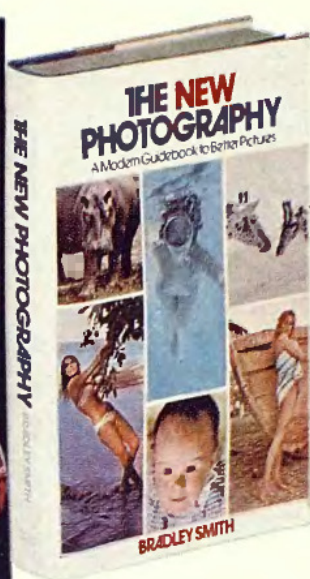
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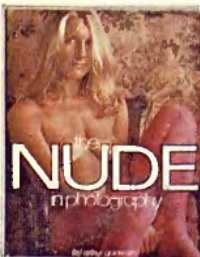
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WE AND THE OTHER GIRLS (continued from page 112)

desperate masking of my true inclinations. *God! What about all those dreams I'd had?* It wasn't that I was turned off by ordinary he-she love, just that I found myself enjoying it far less psychologically—and, because of that, physically—than before.

Now I understand why: It was simply the difference between old and new, between wrong and wronger. I'd finally done something far more sinful and forbidden than fucking out of wedlock. How could I ever enjoy stealing hubcaps after having robbed a bank?

In the course of the next several months, we saw Angie four more times, but on each successive visit she became a more and more passive companion. And each time, though still fun, was less exciting than the time before. But then, what isn't, with repetition? During our last romp together, Angie achieved a very premature climax and lost all interest in the game. Crankily pushing Brian away, she yawned, rolled over and tucked her head under a pillow. Neither Brian nor I was halfway satisfied, having (as usual) devoted most of our attentions to her. So we tiptoed into the other room, where, charged up by the evil doings with Angie, we spent a long and steamy night indulging in lascivious hedonism—our best solitary sex since pre-Angie days.

As an only child, Angie was unaccustomed to less than total attention, and the next morning she woke up sulking, apparently offended that we'd deserted her, even in slumber. For this and all the usual reasons, the triangle had gotten so lopsided it finally collapsed. Though I've kept up with her doings by occasional letters and the reports of mutual friends, I've never seen my first lady lover again.

If only because time dulls remembered senses, I eventually got over my feeling that ordinary sex was a consolation prize. But twice, when I was no longer living with Brian, I got involved in a couple of one-night threesomes. In both instances, perhaps because there was no real emotional involvement, perhaps because suddenly I was the odd sexperson out (as poor Angie must have felt herself to be), I found myself barely enjoying it. One time, the girl was beautiful. So unresponsive, however, that it was like caressing a life-sized Barbie doll. With the second couple, the girl simply wasn't pretty or voluptuous enough to turn me on. It's embarrassing to admit this, but were I to have a sex-change operation, I'd probably emerge from the anesthetic a male chauvinist pig in choosing women sex partners by their looks. I don't understand why, but it somehow makes more of a difference than it does with men.

These less-than-satisfactory excursions taught me something else: that my fascination with Angie had less to do with *homosexual* leanings than with omnivorous ones. I realized that some people were so sexy to me I would find them irresistible regardless of their gender. If sexually I were a registered Democrat, there would occasionally be candidates so appealing I would cross party lines for them.

Needless to say, such sexual dynamos are rare—and by the time I was introduced to Matt, my newest and present lover, it had been almost a year since I'd done anything more intimate with a girl than exchange friendly gossip in a powder room.

After three weeks of intensive dating—leaving the motel room only to visit bars, restaurants and newsstands—Matt and I eloped without benefit of clergy and took up housekeeping together in his apartment on the Eastern Seaboard. I understood how 19th Century mail-order brides must have felt: There I was, an open-air Southerner, suddenly thrust into an ugly, alien environment without a single friend except the virtual stranger who had taken me there. Fortunately, he was a virtual stranger I continued to be crazy about. I became so contentedly domesticated, in fact, that the thought of committing adultery with either sex barely crossed my mind. Besides, I had all the sex I could handle at home; the absence of a marriage license didn't keep us from frolicking like honeymooners: We christened every flat surface but the stove.

Matt is a big sweet bear of a man who is just as sexually talented as Brian, if less imaginatively decadent. At first, he annoyed me by refusing to mix his sweet talk with his lovemaking or to treat sex as more romantic than any other bodily function. However, his concentration on the actual act of fucking, as opposed to any "sissy" billing and cooing, makes him quite a successful lover, one who takes me past the plateau, into the green valley beyond, almost every time he takes me to bed. As if this weren't enough to guarantee my undivided adoration, he is also terribly generous. For our first anniversary, he gave me a tongue bath and a Saks Fifth Avenue charge plate: They both made me come with joy.

One day, returning from a shopping trip to Saks that had yielded only a T-shirt and a nightie, I was feeling as homely and glum as I usually do after such excursions. Trying on clothes under fluorescent lights can be devastating to a girl's ego—especially if, like me, she owns a model's figure instead of

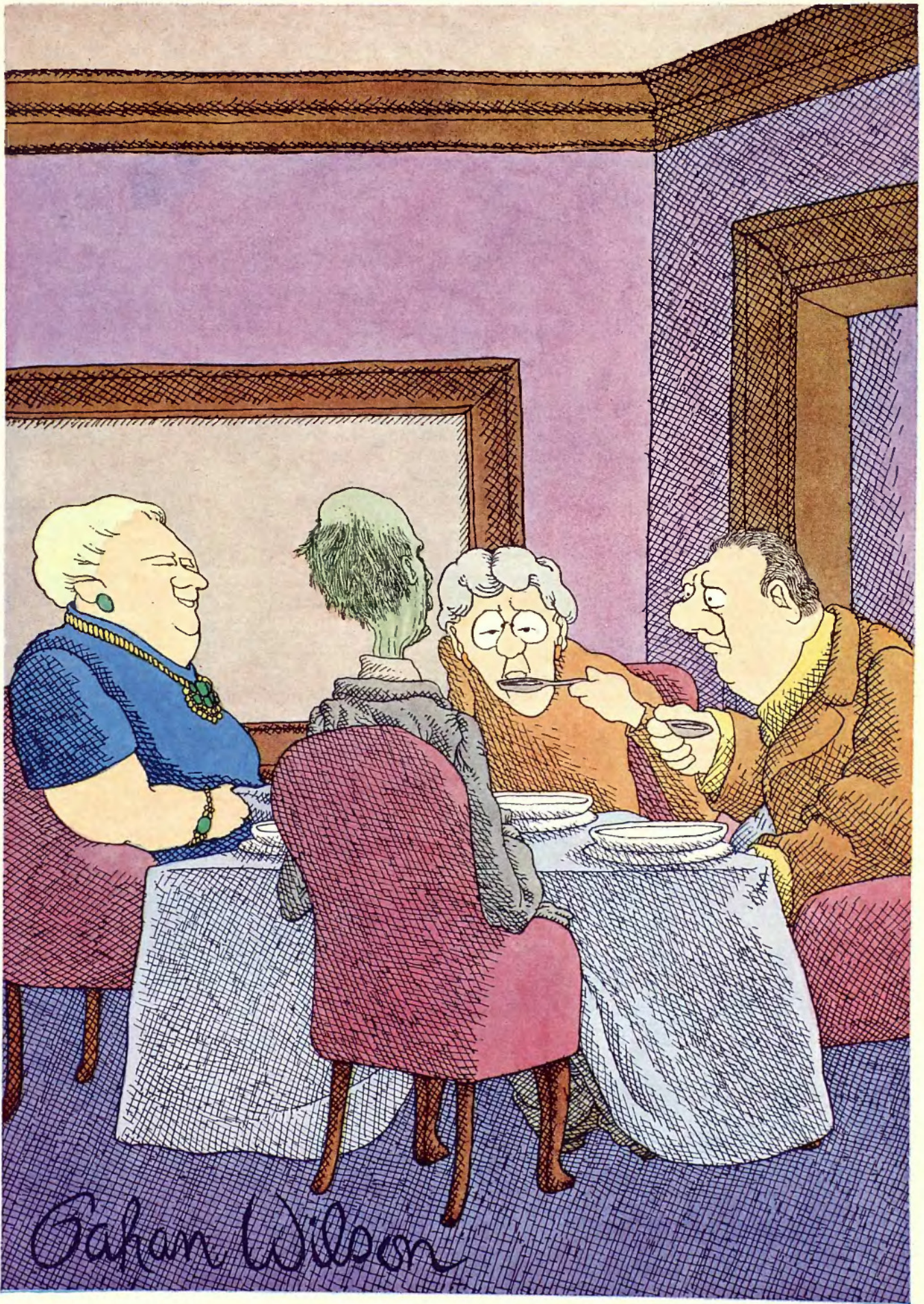
a Playmate's. Fighting my way home through smoggy rush-hour traffic did nothing to cheer me up. By the time I staggered through the door, my spirits were well below sea level.

Matt was in the opposite condition. I found him bustling around the living room with a vacuum cleaner in tow and a dustcloth trailing from his back jeans pocket, whistling a happy tune and looking like the nursery-tale momma bear.

The place smelled of lemon Pledge, Rose Floral Bouquet and Windex. Such a burst of housewifely vigor in a self-confessed male chauvinist who thinks nothing of handing me 15 shirts to iron or asking for grilled-cheese sandwiches at three A.M. struck me as rather peculiar. As if this weren't suspicious enough, my normally undemonstrative mate greeted me with returning-P.O.W. hugs and a lingering sexy tongue kiss usually reserved for drunken lapses into sentiment. I wondered if he'd been drinking the Windex.

I asked about his unnerving exhilaration. "Well," he grinned, "you know I had lunch with an old college friend today?" I knew. He went on to explain that just as he was slipping into a cab to head home, a huge good-looking girl slipped into the back seat beside him and gave him the longest, wettest stranger kiss he'd ever had. It turned out he'd met Terry briefly years ago, when she was dating a casual friend of his. They shared the cab to their respective apartments, and when he mentioned he'd recently acquired a lithe and lovely roommate (that's me, as seen through the silk-screen eyes of love), she didn't appear dismayed in the least. So, he concluded, saving the big news for last, "I asked her to have dinner with us tonight. Maybe she'll want to fuck us!" he added, his eyes sparkling with hard-core mischief. I felt a sharp Charley horse of jealousy knife through me at seeing him so intrigued with the prospect, perhaps because I always tend to find the unknown the biggest threat of all. Also, it didn't help when he happened to mention that she also sported a pair of semicolossal breasts. But I agreed to go along with his scheme—more out of a loving unwillingness to disappoint him than from any personal interest in a woman given to accosting virtual strangers in taxicabs.

Besides, I had the nagging feeling that if I didn't agree to go along, he just might arrange to go without me. I wasn't about to tag along looking like the sullen jealous-wife type, so I disappeared for an hour into the bedroom and pulled my Cinderella routine. When I emerged, Matt's rangy tomboy had shed her jeans and T-shirt for a long, slinky white gown, dangling earrings, curly hair and smoky eye make-up. For the first time



"As my late husband, here, used to say. . . ."

since we'd been together, Matt—normally as niggardly with praise as a football coach—told me I looked luscious. The power of suggestion being what it is, I immediately took his word for it and felt ready to take on all contenders, big tits and all.

Terry joined us at our favorite restaurant. Matt was certainly right about her size. She was enormous but well proportioned, with a perky, attractive face and a friendly disposition. To my great relief, I kind of liked her and wasn't gagged by the thought of temporarily sharing my mate. After a long, leisurely meal and three bottles of wine, Matt leaned over and whispered something in her ear. "Very!" she exclaimed in response, her voice providing the italics. (I later learned that the \$64,000 question was, "How sexually adventurous are you?") Needless to say, no one ordered dessert.

She'd come in her own car, so I allowed Matt the pleasure of directing her home and followed in our car. I took my time getting there, stopping at yellow lights and trying to summon my flagging courage. This time, the girl wasn't a close friend; and there was no acid to get me over the initial hump; and she was unattached, a potential threat to my happy if informal marriage. If you can believe it, I was actually feeling a little bit shy.

By the time I arrived, the cute gargantuan couple had made themselves at home on the couch. She had her head in his lap—face up, thank God. He was languidly sucking on a joint and massaging her huge breasts through her blouse. The sight brought back my Charley horse for a moment, but I needn't have felt threatened. When I sat down on

the couch next to her, it was apparent she was just as interested in Goldilocks as she was in the bear. After I'd taken a drag on the joint, she casually reached up under my long dress and began molesting me in the brazen manner one might expect from such an amazon. How could I have been so unfair to my sweet Matt? I thought to myself. He's gone and brought me the world's biggest breathing vibrator. Soon we'd finished the joint, snuffing it out just as Matt's sprang to life. Moseying into the bedroom, Terry voraciously pounced on him, giving him a \$50 blow job without even pausing to take off her clothes or unpin her updo. Matt was so turned on by this eager oversized sex maniac that her mission was accomplished in the time it takes to soft-boil an egg. After coming up for air, she took a deep breath and dove between my legs—a first for me with a mouth instead of just a hand—with equal gusto. She had a very talented mouth and appeared to be having the time of her life showing it off. I certainly was. After a few minutes of this one-sided demonstration of sisterhood in action, Matt got a little fidgety. Soon, even I was ready for a break, discovering that there can actually be too much of this particular good thing. I was glad when Matt finally broke it up, officious as a referee. Pulling her off me, he proceeded to give her one of the fiercest workouts I'd seen. Angie had been fairly passive on such occasions, but Terry apparently liked screwing as much as I did, writhing around and whinnying loud enough to wake the next-block neighbors.

I began to feel a little left out but contented myself with watching and occasionally fondling a heaving breast.

Then it was my turn. Matt, bless his heart, had saved a little for me. But as we were flailing away, I happened to glance to my left, where Terry, with uninhibited abandon, was whipping herself into a delirious lather, a prime research subject for Masters and Johnson. Judging from her multiple oohs and ahs, anything Matt could do she could do better, or at least as well.

Matt and I finally heaved ho to a stop, completely drained. But not Miss Terry: Like the killer shark, she never rested, only circled endlessly in search of more prey. Granted, petting is a wonderful pastime, but not four seconds after achieving total satisfaction.

As all girl readers know and boy readers ought to know, tender female parts molested at this point in time register far more pain than pleasure. Apparently, Terry's privates were made of polyethylene, because she began mauling me with her hands as if we were starting from scratch. Being a good sport, I staunchly let her have her way with me one more time, but then I'd had it for good (well, at least for the evening). Matt was audibly sighing, drumming his fingers on his head, as bored by watching two girls mess with each other as a country-and-western fan attending a violin recital.

He finally got up, wandered into the living room and flipped on the TV set, looking for some real entertainment. It was two A.M. by then and there was nothing on but a segment of *War and Peace*. I soon straggled in behind him, in search of a little peace myself. Being victims of fundamentalist Bible Belt upbringing, Matt and I both had put on bathrobes to hide our shame. Not Terry of the limitless libido: She plopped her huge self between us on the couch, every square foot of her stark-naked.

Soon our friendly amazon began pawing Matt and me simultaneously, her once-soft hands now feeling like medium-grade sandpaper. A look of weary exasperation crossed Matt's face as he wrenched her hand from his dozing peter. "Let's leave it alone for a while, OK?" he pleaded. "It's tired." Being a good-natured girl, she wasn't offended by the rebuff but merely concentrated all her efforts on me, until I, too, begged special dispensation. She at last relented and after a few more minutes of Russian melodrama, Matt and I were more than ready for bed, hoping she'd take the hint and opt to sleep at home. No such luck. I quickly offered to sleep on the couch. Matt and Terry together totaled 380 pounds and measured 12'2" (Terry with the two-inch advantage)—and I feared that if we all tried to sleep in a regulation double bed, I'd be compressed into a flesh-colored swizzle stick by daybreak. Besides, I rationalized,



"I finally came to terms with my hostility. I kicked my shrink in the balls."

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Matt could defend himself better. So I made myself a bed on the couch, glad for once to be sleeping alone.

Around six in the morning, I was awakened from my innocent slumber by a most distressing noise—loud whooping and hollering in the general direction of the bedroom, in both bass and soprano tones, accompanied by a rhythm instrument sounding suspiciously like creaking bedsprings. I was instantly consumed with fear and loathing, too stunned to even move, much less to join Terry and Matt. Five minutes later, they apparently reached a gasping truce; silence descended. Matt came huffing into the living room for a drink of water, sweating and wheezing like he'd just escaped with his life. When he caught me staring at him on his way back to bed, he smiled a sheepish smile. "We just woke up fucking" went his measly *sotto voce* explanation.

"That's interesting," I replied. "We never have." He had no comeback for this devastating retort, so he shrugged and went back to bed. I didn't join

them, preferring to sulk miserably on the couch. Big tears rolled down my cheeks and I nursed my hurt tenderly. Soon the amazon was up and dressed, off to her job at an ad agency. She delivered asphyxiating goodbye hugs, begged us to call her any time, anyplace, anywhere and left us three sets of addresses and phone numbers, which I carefully wrote down and just as carefully tore up.

Matt found my jealousy attack amusing under the circumstances. "How can you actually feel threatened?" he laughed. "She didn't mean anything to me but an overnight fuck. You were right in the same house!" He was truly puzzled. Well, I admit it seems a little absurd looking back on it two years later, but it was the first time I'd been in love with a man who was actually screwing a woman without my being either entirely included or entirely oblivious.

Listening to their chorus of moans and groans, I actually entertained the idea that Matt might want her to move in with us. I'd read enough of Heming-

way's memoirs to know how those situations end up! Suddenly, fooling Mother Nature with all these variations on the two-by-two Noah's-ark arrangement didn't seem like such harmless fun anymore.

Later that same day, still in the deepest of doldrums, I fell asleep and dreamed that Matt was running off down a road carrying Terry's detached size-D tits—one tucked under each arm, like two loaves of bread. It was an upsetting, if ridiculous, indication of my pathetic insecurity. Besides, what made me think he hadn't taken mine along as well? They could've been stashed in his watch pocket.

I got over my trauma after a while, but a lack of opportunity and preoccupation with other things took precedence over such mischief. By the time our next and last threesome occurred, almost a year had gone by. I'd turned a definitely postnymphettish 25; and though I'd heard and read that the real beneficiaries of the sexual revolution were the kids a few years my junior, Tammy was my first flesh-and-blood proof of that. I'd never seen anyone so serenely content with her life, so lacking in any ambition or uptightness or self-consciousness. After drifting through a semester of college, she dropped out and began to lead the existence of a continuous road movie. She did nothing but travel around the country in her beat-up Volkswagen, eating nuts and fruit and staying stoned on grass or whatever drugs were offered to her by the men and women she picked up as casually as we old fogies do a ringing telephone. It was easy to see why strangers were so attracted to her. Her total lack of nervous energy didn't leave her with much more personality than the corner fireplug, but she was very sweet and docile and attractive. Her face wasn't beautiful, but it was fresh and appealingly impish. And she had a golden California suntan and longish sunlit hair that fell in a halo of natural curls.

On the weekend, we ran into her; she seemed to follow quietly wherever we went. It occurred to Matt that her presence itself was a form of passive insistence. When he asked if she'd like to spend the night with us, she acted as if she'd been expecting the invitation and cheerfully accepted.

After a drag or two on our shared joint, Tammy pulled off her clothes. I'd never thought much about her body, which was usually hidden beneath Mother Hubbard hippie clothes; judging from the look of happy surprise on Matt's face, he hadn't, either. "Those are fine breastworks you got there, Miss Tammy," he offered. He was right. They were absolutely perfect—bronzed and round and firm and small-nippled. The rest of her was just as nubile—my first "younger woman," I realized with some



"Relax, George, two hundred years from today it won't matter where you slept."

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amusement. She looked as if she'd been airbrushed into perfection.

Once again, Matt and I fell into a pile, though it soon became apparent that I—and not Matt—was the object of her hotter desires. She was sweetly compliant with Matt, the dutiful turn-of-the-century wife; but with me, she was transformed from the diffident passive creature I'd just observed into an aggressive, passionate, self-assured miracle worker going about her task as if she'd had vocational training.

She made over me as if I were manna from heaven—muttering endearments, kissing my hands and face and neck, stroking my hair, turning everything but my fingernails into bona fide erogenous zones. There was something about her that truly made me insatiable—as if each new jolt only served to further recharge my batteries. I'd never been so turned on—perhaps because no one I'd ever been with had been so turned on.

Eventually, Matt became bored by our calisthenics and disappeared to the other bed. A few minutes later, glancing up during a ten-second rest stop, I noticed that my sweet but jaded fool was engrossed in the evening paper. Tired of the editorial page and his busy companions, he drifted off to sleep.

Not Tammy and I. We performed our erotic ballet the night through, tasting and touching and cuddling. We fell into a trance-like sleep just as the sun came up. An hour or so later, I awoke to find Matt still asleep, the hair on his forehead arranged in a Gerber-baby curl, a perfect if hairy picture of innocence: blissfully unaware that his mate had enjoyed a month's worth of sex in a single night.

As if aware of being watched, he opened his eyes, yawned and asked ingenuously how we'd slept. Tammy and I burst into giggles. Understanding at last, Matt appeared more astonished at our stamina than at our lasciviousness.

Matt had to be somewhere in an hour, so he headed for the shower. A gleam came into Tammy's eyes. "Great," she murmured. "Now we can be *alone!*" Something about her enthusiasm scared me; I was convinced that I definitely didn't want to be alone with her. I'm not a superstitious person, but suddenly I sensed that true lesbians are something like lady vampires, that only in complete privacy could she deliver the deadly irrevocable kiss that would be so passionate, so intimate it would turn *me* into a lesbian as well.

Besides, I'd reached the sexual saturation point and would as soon have gotten nibbled by a red ant as by another person. Jumping out of bed, I claimed that I had to accompany Matt to his appointment. Tammy was invited along, but I hoped she wouldn't accept. Being tactful

and perceptive, she claimed to prefer to sleep awhile longer.

Matt teased me at breakfast about my reported excesses, expressing amazement that I had deliberately given up another hour or two with her. "I'd rather have breakfast with you," I said—and meant it. The sexual tension prompting such unnatural couplings was temporarily gone and I was flooded with a cold objectivity. At that point, my frolicking with Tammy didn't seem disgusting or filthy but merely—well—distasteful.

"I know what you mean," Matt said. "Once the fun is over, you begin to wonder if maybe some rules are meant not to be broken."

I squeezed his hand, feeling the intimacy that often comes after having been with a third person in such passionate circumstances. My occasional fears of being a secret queer were gone for good. I realized that I'd just survived the ultimate trial by fire: If I could resist Tammy's heated passions, I could resist anything. But I also knew that if there *hadn't* been a man I cared about to turn to, I might well still be in her arms; might have gotten up that day and turned in my Capezio's for combat boots.

Most of the men to whom I've mentioned my exotic sexual history respond with a patronizing got-your-number look. I can almost hear them thinking: Women who have sex with other women have to be frigid. They can't get off except by rubbing each other. The more enlightened think it's perfectly natural; after all, they say, women are far more orgasmically insatiable than men, so it's understandable that a girl would turn to her same sex for satisfactions it might take a battalion of men to provide. Both of these presumptions miss the point and assume that women who sleep with women are either cold fishes or hot gluttons.

No doubt this is sometimes the case; I know plenty of frigid women, and even the responsive ones, including me, can't make it with every man. And it's certainly true that women are able to *have* more climaxes per hour than any guy but the Six Million Dollar Man. But no matter how you slice it, there is still no satisfactory way a woman can actually *fuck* another woman.

What women do provide in bed that most men don't is simply their tender, leisurely approach to lovemaking. They tend to be more personal, more loving and gentler than the men I've had—and this even without the kind of long-term emotional commitment that would undoubtedly make sex even more fulfilling.

Angie and Tammy fluttered around me with soft whisper kisses and tender nibbles and touched me as if they were reading braille instead of a shopping guide. Now, you may wonder, why don't women just tell men what they want?

Well, I've tried; but with guys trained from adolescence to believe that foreplay means getting naked first, my words fall on deaf ears. Besides, my numerous perversions don't include unnatural pushiness. It's difficult for such an obliging, accommodating soul to feel comfortable saying to a man, "Uh, John, wouldja please cuddle me awhile, lick my ear lobes, tenderly massage the small of my back, tell me I'm wonderful and nuzzle my collarbones first? Thanksalot." For women like me—and I fancy I'm in the majority—sex with a girl gives us a chance we've never had before, a chance for the first time to be completely equal, to take our pleasure into our own hands. We're finally able to be the aggressor, if we like. Because of this, it's easy for me to see why many women decide to become practicing lesbians, even if their original inclinations are heterosexual.

Women also provide a much more sensuous ambience, largely because they give more feedback, the kind Tammy so kindly exemplified.

Apparently, men are taught to restrain expressions of pleasure as well as those of fear or pain: If they hesitate to weep in sorrow, it seems they're equally reluctant to cry for joy. Only two or three of my lovers have audibly made it clear during the act that they were really happy and enjoying themselves, even though most men praise me afterward. Women weren't taught to be so shy: Their little moans and groans are almost unspeakably stimulating. Men expect such responses from us, yet they seem to forget that we, too, need a little reassurance.

Many of them also seem to be in too much of a hurry—maybe as a result of those universal guilt-ridden back-seat jobs with the town punch. One lover of mine liked to screw between halves of the Sunday-afternoon football game. Well, quickies can sometimes be fun, but not when you're actually running against a time clock. It's especially unnerving when you know that your partner is more interested in what Sonny Jurgensen will do in the third quarter than in what you're doing to his wonderful warm dick in the meantime.

Ardent feminists are very vocal in their resentment at being treated as sex objects by men as a whole. But I think they equally resent the fact that with the men they care for, they are rarely *enough* of a sex object.

If I had a man who was willing to provide all the sexual fundamentals, as well as the fringe benefits of tender loving care more common to women, I doubt that any female—with the understandable exception of a Julie Christie or a Brigitte Bardot—would ever turn my head again.



"Not for nothing, madame, am I known as the finest swordsman in all of France."



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the
one
you
love...

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SEE PAGE 17.

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All orders rushed in a plain unmarked package to insure your privacy. Satisfaction guaranteed or complete refund.

SUMMER SPARKLERS

(continued from page 116)

sugar. Tap lightly to remove excess sugar.

COUPE MAXIM

2 brandied cherries
Small cube sugar
Champagne or sparkling wine, chilled
Place cherries with a bit of their syrup and sugar cube in a chilled champagne coupe or burgundy glass. Muddle to crush cherries and break up sugar. Add champagne or sparkling wine to taste.

ADAM AND EVE (Serves 6)

½ apple—McIntosh or golden Delicious—thinly sliced
6 thin slices lemon
½ tablespoon sugar
2 ozs. dry white wine
2 ozs. calvados or applejack
1 bottle sparkling wine or champagne, chilled
Combine first five ingredients and marinate in refrigerator about an hour. Divide fruit and syrup among 6 chilled tulip champagne glasses. Fill glasses with sparkling wine or champagne.

BUBBLY MANDARIN

½ oz. Mandarin Napoleon
Sparkling wine or champagne, chilled
Mandarin-orange segment
Pack stem of hollow-stemmed champagne glass with crushed ice. Pour Mandarin Napoleon, or other liqueur, over ice. Add sparkling wine or champagne. Garnish glass with mandarin-orange segment on a pick.

BUCK'S FIZZ

Originated in the Buck's Club, London, shortly after World War One. If you omit the grenadine, it's a Mimosa.
1½ ozs. orange juice, chilled
1 teaspoon grenadine
3 ozs. champagne, chilled
Pour orange juice and grenadine into chilled tulip champagne glass; stir. Add champagne; stir once.

CALIFORNIA NECTAR

The guava adds an intriguing, musky note to the champagne. Try it on your friends, blind—see if they can guess what it is!
3 ozs. California champagne, chilled
1½ ozs. guava nectar, chilled
Lime slice
Pour champagne into chilled wine-glass. Add nectar. Garnish with lime slice. Stir once.

Summer sparklers are cool and quenching. Once you've experienced their diverse delights, you may decide that gin and tonic isn't the *only* way to go at this time of year.



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Get Fetherlite at your drug store. For a free sample pack of Fetherlite and a booklet send 25¢ for handling to Schmid Labs, Inc., Box FL-1, Rt. 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

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 - Illustrated catalog alone. 25¢

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ROCK 'N' ROLL (continued from page 105)

- who did the 1958 instrumental rocker *Tequila*?
- Loggins and Messina
 - Seals and Crofts
 - Glen Campbell
 - José Cuervo
 - Hunter Thompson
6. According to a song by John Sebastian, 1352 is the number of:
- Ways to leave your lover
 - Ways to say, "I love you"
 - Guitar pickers in Nashville
 - Positions in the *Kama Sutra*
 - Hamburgers he ate in the Night Owl
7. Alvin the Chipmunk's colleagues were:
- Cheech and Chong
 - Don and Phil
 - Simon and Theodore
 - Mickey and Sylvia
 - John and H. R. "Bob"
8. What will *A Little Bit of Soap* wash away?
- Your lipstick from my face
 - Your lipstick from my Jockey shorts
 - The grass stains on my knees
 - The pomade from my hair
 - Your guilt and *anomie*
9. What instruments opened The Diamonds' hit *Little Darlin'*?
- Comb and tissue paper
 - Maracas, followed by a Hawaiian nose flute
 - Castanets, followed by a cowbell
 - Scalpel, followed by a clamp and forceps
 - A red Stingray, followed by a motorcycle cop
10. Elvis Presley's first record was:
- Mystery Train*
 - That's All Right*
 - A morals charge involving an underage Memphis cheerleader and a pneumatic auto lift
 - 72 hip thrusts in 30 seconds
 - Round, with a big hole in the middle
11. The biggest hit of 1955 was by:
- Rocky Marciano
 - Mickey Mantle
 - Elvis Presley
 - Bill Haley and the Comets
 - Don Corleone
12. What did Dion ask the stars up above each night?
- "Why must I be a teenager in love?"
 - "Why must I be a teenager?"
 - "When is my face going to clear up?"
 - "When will she let me go all the way?"
 - "Oh, rata tata too?"
13. According to The Beatles, where is Penny Lane?
- Up in the Cessna fooling around with her uncle Sky King
 - Somewhere near Strawberry Fields
 - In my ears and in my eyes
 - Three blocks from Ventura and Reseda
 - Getting her kicks in Stepney until Paulie gets tired of Linda
14. Simon and Garfunkel once recorded under the name:
- Garfunkel and Simon
 - Shorty and Curly
 - Tom and Jerry
 - Frank Sinatra, Jr.
 - The Flying Wallendas
15. What was Chuck Berry's original name for Maybellene—before Chess Records executives insisted that he change it?
- Eleanor Roosevelt
 - Ida Mae
 - Ida Red
 - Chuck
 - Lulu Big Tits
16. What is "sweeter than wine—softer than a summer night"?
- Wonder Bread
 - Your kisses
 - This magic moment
 - Pat Boone's brain
 - A rose and a melted Baby Ruth



"Goodness—forgive the way I look, Mr. Krausmeyer, but I was expecting your regular delivery boy."

17. What is chapter four of the *Book of Love*?
- "Third Base and Beyond"
 - "Sauces and Pickles"
 - "You Tell Her You're Never, Never Gonna Part"
 - "You Break Up, but You Give It Just One More Chance"
 - "You Explain That Blow Is Just an Expression"
18. Who sang "I'm so young and you're so old"?
- Buddy Holly to Peggy Sue
 - Paul Anka to Diana
 - Jerry Lee Lewis' cousin to Jerry Lee
 - Bruce Springsteen to Bob Dylan
 - Annette Funicello to Walt Disney
19. Which are the immortal words of Little Richard?
- "Boogey-boogey, boogey-boogey, shoop"
 - "Comma comma down, dooby-do down down"
 - "Wop bopa loo bop, a wop bam boom!"
 - "Wop wop doodley wop, wop wop doodley wop, wop wop!"
 - "Well, yip-yip-yip-yip-yip-yip-yip-yip, boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom"
20. Among the many classic R&B versions of *Stormy Weather*, why has the one by The Par-Kays become the most valuable and legendary to collectors?
- Most of the copies have been spread on toast and eaten
 - The Par-Kays were the first group in which Sam Cooke sang lead
 - Careful listening reveals that the tenor is shot to death during the sax break
 - Three of the original members of The Par-Kays became the Flamingos
 - Truman Capote sings all the high doo-wops
21. Neil Sedaka's song *Oh! Carol* was about:
- Carol Lynley
 - Carole King
 - Caryl Chessman
 - Eleanor Roosevelt
 - 89 cents
22. For whom is Lee Dorsey waitin'?
- His dealer
 - His ya ya
 - His ka ka
 - The iceman
 - Godot
23. Which of the following rock singers—all now dead—did not appear at the famous Monterey Pop Festival?
- Janis Joplin
 - Jimi Hendrix
 - Jim Morrison
 - Oris Redding
 - Mama Cass Elliot
24. If your broken heart needs repair, who is the man to see?
- The Playboy Advisor
 - The Handy Man
 - Your Lover Man
 - Dr. Feelgood
 - Dr. Christiaan Barnard
25. What is the first of the *Ten Commandments of Love*?
- Thou shall never love another
 - Thou shall stand by me all the while
 - Thou shall put the emergency brake on
 - Thou shall check to see that the rubber in your wallet hasn't disintegrated
 - Thou shall never, never do Donald Duck imitations during intercourse

ANSWERS, NOTES AND ADDITIONAL ESOTERICA

1. C. Black-denim trousers and motorcycle boots go with a black-leather jacket with an eagle on the back. . . . A 1955 follow-up by The Cheers to their great *Bazoom (I Need Your Lovin')*—and the first successful song by Leiber and Stoller.

2. B. A woman and lots of lovin' for a man was made out of 100 pounds of clay—and there was only enough left over for three ashtrays. Gene McDaniels, 1961.

3. B. "I'm sorry, I ran all the way home," sang The Impalas. Answer A., of course, is the classic insight from the 1960 Brenda Lee hit, *I'm Sorry*.

4. B. The Big Bopper's real name was J. P. Richardson. Richard Penniman is Little Richard's real name. Margaret Truman is Bo Diddley's real name.

5. B. and C. Jim Seals and Dash Crofts were in The Champs and Glen Campbell played backup guitar.

6. C. 1352 guitar pickers in Nashville, from *Nashville Cats*, by John Sebastian, as performed by The Lovin' Spoonful.

7. C. Alvin's co-chipmunks were Simon and Theodore. John and H. R. "Bob" were Nixon's co-chipmunks.

8. A. "A little bit of soap will wash away your lipstick from my face" (The Jarmels).

9. C. *Little Darlin'* began with castanets, followed by a cowbell.

10. B. Presley's first record was *That's All Right (b/w Blue Moon of Kentucky)*, released July 19, 1954, on the Sun label.

11. D. Thanks in part to *Blackboard Jungle*, for which it began the sound track, *Rock Around the Clock* by Bill Haley and the Comets was the biggest hit of 1955.

12. A. Dion wondered, "Why must I be a teenager in love?"

13. C. "Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes." The Beatles, 1967.

14. C. Simon and Garfunkel once recorded as Tom and Jerry. Their lone

release came out in November 1957 and was called *Hey, School Girl*.

15. C. Her original name was Ida Red. Chuck got the name Maybellene, by the way, from a cow of his acquaintance.

16. C. As The Drifters smoothly crooned, "This magic moment is sweeter than wine—softer than a summer night."

17. D. The Monotones sang it true to their name: "In chapter four, you break up, but you give it just one more chance." That's the way it was—February 1958.

18. B. Paul Anka sang "I'm so young and you're so old" to Diana—who reportedly was his baby sitter at the time he wrote the song.

19. C. The lines are from Little Richard's *Tutti Frutti*. The other lines are from: (A) *Pony Time*, by Chubby Checker; (B) *Breaking Up Is Hard to Do*, by Neil Sedaka; (D) *At My Front Door (Crazy Little Mama)*, by The El Dorados; and (E) *Get a Job*, by The Silhouettes.

20. If there had been a group called The Par-Kays who recorded *Stormy Weather* on the Rickshaw label in 1953, then C. would be the best answer—tenor Jewell Venosa, the very first rock-'n'-roll death, gunned down during a recording session in an abandoned Brooklyn Bowl-Mor by an enraged lover with perfect pitch. Unfortunately, there wasn't ever a version of *Stormy Weather* by The Par-Kays, or any Par-Kays, for that matter. Had you rock-trivia heavies going there for a minute, though, eh?

21. B. *Oh! Carol* was written about Neil Sedaka's girlfriend, Carole King, who was still Carole Klein back then. She wrote an answer song called *Oh! Neil* that went nowhere.

22. B. Lee Dorsey is on record as admitting that he was sittin' on his la la waitin' for his ya ya.

23. C. Jim Morrison is the only one who didn't appear at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967.

24. B. For a broken heart, you call The Handy Man—Jimmy Jones.

25. A. First Commandment of Love: Thou shall never love another. The Gospel according to The Moonglows.

SCORING

The best way to score is to be a half-back on the football team and own a silver '57 Chevy convertible with four on the floor and bubble skirts—parked at the submarine races or the grunion runs with *There's a Moon Out Tonight* wafting sadly from the radio . . . or at least it used to be. Then, for a while, soapers and The Moody Blues were the best way . . . but now we understand that these days, in certain circles, Blue Oyster Cult and an assortment of high-fashion whips are nearly sure-fire. . . .



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT, MEN WITH MEN, MEN WITH WOMEN, WOMEN WITH WOMEN. WE MEAN, OF COURSE, **TENNIS**. EVEN OUR HEROINE IS DOING IT, HAVING GONE OFF TO THE LEM LAVERSON TENNIS CAMP, FOLLOWING THE POWERFUL LURE OF THE COURTS, WHICH, PUT SIMPLY BY AUSTRALIA'S GREAT SINGLES CHAMP, LEM LAVERSON, IS, "IF A COBBER GOES DRONGO, THEN IT'S FAIR DINKUM TO HAVE A GO, ELSE THE JUMBUCK WILL BUNG ON YOUR BONZER FOR SURE."



A HEAVY BREAKFAST SIMPLY CHOKES MY OVERHAND SMASH!

LAST NIGHT, I DREAMED I HAD THE PERFECT SERVE.

GOOD SERVE, WAITER, ONLY PUT SOME MORE BOURBON INTO MY "TIE BREAKER."

I'VE BEEN INTO THE RACKETS ALL MY LIFE.

WHAT A FANTASTIC PAIR YOU HAVE, MISS FANNY! SUCH FIRMNESS AND BOUNCE!...MAY I FONDLE THEM?

(SIGH) AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT EATING, SLEEPING AND DRINKING TENNIS, MISTER LOB, BUT I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE VERY POLITE TO FONDLE MY CHEST.

...CHEST? ...IT'S YOUR AUTOGRAPHED GRAPHITE YAMAGUCHI RACKETS I WANT TO FONDLE, NOT YOUR CHEST!

INFLATION IS RUINING THE COUNTRY! -WHAT I HAD TO PAY FOR TENNIS RACKETS!

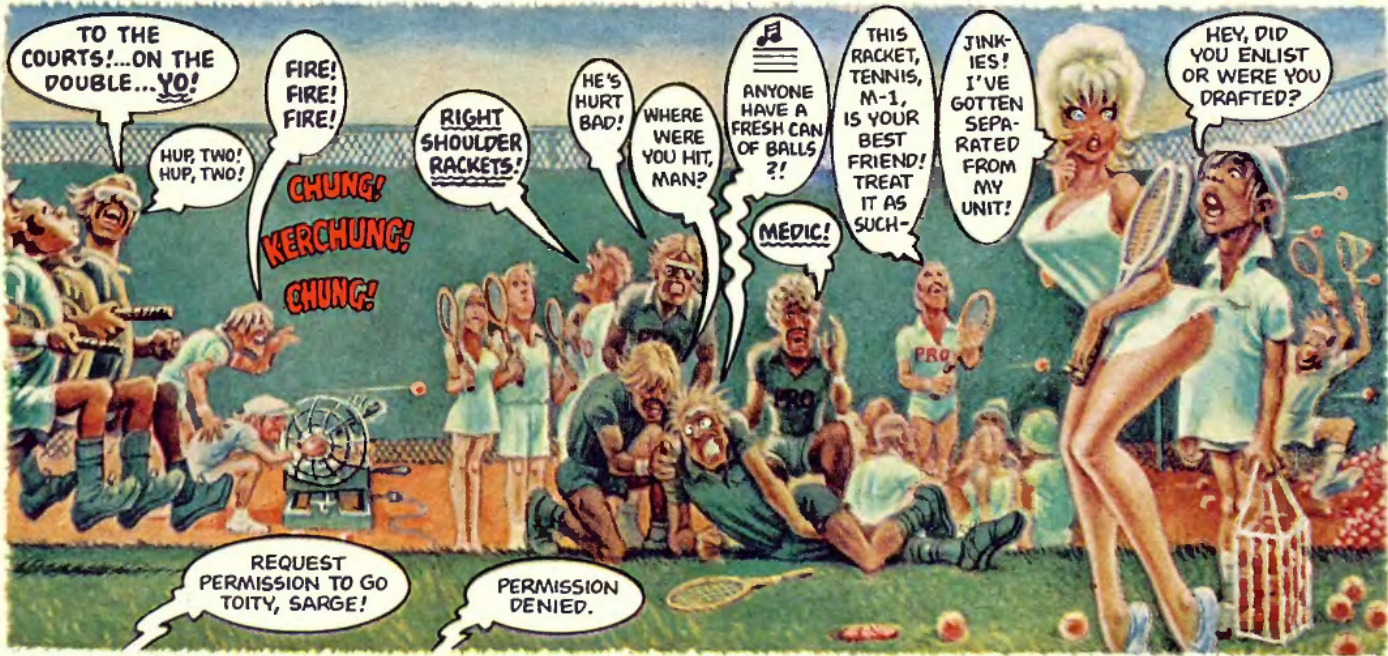
I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO ACHIEVE DETENTE! ...LET BREZHNEV AND FORD PLAY A FEW SETS!

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT POLLUTION IS DOING TO THE WORLD? IT'S RUINING THE GRASS COURTS!

I PREFER TO PLAY ON GRASS, ESPECIALLY COLOMBIA RED.

DUMMY! YOU BOUGHT SNOW-SHOES!

NERD



TO THE COURTS!...ON THE DOUBLE...YO!

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

HUP, TWO! HUP, TWO!

CHUNG! KERCHUNG! CHUNG!

RIGHT SHOULDER RACKETS!

HE'S HURT BAD!

WHERE WERE YOU HIT, MAN?

ANYONE HAVE A FRESH CAN OF BALLS?!

MEDIC!

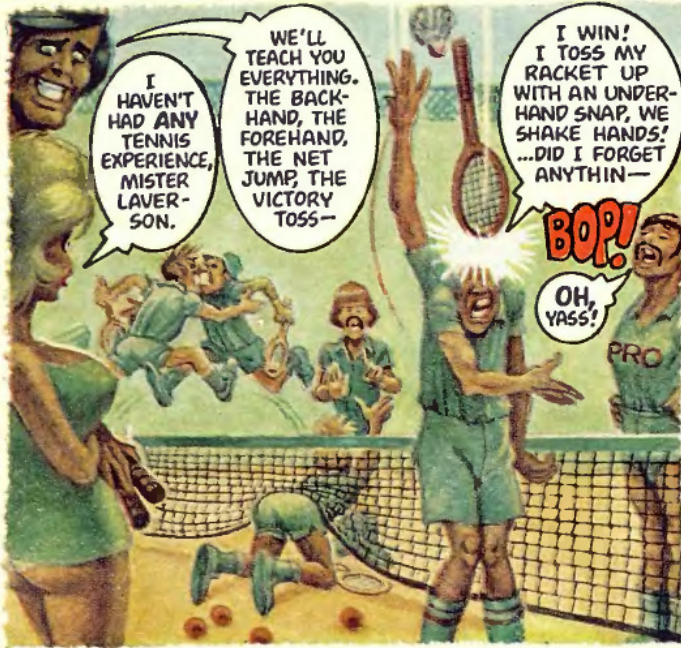
THIS RACKET, TENNIS, M-1, IS YOUR BEST FRIEND! TREAT IT AS SUCH-

JINKIES! I'VE GOTTEN SEPARATED FROM MY UNIT!

HEY, DID YOU ENLIST OR WERE YOU DRAFTED?

REQUEST PERMISSION TO GO TOITY, SARGE!

PERMISSION DENIED.





LET'S START WITH A TENNIS QUIZ. I'LL GIVE YOU A QUESTION WITH A HINT.

FOR INSTANCE, HOW DO YOU SAY NOTHING IN TENNIS?

YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED?



ONKUS! WRONG!...NOW, HERE'S THE HINT!

MM!

I GIVE UP! HOW DO YOU SAY NOTHING?

MM!

KISS!



THE ANSWER IS "LOVE"! "NOTHING" IS "LOVE"!

HERE'S ANOTHER QUESTION! WHAT DO YOU CALL IT WHEN BALLS TIP THE NET GOING INTO THE SERVICE COURT?

I CAN'T IMAGINE.



HERE'S THE HINT-

SPREAD YOUR KNEES A BIT, DEAR. THERE WE GO-

I GIVE UP!

LET BALL!



THE ANSWER IS "LET BALL"...LET LEM BALL YOU, THAT IS.

NO "LET," THANK YOU.

ARE YOU WAITING FOR YOUR CLOTHES TO DRY, TOO?

COME BACK, ANNIE! THEM'S TWO COBBERS O' MINE! THEY CAME TO HELP US! I'M ABOUT TO TEACH YOU MIXED DOUBLES!

I'M SORRY, MR. LAVERSON, BUT I NEVER PLAY WITH MATCHES.

END

PLAYBOY

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